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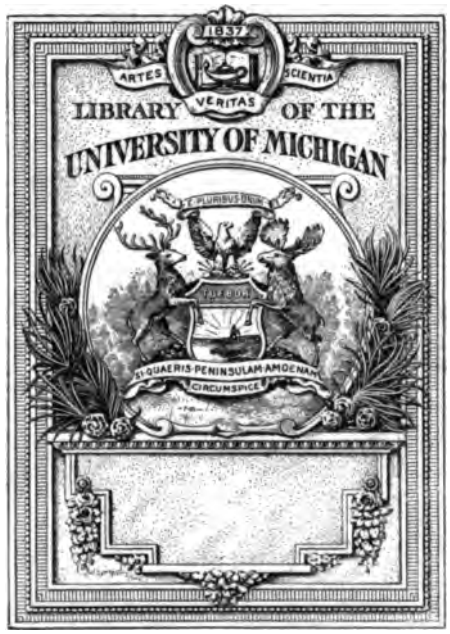
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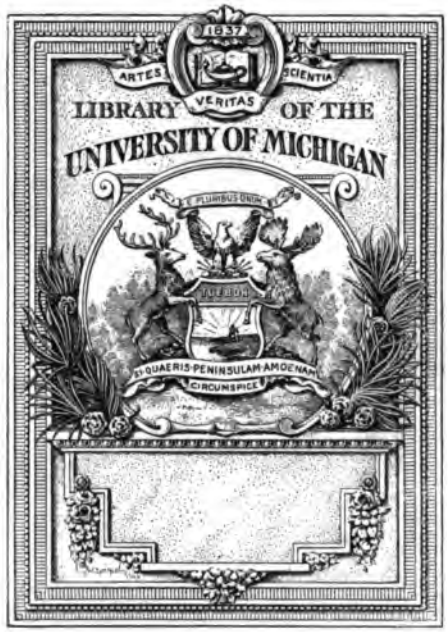
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Truly Yours
William Archer

THE WRITER.
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WILLIAM CADWALLADER HUDSON.

The number of men whose literary talent is first trained and developed in newspaper work, and who eventually enter the field of fiction and the drama, is naturally large, but the instances in which success in all of these lines of work is as marked as in the case of Mr. Hudson are doubtless somewhat rare.

Ten years ago, a political writer connected with the editorial staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, under the great Kinsella, published a vast amount of political correspondance in leading newspapers, over the pen name, "Seacoal." It is doubtful if any writer at the time was more quoted than he. Such were his prominence, the trustworthiness of his judgment, and the accuracy of his information, that nothing he offered for publication regarding the political affairs of the time was ever refused, no matter what attitude he took on any question.

From 1867, when, as a novice fresh from an incomplete course at college (from which he was withdrawn by the untimely death of his father), he entered upon a reporter's duties on the staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, until 1883, when he was appointed to his present position as secretary of the New York State Board of Railroad Commissioners, Mr. Hudson filled the most important positions on that influential paper, being rapidly promoted to the desk of city editor, then to the post of dramatic and musical critic, and finally to the position of managing editor and leading editorial writer. A rapid advance, this, in ten years, on so important a paper as the *Eagle*, and one surely bespeaking exceptional ability. It was as a political writer that Mr. Hudson won his chief honors at the time, his services being frequently demanded by his party leaders. In 1884, if I mistake not, he was placed at the head of the Cleveland national campaign literature bureau, and the exceptional success of the work was due in a very large measure to his skill and experience.

While his appearance in general literature, so far as his present prominence is concerned, is recent, it is true that nearly twenty years ago, in 1873, he wrote his first novel, "Dragging the Anchor," which appeared as a serial; and about the same time he produced several plays, one, a dramatization of Reade's "Griffith Gaunt," being produced at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and a satire, "The Happy World," being originally played at Hooley's Theatre, Brooklyn, and, after a successful run, sent on a tour through the country.

Yet, his first real success as a novelist came

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WILLIAM CADWALLADER HUDSON.

The number of men whose literary talent is first trained and developed in newspaper work, and who eventually enter the field of fiction and the drama, is naturally large, but the instances in which success in all of these lines of work is as marked as in the case of Mr. Hudson are doubtless somewhat rare.

Ten years ago, a political writer connected with the editorial staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, under the great Kinsella, published a vast amount of political correspondance in leading newspapers, over the pen name, "Seacoal." It is doubtful if any writer at the time was more quoted than he. Such were his prominence, the trustworthiness of his judgment, and the accuracy of his information, that nothing he offered for publication regarding the political affairs of the time was ever refused, no matter what attitude he took on any question.

From 1867, when, as a novice fresh from an incomplete course at college (from which he was withdrawn by the untimely death of his father), he entered upon a reporter's duties on the staff of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, until 1883, when he was appointed to his present position as secretary of the New York State Board of Railroad Commissioners, Mr. Hudson filled the most important positions on that influential paper, being rapidly promoted to the desk of city editor, then to the post of dramatic and musical critic, and finally to the position of managing editor and leading editorial writer. A rapid advance, this, in ten years, on so important a paper as the *Eagle*, and one surely bespeaking exceptional ability. It was as a political writer that Mr. Hudson won his chief honors at the time, his services being frequently demanded by his party leaders. In 1884, if I mistake not, he was placed at the head of the Cleveland national campaign literature bureau, and the exceptional success of the work was due in a very large measure to his skill and experience.

While his appearance in general literature, so far as his present prominence is concerned, is recent, it is true that nearly twenty years ago, in 1873, he wrote his first novel, "Dragging the Anchor," which appeared as a serial; and about the same time he produced several plays, one, a dramatization of Reade's "Griffith Gaunt," being produced at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and a satire, "The Happy World," being originally played at Hooley's Theatre, Brooklyn, and, after a successful run, sent on a tour through the country.

Yet, his first real success as a novelist came

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with the production of "The Diamond Button," which came about by the merest accident. Having been advised in 1888 to spend the summer upon the water for the benefit of his wife's health, he chartered a small steam yacht, and went on an extended cruise among the picturesque islands and inlets of Lake Champlain. Falling in love with the yacht, and finding it could be bought at a comparatively low price, but not feeling justified in taking the necessary amount from his income, he determined to write a novel to obtain the money. The result was — "The Diamond Button," ownership of the yacht, and the writer at last fairly launched on the career of a novelist. It is seldom that latent ability is revealed by so curious and, to be frank, so trivial a motive. It is more than possible, however, that the impulse toward authorship was active, and that it needed only some pretext, apart from the every-day experiences of a busy official, to develop it into action. Be that as it may, "The Diamond Button" was struck off at fever heat, finished in a period of about three weeks, and on being submitted to Mr. Dunham, of Cassell & Co., was at once discovered to be a money-making venture. True, it was light, ephemeral, such a story as people love to read on railway trains and at the sea-shore, and did scant justice to the talent and mental fibre of the brilliant journalist. Yet, its merits were such as might have been easily predicted: directness, lucidity, brevity, a racy detective story, well-told, with characters real, even if not noteworthy. The book sold amazingly, was "syndicated," the plates were disposed of in Canada, and eventually the story was republished in France and Germany.

Mr. Hudson was at once made an offer by Cassell & Co. to place himself under contract for a term of years. This offer he finally accepted, and he has produced in rapid succession "Jack Gordon, Knight Errant, of Gotham," a dramatic version of which was put on the stage, and for which the author refused an offer of $10.000; "Vivier, of Vivier, Longman, & Co., Bankers": "The Man With the Thumb"; "On the Rack"; and the "Dugdale Millions"; — the two latter in the press, but already "syndicated." With the exception of "Vivier, of Vivier, Longman, & Co., Bankers," believed by critics to be his best, all these stories have been widely "syndicated" before being published in book form, and perhaps it is not too much to claim for them that, with the clever novels of Harry Harland ("Sidney Luska"), they have been a mainstay of Cassell's Sunshine Series, through the immense clientèle of readers won for anything that Mr. Hudson may write. All the books have been published and widely read in England, and such is the rank they have attained that Mr. Hudson has already been spoken of as the American Wilkie Collins.

Despite such high praise, it is perhaps no breach of confidence to say that, like many another capable and cultivated author who has begun writing books of a kind to fit the popular demand, Mr. Hudson would be unwilling that his reputation should rest wholly upon the work so far produced, although it will easily rank with that of Edgar Fawcett, Julian Hawthorne, Archibald Gunther, Harry Harland, and half a score of other conspicuous American authors whose names will readily occur to every one.

However, regarding the character of his work, Mr. Hudson claims that he has no other purpose to serve than that of telling a story. He is neither a reformer nor a preacher. Yet one can see that certain social wrongs are vigorously attacked, and that without pretence he exposes evil character and wrong-doing. That he believes circumstantial evidence is wrong and dangerous is constantly present in his books. The habit of his thought is clean; and while he does not avoid the sexual relations, yet his books show no trace of impropriety. There is nothing *risqué* in his work. The tone is, indeed, distinctly moral. It is only in the breadth and height of his literary undertakings that he may find opportunity in the future to rise to his greatest stature. When he does, he may not produce the great American novel, still it would not be surprising if he should develop something which might easily be mistaken for that much-hoped-for creation.

His great quality, as so far revealed, is that of a plot-maker, and in this his fecundity is something remarkable. With his plot well in hand, he goes straight ahead, with no especial plan of work except to create characters, develop incidents, and lead up to his climaxes in the

easiest and most natural manner. This seems very like the perfection of story-telling. Each book is practically written twice over, but there is no careful polishing, and no lost time. The author is too busy a man, all his work being done at night, after office hours.

The rapidity with which Mr. Hudson composes is doubtless due in a great measure to his long training in newspaper work, and the easy, vigorous, clean-cut style is clearly that of the experienced writer for the press, to whom the necessity of doing work under pressure has brought the faculty of seeing things in *ensemble*, as well as the art of rapid arrangement and selection, and especially that of condensation. To journalism, also, is due his extensive acquaintance with contemporary life, which all of his books reveal. Having mingled for years with many of the ablest men of the day, seeing the inner machinery of political activities in all its various operations, knowing types of character as few besides experienced journalists can, it seems that his capital story-telling faculty is unmistakably wedded to an inexhaustible store of material for plot-weaving, drawn from actual observation.

It is probable that Mr. Hudson's present increasing personal popularity among metropolitan literary workers, most of whom he knew in his busy days of newspaper toil, is due quite as much to a recognition of these qualities as to his social qualifications, no small part of which are his brilliant conversational powers. There can be no more charming companion than he easily found in any company of bright men. His personal appearance is attractive, and strangers invariably set him down as an actor, a conclusion supported by certain mannerisms and a habit of punctuating his conversation by dramatic gestures. Indeed, his whole habit of thought is dramatic, and it will not be surprising if he yet makes his greatest successes in this line of work. He is at present engaged upon a play, the title not yet determined, which is being written under commission for a leading actress.

Of Mr. Hudson as a friend, one would wish to speak with most warmth, for he is generosity itself; and while forming comparatively few close companionships, he makes of those few all the more delightful texture. He is not much of a club or society man, but stays close at home in the society of his charming wife, a lady of Halifax, N. S., whom he met abroad. They have no children.

Mr. Hudson is a passionate admirer and breeder of fine dogs, and owns the famous Irish setter champion Kenmore. Not more than forty-five years of age, with a salary that lifts his literary work above the plane of bread-winning, he is yet, as journalist, politician, yachtsman, dog-fancier, novelist, and dramatist, one of the busiest as well as the most approachable of men.

ALBANY, N. Y. *George B. Gallup.*

EMINENT GENDER.

Mr. Forrest Morgan thinks that the use of "their" as an epicene term for "his or her" is not only justifiable, but desirable. He recognizes the difficulty arising from the discord between the singular antecedent and the plural consequent, but sees no alternative except such atrocious inventions as "thon" or "hizer."

If there were no other alternative, I should agree with him; but I think there is a better way of avoiding the apparent difficulty,—a way approved not only by the best grammarians, but also by the best writers.

A good pronoun to use in all cases where the gender is either doubtful or double is what is commonly called the "masculine" pronoun, *he*, *his*, or *himself*. Try it in the first sentence given by Mr. Morgan: "Then they had a delightful time reviewing the whole transaction,

each stoutly defending the course of the other, and severely blaming *himself*."

"Himself" will not only "do" here, in spite of the fact that one of the persons referred to is a woman, but it is elegant and classical. In this and similar cases the masculine form is said by skilled linguists to be of "eminent" gender, and as such it includes the feminine, and is practically "epicene." If any one insists upon writing, "Each stoutly defending the course of the other, and severely blaming *themselves*," I do not know that he can be restrained from doing so, but he will make that particular sentence contradictory. He will also, if consistent, have to revise many familiar sentences from King James' version of the Holy Bible. He will have to write, "Even a child is known by *their* doings"; "Every one of us shall give account of *ourselves* to God"; and "Train up a child in the way *they* should go." There is only one passage in the Bible, so far as I know, which accords with Mr. Morgan's view; that is in the third verse of the second chapter of Philippians: "Let each esteem other better than *themselves*"; and this will hardly avail much, as it has been amended in the "Revised Version" to read as follows: "Each counting other better than *himself*."

In Macaulay's essay on Bacon, he writes: "A great writer is the friend and benefactor of *his* readers." In another place in the same essay, and when thinking of women, Macaulay writes: "A person who was ignorant of it [Latin] was shut out from all acquaintance with the most interesting memoirs of *his* own time."

Hawthorne put this sentence in the mouth of a woman: "I fancy that every person takes a peep into it . . . in *his* moments of deepest insight."

Emerson, in his essay on History, page 14, writes this: "describes to each reader *his* own idea."

I grant that Addison speaks of not blaming "any one for taking care of their health," but Addison's authority on such points has often been impeached. Mr. Morgan might have found a stronger ally in Mr. Ruskin, and probably, in company with Addison and Ruskin, he may safely indulge his preference for the plural form; yet he cannot persuade me that it is "the duty of every lover of good English" to give this usage his support.

So far I have written only of those cases in which the antecedent merely *involves* two genders. There are other cases in which for a special reason the two genders are distinctly mentioned. In these cases the intention may be (*a*) to render it clear that both genders are included; or (*b*) to show that only one gender is to be understood, while at the same time the writer or speaker is ignorant which it is.

In cases of the first sort (*a*) the Bible inclines to use the plural form of the pronoun; thus in I. Tim. v.: 16, we read: "If any man or woman that believeth have widows, let them relieve them." This, however, is corrected in the revision. In Num. vi.: 2, occurs this passage: "When either a man or woman shall separate themselves to vow a vow of a Nazarite." The force of this example, however, is broken by the return to the singular form in the next and subsequent verses, "When either man or woman shall separate themselves to vow a vow of a Nazarite to separate themselves unto the Lord: *he* shall separate *himself* from wine and strong drink," etc.

An example of the last case mentioned (*b*), where one of the two genders mentioned in the antecedent clause must be excluded from the consequent, is this: "Either Mr. or Mrs. Brown (I've forgotten which) called this morning, and when Mary told —— that you were not in, —— left —— card, and went away." This is much more puzzling than any of the sentences given by Mr. Morgan, for if we use "him," and "he," and "his," we determine the very question at issue; and it would be still worse to say, "Either Mr. or Mrs. Brown (I've forgotten which) called this morning, and when Mary told *them* you were out, *they* left *their* card and went away." In cases of this last sort, the sentence had better be recast, *e. g.*, "Either Mr. or Mrs. Brown called, and when Mary said that you were not in, left a card and went away."

What I have written has been with no desire to criticise Mr. Morgan's interesting article, but simply to help any writer that may have been perplexed in similar cases. For the solution of the problem I have tried to give, I am

indebted to no less an authority than Professor F. A. March, who many years ago, in a very kind letter, gave me my first lesson in "eminent gender."

Having now read both sides of the question, let each reader "take due notice," and govern himself, him- or herself, hizerself, thonself, or themselves accordingly.

Harlan H. Ballard.

PITTSFIELD, Mass.

SECTIONALIZING LITERATURE.

The rumor that a great magazine is to be established in Chicago as a rival of the *Century*, *Harper's*, and other metropolitan magazines of the East, for the encouragement of Western literature, suggests the query, What is Western literature? Is there in literature that variable quality which gives it a local individuality, or entitles it to a local appellation? What are the conditions that subdivide a national literature into sectional literature?

If by Western literature is meant the productions of writers who live in what are known as Western states, there may be some reason for starting a great magazine with multiplied pages and wide borders to admit the work of these writers. The demand and supply of literary productions are greatly disproportionate; and numerous as are the pages that each month are thrown out over the land from the grea-publishing houses, there are still countless pages of highly commendable literature that must be denied service to the world because of full supply. In this view of the case, a new periodical which will afford writers in the West an added chance for remunerative work, and put before its numberless readers the productions of men and women who make literature, will be a welcome thing to at least one class — the writers. But if the definition of Western literature is that literary product which is colored by local conditions of nature, of human habit, of scene, or of development, the necessity for the new vent is questionable. The producers of literature having merit which earns reward can find purchasers in the present centres of literary art, where it would find a wider audience and better appreciation.

But what is Western literature? Is it a liter ature which deals with the prairies and the lakes, the farm and the village, the growing metropolis or the wide sweeping Mississippi? Is it a literature which has the flavor of the soil rather than the perfume of the drawing-room or odor of the college? Is it the literature of struggle rather than content, of the cow-boy and miner rather than the bulls and bears of Wall Street, of work rather than rest, of half-developed culture, immature social life, unshaped individuality? Yet all these conditions are found in the East as well as in the West, in the North and in the South. The local colorings which nature gives to literature are not bound by geographical lines. The forms of speech, the individuality of thought, the art of expression, and the logic are little circumscribed by the natural conditions which surround the writer. The literature of any section owes its individuality more to the writer than to the local conditions. If the national literature is to be subdivided, the basis of that subdivision would naturally be personal rather than local. We should have Lowell literature, Holmes literature, Hawthorne literature. There is no doubt that there is such a thing as American literature as distinct from that of other nations; but when the effort is made to subdivide American literature in this modern day it is from a false basis, with unphilosophical lines. Swift interchange of residence, close connection in point of time and distance, has united the East and West, the North and the South, and the present rapid transfer of all forms of social, moral, and educational development from one section to another are rapidly making it more and more

impossible to preserve these sectional differences of development, which in a newly settled country might result in an individuality of literature.

The formative influences which determine the culture of the New Englander have diffused themselves over the whole nation, and types are becoming less local and more individual. The New England maiden lady is found in New Hampshire and in Indiana, in Boston and in Chicago. in Haverhill and in Louisville. The New England Yankee plies his trade far west of the Mississippi, and drives his close bargains at the foot of the Rockies as well as at the foot of the White mountains. The Pennsylvania German has founded his habitation on the Ohio and on the Missouri; he abides alike in the mountain fastnesses of Pennsylvania and in Colorado. The educated New Yorker lives in New Orleans, and Pittsburgh and Birmingham show kindred types and parallel conditions. What, then, forms the basis of the subdivision of American literature?

A. P. Kent.

ELKHARDT, Ind.

STATEMENTS THAT MISLEAD THE INEXPERIENCED.

Within a few months there appeared in the columns of a first-class and widely-circulated newspaper a story, the principal character of which was a woman left unprovided for, to battle her way against adversity, and shelter and feed two helpless children. On reaching the last extreme, and after a season of tears and despondency, there came to her aid a happy thought. Rising from her knees, she, who had never attempted anything in the way of literature more ambitious than the essays of her school days, set to work on an absorbing story. She wrote all night; and when morning came took the finished sheets, neatly tied with a "blue ribbon," to an editor, who proved to be also a philanthropist, for, after kindly pointing out some errors, he accepted and paid for the story. From that time success was assured. There was no hint that the pen was not equal to the task imposed upon it, as a means of living.

But, suppose the essays at school were admirable, and that they had been written with ease, the writer was now virtually inexperienced in any composition, and had attempted writing of a kind altogether new; while the tale was planned, written, and copied with a rapidity that would daze the best of story-writers. The first effort, it will be observed, found publication; those following were better, and reward was speedy and sure.

Later, a reputable and well-known journal contained the story of how a girl of sixteen was enabled to help her benefactors. Deprived of schooling, because the friends who had taken the orphan to their home in the South were, through misfortune, poor, she was yet a great reader; and, ensconced one day in a window-seat at her favorite occupation, chanced to overhear the, to her, startling fact that the home must be lost through inability to pay off a mortgage of a hundred dollars, due in a few weeks. At the same moment, in picking up the paper that had fallen from her hand, our heroine by a fortunate coincidence noticed the offer of a prize of one hundred and fifty dollars for the best story sent to that publication before a certain near date. Slipping away to the attic, she selected a story from some rolls of manuscripts secreted in an old trunk, copied it in two days, mailed it, and in the course of three weeks had the pleasure of receiving an express package containing the amount (in ready money) that had been offered as a prize. She stopped on her way from the office and paid off the mortgage; then, taking the freed papers, with the

remaining fifty dollars, went home and presented them to her astonished, but happy, friends.

Now, it might be supposed that the very glaringness of the improbabilities belonging to accounts like the above would prevent the doing of harm, were it not for the knowledge of some exceedingly erroneous ideas that exist concerning authorship. An able editor of a church weekly complains of the constant receipt at his office of contributions from young writers who do not know the first rules of composition. Many of these articles, he says, have not only not been revised, but they have not been even read by their authors after they have written them for publication.

They who are without experience are easiest encouraged. And it is not to be wondered at that, without just standards, and with loose notions of the labor requisite, such individuals are readily led to undertake tasks for which they have no fitness, only to meet with disappointment. The country is flooded with notes of the quick successes and fabulous pay of authors that are known, with recitals of fame and fortune instantly won by imaginary novices. There is, besides, a further temptation at present in the popularity and commonness of writing, — when everybody that one has heard of — irrespective of previous literary effort — is heralded as contributing, or about to contribute, to the press.

The truth is, that while valid encouragement is proper, there is quite too much of that which is a false showing. Really, the world is not dying to hear what the callow youth has to say; the way of the writer is not one round of happiness, nor is poverty always conquered by the pen. It is better to understand that the honors, emoluments, and pleasures are the results of the bit of advice, Work and wait. And it is to be regretted that so wide-spread is the opposite influence, deceptive as it is apt to be to the uninitiated.

Emma E. Volentine.

NEW DOUGLAS, Ill.

HOW A BOY BECAME A REPORTER.

"How to Get Work as a Reporter," in THE WRITER for November, recalls the experience of a young man in New York. He had a common-school education, and was working in a stone quarry office, answering call bells — salary, three dollars a week. This sum did not pay for his bread and butter. He studied shorthand. After a few months' persistent work, this lad could write more than a hundred words a minute. An editor employed the boy as an amanuensis. Dictating editorials was merely a fad with this editor, and occasionally the amanuensis was given an opportunity to try his own hand at an editorial paragraph or the doctoring up of a news report taken from another paper which was to appear as a special despatch. The lad did the work well. The editor thereupon resumed writing his own editorials, and gave his clerk a position on the editorial force. At the age of nineteen the shorthand writer had charge of the Wall-street department of a New York daily, reputed to have the best "street" news of any in the city. This boy secured from three to six columns of news daily, having to furnish a fresh batch of copy for each of the three editions of the paper. This duty was faithfully and satisfactorily performed by a minor, who had but a limited education and the ability to "rustle," as Westerners call it. One day he "beat" all the big dailies in securing a most important news report. The leading paper of the town then secured his services, and has since paid the youngster a liberal salary.

The point which I wish to emphasize, however, is the fact that this young man's ability to write shorthand moderately well was the key which gave him an entrance into an editorial sanctum and helped him obtain a handsome

salary. He had no influence to help him beyond his shorthand backing. Of course, in general newspaper work shorthand is only now and then of any particular use. The man who can write shorthand, however, is, as in the instance cited, frequently of more value to an editor than one who cannot, other conditions being equal.

No elaborate education is needed by a newspaper man. The more he knows, the better; but the man who has something really worth saying, and says it in the simplest, tersest English possible, is the man who is dear to an editor's heart and is cheerfully welcomed on a newspaper staff. Motley's "Dutch Republic" is a delightful historical work, but if its famous author were working on the reporting staff of a live newspaper to-day, and indulged in the frequent repetitions which occur in his recital of Netherlands affairs, his walking ticket would soon appear, great scholar though he was.

M. Y. Beach.

SAN DIEGO, Calif.

HOW MRS. PARTINGTON BEGAN TO WRITE.

The following is P. B. Shillaber's own account of how he first began to write. It was the day after his wife's funeral, and while he himself was prostrated with grief and suffering from an attack of acute rheumatism, that he related to his physician and those about him how he came to be a "scribbler": —

"I did n't know I could write till I was thirty years old," said he. "I was a printer on the *Boston Post* — and I don't know why it was, but if the others were away, or out, I was entrusted with such official work as receiving the communications, arranging and distributing copy, etc. There was a good fellow whose duty it was to write the poems when occasion required. This was about the time that the Irish Question was calling for a good deal of sympathy, and the *Post's* poet was called upon to write an appeal.

"His inspiration was rejected. I was present when the poem came in and was rejected; and, having lots of good feeling for the fellow, I was considerably 'riled' at its rejection. The *Post* wanted its poem, but how to get it, they did n't know. So I spunked up, and said I believed I could do something myself. I *would* do something for the honor of the *Post*, and to fill my friend's deficiency.

"So I sharpened my wits and my goose quill, and before long had my article written. I got a friend to take it over to Charlestown, and mail it there, as coming from some of the Harvard students. Well, in the mean time, I experienced all the feverishness of the young littérateur's dreams. Then one day, while I was doing something in the office while the others were out, I saw my article on the desk, marked 'Devilish good.' I tell you I went home that night with a feather in my cap as long as your arm.

"I wrote one or two more after that, and then took courage and began to hand my contributions in myself. No, the name 'Partington' did not, of course, originate with me. I had always been very much impressed with that saying in Sydney Smith about Mrs. Partington mopping back the tide of the Atlantic. It was the idea of perseverance — of successful perseverance by small means. I was always thinking of it, in all manner of ways, and at all times. So, one morning, I sent in a paragraph with that name, because that name was always uppermost in my mind. I ought to say here, perhaps, that at that particular date the Western grain crops were of greatest interest. So I wrote: 'Whether the grain crop is good or bad, Mrs. Partington says a half a dollar's worth of flour costs just the same.'

"It was the public sentiment I touched. After all that was being said and written, that was the situation exactly. Just a line or two it was, but it flew from one newspaper to the other, and was copied all over the country. Queries came thick and fast as to 'Who was Mrs. Partington?'

"I was sending the paragraphs in pretty lively by that time. But when I began to contemplate putting them into a book I was filled with fears for the success of it. I believed my personality unknown to the publishing world, and it would be hazarding it, at any rate. But, happily, I was like the ostrich; while I had been permitted to hide my head, my identity was well known, and when I did look up and show my face, the public was both glad and amused to see me.

"That was how I began to write. I did not know I could do it, but I have kept at it ever since, and am always 'much obliged' when this rheumatism will allow me to use my pen." And the old man pulled at the stub of beard on his chin as was his habit, while he ruminated, with a sweet seriousness on his genial old face.

Julia C. Wells.

WINTHROP, MASS.

TITLES, ODD AND SUGGESTIVE.

What is better than a catalogue of new books to reawaken the drooping fancy? You sip at it like soup. It invites the appetite and prepares the mental digestion for things more nutritious. You toy with the leaves and toss about from title to title — now science, now travel, now fiction. This title carries you to the slums of London, that to the gardens of Utopia — this makes your heart throb with the free air of the West, that with the shame of a Siberian mine.

The sense of eternal fitness would demand a romantic title for a novel, but it is generally only a name. The romantic histories of Esther and Job furnish us a precedent for so doing. We cannot use these old names, so we rehash them, and have a "Modern Circe," Telemachus, Diogenes, etc. "Adam Homo" is the name of a work by Paludan Müller.

But quaint or suggestive titles are more interesting. "Letters from Hell" or Richter's "Selections from the Papers of the Devil" you might wish to read as descriptive of a place not on the itinerary you have mapped out. Lady Morgan wrote "The Book Without a Name." "On the Origin and Antiquity of Bologna," by Azzoguidi (1716), belongs on the same shelf as "The Oxford Sausage" of Warton.

"The Great and Marvellous Acts of Nobody," by Jean D'Abundance, is doubly curious, as nothing is known of the author, and even his name is supposed to be fictitious.

There is an "Essay on Nothing," by Hugh Arnot (1777); "Memoir on the Observance of Silence by the Ancients," D'Ancora (1782); "Memoirs of an Elephant," Marchand; and an "Inquiry Whether the Earth is a Machine or an Animal," Carpov.

Anxious maidens might want "On the Art of Living with Men," Knigge (1788); and "The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony," La Sale; and possibly "The Elixir of Moonshine," Clarke (1822).

For Bohemians "The Art of Dining Out (en ville) for the Use of Authors," De Colnet (1810), and Hoare's drama, "No Song, No Supper."

Thorns may not bring forth figs, but a Dutch poet, Beets, produced "Cornflowers," a volume of poems.

Lancelot Andrews wrote "Torture of Tortus" as a retort to a book by Matthew Tortus. John Knox blew a "Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," which was answered by Bishop Aylmer's "Harborowe for Faithful and True Subjects Against the Late-blown Blast."

There is many a "Dunciad," but there is also a "Mousiad" by Krasicki.

Bulwer's "What Will He Do with It?" might suggest a foundling or a white elephant. It is as elastic as Gray's farce, "What D'ye Call It?"

In sociology, we have Mrs. Opie's "Illustrations of Lying," and the "National Histories of Stuck-up People," by Albert Smith. Judge Sharswood's "Byles on Bills of Exchange" is an old Harvard text-book.

A bibliography of Cromwell's time is a bookworm's paradise. Here are a few of that vintage: "Tobacco Battered and Pipes Scattered by a Volley of Holy Shot Thundered from Mt. Helicon," by Sylvestre; "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant"; "High-heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness"; "The Spiritual Mustard-pot to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion"; "Biscuit Baked in the Oven of Charity Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

A clergyman, being asked to harmonize "The Gun of Penitence," said, "A duty to be discharged."

In 1592, Richard Johnson gave to the world "The Nine Worthies of London; Pleasant for Gentlemen, Not Unseemly for Magistrates, and Most Profitable for 'Prentices." Heywood wrote a play in 1606, "If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody; or, The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth."

An old almanacke, published at intervals from 1553 to 1605, by Digges, bore this title: "A Prognostication everlasting of Right Good Effect, fructfully augmented by the Author, Containing Plaine, Briefe, Pleasant, Chosen, Rules to judge the Weather by the Sunne, Moon, Starres, Comets, Rainbow, Thunder, Clowdes, with other extraordinary Tokens, not omitting the Aspects of Planets, with a Briefe Judgement for ever, of Plentie, Lacke, Sicknes, Dearth, Warres, &c., opening also many naturall causes worthie to be knowne. To these and other now at the last are joined divers generall pleasant Tables, with many compendious Rules, easie to be had in memorie, manifolde wayes profitable to all men of understanding."

William Benbow.

READING, Penn.

THE TREATMENT OF MINOR CHARACTERS IN FICTION.

A lawyer once criticised this expression, which occurred in the report of a trial in court: "A few minor witnesses were called first." The point taken in the criticism was, that, from a lawyer's standpoint, no witness whose testimony is relevant and admissible is considered of minor importance. Each one forms a link, without which the chain of evidence would be incomplete; and, consequently, all witnesses are — from a lawyer's point of view — of equal importance.

It has occurred to me that this criticism might apply with equal force to those necessary, though sometimes inconspicuous, components of fiction commonly denominated "minor characters." It seems to me that in consequence of this erroneous generalization a very large and respectable class of fictitious ladies and gentlemen has suffered slights at the hands of their creators which they would have been spared had their true status been recognized and acknowledged.

Study the great masterpieces of literature, and you will find in the most humble portraits that they contain the same evidence of careful delineation that makes the nobler figures seem instinct with life. But how frequently we observe in the works of less finished literary artists pal-

pable proof that the author has given his chief thought to the portrayal of his central characters, contenting himself with hastily outlining all others. The effect is much the same as if a painter, in delineating a group, should bestow the greatest care upon the central figure, shading and touching up with consummate art, and then merely sketch in the surrounding figures.

It should be with reference to their position in relation to plot and story, not in the manner of working them out, that the writer should discriminate among his characters. Each character should have his own place in the story, as distinctive and important as each separate link in a chain. If there be one among them that you can justly characterize as a minor character, depend upon it, he is superfluous. Strike him out.

S. S. Morton.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

WORDS IN THEIR PLACES.

An expert carpenter whom I used to know was in the habit of saying that nobody but a "born botch" would drive a screw with a hammer, and I remember seeing him discharge a new employee for nailing two boards together with a monkey-wrench. He said he could tell a good workman from a poor one by noticing whether he kept his tools sharp, and whether he gave to every tool its particular use.

There is a large class of writers, notably newspaper reporters of the average sort, — of which I am one, — who use words as do the botches who drive screws with hammers. Any word that will cover the ground at all is good enough, they think; and the bad habits into which they and others of like carelessness and lack of discrimination have got us have led to the abuse and degradation of many a good and useful word which cannot well be spared from its proper place.

For instance, there is one little word that even the best writers have abused until the poor little thing hardly knows its own province. I mean the word "very." It remains for the younger writers, now, to restore to this unfortunate little duosyllable its lost rights and prerogatives; to smooth and polish its battered surfaces, and to place it again in the tool-rack whence it has been taken to serve lazy men's purposes.

It is an unfortunate — indeed, an evil — habit of speakers and writers to think that ordinary words are not strong enough in their original meanings, but must be reinforced, even for commonplace description, by exclamatory words of the "very" sort which, by right, should rest in their places until need arises for an extra emphatic adverb or adjective. The average reporter, writing of a church sociable or a parlor concert, must say that "the attendance was very large," or "the entertainment was very enjoyable," or, even worse, "it was very generally conceded." In none of these cases does "very" serve any purpose except to weaken the sentence.

Of a fire, the newspaper says, "the loss was very great." I doubt that that "very" accomplishes any increase of emphasis — it seems to me to lessen the idea of the loss. Writers will find it an interesting experiment to place a special guard over this little word, and allow it to leave the mental storehouse only under strict espionage. It is instructive to go over one's work and strike the word out mercilessly; then to notice whether it is missed.

And what shall we say of the writers — usually feminine, I believe — who, of a concert, the the decorations in a church, the weather, a plate of soup, or almost anything else, say that it is "simply perfect"?

The word "simple" and its sister forms have a sweet significance all their own, and it

is nothing less than brutal to force them to perform a service for which they were never intended, and which, indeed, they cannot perform properly. My sister, if you are willing to say deliberately that anything is "perfect," — and if you write with care, you will seldom use the word,— you will find that the expression needs no assistance. If the piano solo or the picture was indeed "perfect," you can pay it no greater tribute than to say so. "Perfect" is one of those words that cannot be emphasized. It describes the climax of excellence.

"Awful," "horrible," "fearful," "exquisite," "nice," "wretched," — half the words we use, — we misuse constantly. We would do well to give our dictionary a place beside our Bible, and to give some careful, reverent study to the delicacies and refinements of the English language. There is no word of all its wealth that is not indispensable in its own place; there is no word so small or so common that it has not its own meaning and shade of meaning.

The difference between the writer who thoughtfully gives to each word its value, and who has for each idea its nicely-chosen words, and the literary botch who uses the word nearest at hand, if only it will serve the purpose somehow, is the same kind of difference as that between the skilled workman who uses each tool for its particular purpose and the slovenly fellow who drives screws with a hammer or pulls out tacks with a framing-chisel.

John P. Gavit.

HARTFORD, Conn.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR JUSTIFIED.

The chorus of ill-omened birds has croaked so long that perhaps a cheerful note, however humble, may be agreeable by way of variety. The aids to young authors, which are so numerous nowadays, are almost invariably pessimistic in tone, as if one would say, "If you *must* write, this is the way to do it; but don't if you can possibly help it, for you are almost sure to fail." Over and over again have we been told, by those who profess to have been through the battle, that literature is the last profession in which one should think of engaging, "the hardest work for the poorest pay"; that editors and publishers are leagued together to punish the folly of the aspiring young author; that it is the wildest nonsense to think of making a livelihood by literature alone; and that, as a business, taking in washing or blacking boots is preferable.

Those of us who are in the habit of reading the newspapers have probably learned to be discriminating as to what we are to believe, and without wishing to seem suspicious, one would like to ask these wailing prophets for their credentials. Are they tombstones set up over the graves of buried hopes and failed ambitions? Has the peculiar, effervescent, champagney fluid, distilled in the working of strong, ardent, inspired mental processes, for them turned sour by reason of long waiting on the editorial pleasure? Or know they not such exhilaration, that they utter such complaint of the drudgery of literary work?

The profession has yet to be discovered wherein one may lie at ease on a bed of roses. Some of us would prefer to "be up and doing, with a heart for any fate," and to plant roses, rather than lie on them. One does not ordinarily engage in any line of work with the expectation of seeing the rest of the world set to and assist him with favors, large and small. The path of literature, though rough, like the world, lies among the highlands of life, and its occasional steepnesses are richly compensated by its breadth of outlook and its invigorating atmosphere. Some have made great successes therein. Perhaps, if they were asked, they would say that their thoughts were so ardently

fixed on the goal ahead that they did not notice the little stones under their feet. The very difficulties of the way are the best possible discipline by which to develop the power necessary to the only kind of success which is worth the having. Habits of carelessness, swelling of the head, and flabby degeneration of the brain are a few of the results of the easy and ephemeral reputations which startle the world for a season, and then collapse like a toy balloon.

Conceit is so universal a human quality, that it is but just that the world should demand of a man some proofs of what he can do, before accepting him in any given capacity. Much of the so-called lack of appreciation and apparent unkindness are but necessary caution, of which the young author has no right to complain until he has furnished some basis for his claim to consideration. What one has done, not what he believes he can do, must always be the test of a man's powers. Absolute justice we need not expect of a world wherein none are omniscient, — if it were possible to receive it, probably we should still be dissatisfied; but as most of us are rated higher than we deserve at some points, the balance is kept fairly even. The author, especially the young one, is apt to demand that the world shall accept him at his own valuation, a mistake which works greatly to his prejudice. A reasonable humility induces a juster treatment, for even editors are human, and, therefore, not devoid of humanity.

It is probably true that, if one is a married man and desires to support his family in luxury, send all his sons and daughters to college, keep a carriage and coachman for his wife, and a steam yacht for himself, he would do well to ponder long the question whether his brains, when tried in the crucible, will yield a sufficient proportion of the precious metal to warrant him in making literature his only means of livelihood. But if one is so constituted that coachmen, and yachts, and silverplate, and all the gorgeous paraphernalia of so-called wealth are but poverty to him when compared to the pure delights of a congenial employment and the peculiar fascination of the literary life, then he needs not to choose, for the choice is already made. It is incumbent upon every man to provide the best possible living for himself and his family, but that best is not to be found in the cramping of one's whole life into a mere, miserable money-getting. And if one is a woman in this age of self-reliant, self-supporting women, then (always supposing that she has sufficient brains) the literary profession offers itself as a means of support more profitable than many, and also as a thoroughly enjoyable and mentally enriching occupation. Herein lies a reason. To some of us, who do not regard the mere making of money as the chief end of life, taking in washing, or turning one's self into an animated machine in some stuffy office, or a dozen other occupations which are recommended as being suited to the capacities of women, do not yield sufficient of that joy of effort and of conscious growth which are a necessary spice to make life worth the living. It is the unalienable right and privilege of us all to be allowed to do that which we can do well, and which we rejoice in doing because we can do it well.

So far the argument seems to be wholly in the line of self-interest, but will prove to be the opposite if examined closely. Genuine talent of any kind is not so common a thing that the world can afford to discourage its exercise. Genuine literary talent, even if it do not rise to the height of genius, works to great ends. Literature pure and undefiled, literature sifted of the trash which has no claim to be considered literature, is the concentration of the world's best thoughts and deeds, permanently preserved for a memorial and an inspiration to other great thoughts and deeds. To have a part in the creation of this literature is an ambition worthy in itself and entitled to be considered truly philanthropic.

To belong to the noble army of authors is in itself a sufficient recompense for any incidental hardships. Rebuffs, misconceptions, and lions in the way all count for nothing in view of the results to be attained. One who would be an author must first learn to be a philosopher, and one who is a philosopher can afford to be thought a fool. The world once called Emerson a fool but to be a fool with Emerson seems to some of us more worthy than to be a millionaire or a demagogue. *Alice L. Anderson.*

WINDHAM, N. H.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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The manuscript of the index to the volume of THE WRITER for 1891 has been lost in the mail in the course of transmission from the compiler to the publisher of the magazine. It was not possible to prepare another index in time for publication in this number. The index to THE WRITER for 1891, therefore, will be published with the February WRITER, instead of with the January number, as was intended.

***

Numerous signatures to the petition to Congress asking for reduction of postage on manuscripts have been received at the office of THE WRITER, and more are coming in by every mail. It is important, in order that the petition may be effective, that the number of signatures shall be as large as possible. It is to be hoped that every active writer who sees a copy of the petition will not only sign it himself, but get the signatures of as many other working writers as he can, and then forward the signed petition to the editor of THE WRITER.

***

The tendency of the times is to make newspapers take the place of magazines and magazines take the place of books. The great newspapers now, particularly in their Sunday editions, vie with the magazines in everything but the fineness of their mechanical work. Besides giving the news, they have original contributions from the leading writers of the day, many of them "syndicated," or shared with other papers, but some of them written exclusively for the paper in which they appear. Their pages are covered with illustrations, coarsely executed and poorly printed in many cases, but generally effective, nevertheless. The newspapers now give to the public in the way of "timely" articles the service that used to be expected from the magazines, and there is hardly one of the great fiction writers who has not had a novel or a story appear first in the columns of the daily press.

***

Meanwhile magazines have been usurping the place of books, and with the increase in their number, the number of books published and read has fallen off. Most of the leading novels nowadays are first presented to the public in monthly instalments in the magazines, and their authors get the benefit of a double market, first with the magazine publisher, and then with the publishers of books. Important "timely" articles are published in the magazines, either singly or in series, and in the latter case it is only afterward that they are made up into books. People have come to depend more on the magazines and less on books for their daily reading, and the flood of magazine literature has increased so that no one man now can possibly keep up with it. All this, of course, is a good thing for the newspaper manager and the magazine publisher, whether it is a help to the book publisher or not. The author is benefited, too, because the magazine field is a broad one, the

newspaper field is broader still, and there is still the possibility of publication in book form after the fruits of these two fields have been thriftily garnered. The newspapers and the magazines give wider publicity to an author's work, and secure for him a great circle of readers whom he could not otherwise hope to reach.

* * *

The writer who can afford to buy a typewriter and does not buy one makes a serious mistake. In the manuscript market, under present conditions, clear and neatly-written copy will always have the preference, and typewritten copy is almost as legible as print, and much more legible than any handwritten copy can be. An editor searching for a suitable story among the manuscripts submitted to him is sure to give the preference in reading to the manuscript that seems likely to give him the least trouble, and that manuscript is pretty sure to be a typewritten one. Of several good stories the one that gets the first reading has the best chance of acceptance, and so the author with a typewriter has a long lead over his competitors. Moreover, typewritten copy represents print, and an author can tell how his article will look in print when he takes it from the machine. Defects stand out more clearly and are more likely to be remedied than in ordinary manuscripts. Furthermore, by the use of carbon paper, duplicate copies may be made at the first writing, and the author is secured against loss of his manuscript in the mail or in a careless editor's hands. Altogether, the typewriter is a useful aid to the literary worker, and the writer who can afford to buy one and keeps his money in his pocket makes a very bad investment.

* * *

Next to a typewriter, a camera is useful, especially to a descriptive writer. With a "detective" or hand camera, pictures from life may be taken to illustrate any article that he may be writing, and such pictures sent with copy always enhance the value of a manuscript. Used with good judgment, a hand camera will pay for itself very soon in the hands of a descriptive writer — he furnishes pictures with his manuscript and the editor does the rest. To say nothing of the fascination of photographing, there is money for writers in the misnamed "detective" camera. W. H. H.

WRITING WITHOUT REVISION.

There must be few, if any, now living, besides the octogenarian who told me, that remember how Dr. Francis Wayland wrote "Limitations of Human Responsibility."

My uncle, who afterward taught mathematics for twenty years at the English High School in Boston, was then a young tutor at Brown University. He stayed at the college during a two-weeks' vacation in which the book was written, and was several times in the president's room.

The doctor wrote standing at a shelf fixed against the wall, and as fast as he finished the sheets laid them on a pile in a chair at his right hand. From time to time, they were taken away to the printing office, so that the earlier pages were already in type when the last were written.

My uncle assures me that the whole work was finished within those two weeks, and was printed just as it was first written.

This, with some other feats of a similar kind, notably the production of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," without the alteration of a line, suggests the question whether a writer ought not to aim at such a mastery of his own style, and such a grasp of his own thought, as to do, at once, whatever is the best he himself can do, without leaning too much on the help of revision. In all other work, trusting to future mending slackens the tension.

This is far from saying that a young writer can safely send the printer wet manuscript. Before that vacation Dr. Wayland's fingers had been worn to fit his pen. Before he put the book on paper, its thought and expression may both have had infinite revision beforehand, which precluded revision afterward.

Julius Robinson.

PACKERVILLE, Conn.

A WRITER'S TWO MILD REQUESTS.

Editors have their trials, which no doubt seem very grievous to them, and they have a perfect right to air them. Indeed, I, for one,

always read an article on the grievances of editors with much interest, to discover if there is not some fault in my treatment of them which I may mend. But not being in the editorial chair, I cannot speak of editorial sorrows from experience, and, therefore, must present what few grievances I have from the writer's point of view.

A manuscript of mine recently came back from the editor of a magazine which pretends to high literary merit. As the manuscript consisted of only thirteen pages, I had folded it twice across the width and sent it in an envelope of the ordinary size, such as most business men use in their correspondence. It came back in a long, narrow envelope, and was, therefore, folded lengthwise, with an ugly crease near the middle. Of course, it had to be rewritten before it could be submitted elsewhere, and so I had it copied on the typewriter, which cost me seventy-five cents. Had I not cause for righteous indignation against that editor, and was I wrong in vowing never to purchase another copy of his magazine? Request number one: —

Please, Messrs. Editors, send back our manuscripts in the same form in which we send them to you.

I observe, too, that some editors, in returning a manuscript, put on only one two-cent stamp, — that is, enough to carry it back to the author, — leaving him to pay the balance when the manuscript is delivered to him. This is done even when more than enough stamps had been enclosed to pay return postage. Request number two: —

Pray, Messrs. Editors, tell us whether you keep the other enclosed stamps as payment for reading our manuscripts? It would be a satisfaction to know. *Leander S. Keyser.*

SPRINGFIELD, O.

ADVICE FROM HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Many young literary aspirants ask what they must read to become "a writer." Horatio Alger, Jr., who is always willing to give a word of encouragement to young authors, in reply to a short note which I wrote him some time ago, sent me the following letter, which he has given me permission to publish: —

NATICK, Mass., Aug. 11, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter has been forwarded to me at my summer home.

Your question is rather difficult to answer. I think, perhaps, it may be well for you to read carefully and critically the books of successful juvenile authors. This will enable you to learn what has contributed to their success. When I commenced writing for young people my publisher recommended me to read "Optic's" books (he had been in the field ten or a dozen years) and judge for myself what made the boys like his books. I did so, but retained my own individuality, so that there are marked differences between my books and his. My present taste inclines me to prefer the juvenile books of J. T. Trowbridge to any other. Let me add that I have always made a close study of boys in order that my characters might seem to be drawn from life. I have a natural liking for boys, which has made it easy for me to win their confidence and become intimately acquainted with them. It would be well, I think, for you to write short juvenile stories first. I did so, and it was the success of one in particular that led me to think I had found my vocation. It was copied in hundreds of papers.

I don't know whether you will find these suggestions of any service. I hope you may, and wish you success in any work you may undertake. Yours truly,

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

The success of Mr. Alger's books make his suggestions valuable to all writers of books for boys. *Edgar G. Alcorn.*

GALLIPOLIS, Ohio.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE'S DEFENCE.

This letter, addressed to the editor of THE WRITER by Will Allen Dromgoole, is so bright that it is printed in order that readers of the magazine may enjoy it also: —

BOSTON, Mass., December 22, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR: You will pardon me for writing, I know, inasmuch as it is Christmas, and we all take advantage of every license possible at that season. We even allow the

drunkard a spree at Christmas. Now then! in the November WRITER you are pleased to say, "The young lady who signs herself Will Allen Drumgoole will soon bring out a book of folk-lore tales of Tennessee." Now, it is n't the tales that disturb me, since they are written (would they were worthier!), bought, and paid for by friend, the peerless Perry (Perry Mason & Co.), long ago. But you say I *sign* myself "Will Allen Drumgoole." My dear sir, I don't do anything of the kind. Dromgoole ("O," if you please) is a rare old name that my father fetched from Old Virginia, and my grandfather — God rest him! — brought from "ould Ireland." Don't spell it with "u" for the sake of my ancestors. I *sign* myself "Will Allen Dromgoole!" My dear sir, whatever else *shall* I sign myself, since my good mother so signed for me as the last effort for a name for the last of six girls, an "niver a blissed b'y amongst us, yer honor." Will Allen! it is n't a bad name, although it does n't altogether index the woman who bears it. Not that *she* is not good, but that the name is masculine; the woman — four feet ten inches, weighs eighty-seven pounds, is as ugly as sin, and was never so far from home as now in her small life — "signs herself Will Allen Dromgoole." Let me! All women cannot master this matter of names in the good old way that I was wont to dream of before my destiny took hold upon me, adversity chose me for a friend, and ambition stirred down in my soul's depths, and frowned upon youth's foolish fancies. And then even the best of women can only get relief (in the old way) for the last name. And could I do that, why, I should still be forced to *sign* myself Will Allen — possibly *Jones*.

Now, will you forgive all this, for the sake of the Christmas time?

There is nothing in a name, because Will Shakespeare said so. And I might answer to the gentler ones, Sallie, Annie, Jennie, or even Liz. But I am *Will*, and *like* it. It licenses me to write saucy letters to editors who mistake me for a man with a moustache or those who speak of me as a lady who *signs herself* thus.

There's nothing in a name, except a bit of fun, and unless it be attached to a bank check. The man who believes there is nothing in a name, as that old heretic declared, ought to try signing somebody else's to a fat check. And the woman who is such an infidel ought to "sign herself Will Allen Dromgoole" for a season. Why, I had a letter from a widow once offering me marriage. Think! if I had been named Mehitabel, or Jemima, or Jerusha, the offer might have come from a widower.

Then, too, there is a Boston bachelor who invited me to visit him, because I signed myself Will Allen, and, finding I was n't the gender to wear Will Allen, he countermanded the invitation. Nothing in a name! Do you believe it?

Could you, if you had been called Miss "Dumbfool," Miss "Dromedary," and Miss "Dumbell" (by adding an "e" that name would have answered), as I have? Nothing in a name! Call yourself Sally Ann awhile and see if you'll not quit THE WRITER and go out to hire as housegirl in less than a week. Label a fowl a goose and expect it to be a gander is stuff (not stuffing); do n't you say so?

But Christmas will be here before I stop unless I look to my pen.

My dear sir, please, again, forgive me, and especially for making bold to sign myself,

Yours sincerely,

Will Allen Dromgoole.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) In what months are manuscripts most marketable?

(2.) It would be novel, but would it be advisable to preface the chapters of a book with poems (however appropriate and beautiful) instead of simple selections of a stanza or line or two, — especially if authorship could not always be given?

(3.) May n't I feel bad*ly*, instead of *bad?* I know the rose smells *sweet* and not sweet*ly*, still I prefer being uncomfortable to being wicked, — but am told that it is bad form, and that I am "behind the times"! Am I? H. A. S.

[(1.) Manuscripts are no more easily sold at one time than at another.

(2.) It is better not to preface the chapters of a book with quotations, poetical or otherwise. The use of quotations for such a purpose has gone out of fashion.

(3.) The question of the use of "feel bad" and "feel badly" has been discussed at length in back numbers of the WRITER. — W. H. H.]

This from *Life:* "The Horse Show is in our midsts," etc. Respectable writers have used the phrase, "our midst," "their midst," etc., but is the expression, "our midsts," correct? M. D. J.

["In our midst" is a bad phrase, and its use should be avoided. "In our midsts" is a bad

joke, of the kind that ought to be made a criminal offence. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

I have an illustration of the care that is necessary in the use of words and phrases. In preparing some matter on technical subjects, I had occasion to send a chapter for criticism to a Southern gentleman who is an expert on the subjects of which the chapter treated. In this chapter I used the phrase, "War of the Rebellion" without the slightest thought of the significance it might convey to a considerable portion of our worthy citizens. It called forth the following, with which I am in hearty accord: —

"This correction is the only one of any importance, a civil statement against which, as an old Confederate soldier, I enter a mild protest. The "War between the States" sounds at the distance of twenty-six years rather better than the "War of the Rebellion," — especially when it is remembered that our supreme court has long ago decided that it was not a rebellion, and, therefore, could not hang Jeff Davis. But apart from political reasons, scientific and popular ends would require the laying aside of such obnoxious terms, especially when it is expected for the book to be a national publication and meeting a national demand. I trust you will not regard the above as offensive. I do it with the purest motives, and with the hope of ultimately excluding from our text-books phrases and expressions calculated to keep the two sections of this country apart."

THOMAS F. HUNT.

STATE COLLEGE, Penn.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Enjoyable" and "Readable." — Mr. Bryant's oft-quoted list of tabooed words did not contain "enjoyable" and "readable" simply because, in his day, they had not been ridden to death by local reporters and third-rate reviewers. Now every party or reception is "an enjoyable affair," and a book is supposed to be praised if it is labelled "readable." Really, these are the most insipid descriptions in the vocabulary; "enjoyable" implies that by a good deal of effort one may extract some pleasure out of a very monotonous affair; "readable," that the book just escapes inanity.

J. H. W.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill.

"Clipping." — Is the word "clipping," as used in the article, "One Woman's Way with Scrap-books," in the November WRITER, correct? During my connection with the *Charleston* (S. C.) *News and Courier*, in 1886, I heard the late Captain F. W. Dawson, then editor of that paper, say sarcastically to one of the reporters, in calling his attention to the fact that the word "clipping" was on the "prohibited list": "Country newspapers may clip, but we *cut*."

R. A. SMITH.

OMAHA, Neb.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF JOURNALISM. By Franc B. Wilkie. 324 pp. Cloth. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Company. 1891.

The reminiscences of almost any newspaper man of experience, so varied is the journalist's experience, and so frequent his opportunities for seeing life where it is darkest, busiest, and most exciting, would necessarily make an attractive book, for non-professionals as well as for members of the craft. It is rarely, however, that great editors, even if they should be so unmindful of traditional propriety as not to "die in the harness," ever find the time, much as they have the inclination, to give to the world the connected narrative of a busy life, in and out of the editorial sanctum. It is probably undeniable that if any one among the great American editors of the day should put on paper even a portion of the sum of his professional experiences with men and movements during a quarter of a century, he could make a book of interest the most absorbing, and of historical value of the first importance, to say nothing of the quality of humor and anecdotal interest such a book would possess. It is, therefore, a reason for congratulation that one journalist of long and active experience has given us a book which records the more interesting facts from a career of thirty-five years in his profession. Mr. Wilkie's chief engagements have been with the Chicago press, more notably with the *Times* of that city, under the late Wilbur F. Storey's pro-

prietorship. His reminiscences of Mr. Storey will be of interest to all journalists who understand how conspicuous a figure the editor was in Chicago newspaperdom during the war period and later. Characteristic anecdotes are told of him and of his conduct of the *Times*, and there are also anecdotes and reminiscences of other Chicago journalists. L. F.

A BACK NUMBER TOWN. Text and Illustrations by Frank Raymond Russell. 64 pp. Cloth. Buffalo: The Courier Company. 1891.

Fine plate paper, attractive ivory cloth binding, tastefully lettered in gilt, well-drawn illustrations, and handsomely printed text make "A Back Number Town" one of the most attractive publications of the year. The volume is a large oblong quarto, and the text and illustrations are printed only on the right-hand pages, the opposite pages being left blank save for titles and ornamental designs. The "back number town" is Lewiston, N. Y., near Niagara Falls, where there are many picturesque houses and historical relics of more than passing interest. Mr. Russell has drawn some charming illustrations, and his descriptive text is no less interesting than his artistic pictures. His book will be especially interesting to all who have visited Niagara and vicinity, and it will undoubtedly lead many to turn aside from the beaten path of travel, and visit the picturesque town which he has so charmingly described both with pencil and with pen.

W. H. H.

THE LATHBURY CALENDAR FOR 1892. With 12 Fac-similes of water-color designs by Miss M. A. Lathbury. In box, 75 cents. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1891.

This dainty calendar for 1892 is made of twelve strips of cardboard joined by ribbons run through at either end, each card having a water-color design suited to the month to which it refers. Miss Lathbury's designs are artistic and well conceived, and the effect of the whole calendar is exceedingly attractive. It will ornament any room on the wall of which it may be hung. W. H. H.

WATCHWORDS; FROM JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY. Edited by Katherine E. Conway. 60 pp. Cloth. Boston: Joseph George Cupples. 1891.

Whoever loves John Boyle O'Reilly, man and poet, will be deeply interested in the tasteful and well-selected collection of his poems and prose writings which his comrade in editorship has given to the world. Much of O'Reilly's verse will stand the test of time, and already it has been recognized by a leading publishing house as entitled to rank with the productions of America's favorite authors and poets. The unique dress in which the book is brought out shows that it is intended chiefly for a gift-book. Miss Conway's prefatory estimate of O'Reilly and his writings is a well-considered piece of work. O. M.

FRIENDS: A DUET. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 255 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1891.

This prolific author in this novel writes of some of the darker aspects of life, in a style that shows deep feeling and strong dramatic power. The scene is laid in Boston, and the characters are well drawn, and interest the reader. The love story is handled with great expertness, and the climax is peculiarly affecting. Miss Phelps has few equals in writing of the emotions. L. F.

PRACTICAL PUNCTUATION. By James F. Willis. 99 pp. Paper, 40 cents. Philadelphia: James F. Willis. 1891.

Proper punctuation is as necessary to good literature as is good grammar, and in order to ensure easy understanding of a subject by the reader, it is quite indispensable. Yet punctuation is among the last things thought of by many writers in preparing their manuscripts. Mr. Willis' little pamphlet compactly illustrates the principles of good punctuation, and is positively a valuable book of its kind. L. F.

ATLANTIS ARISEN; OR, TALKS OF A TOURIST ABOUT OREGON AND WASHINGTON. By Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor. Illustrated 412 pp. Cloth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1891.

The publishing of information about a region to Easterners comparatively unknown was the motive which actuated the author of this elaborate work. The book is almost entirely descriptive, and has numerous well executed illustrations. It cannot fail to be instructive.

L. F.

WHO? WHEN? AND WHAT? Famous men and events of six centuries, 1250-1850. 55 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: A. Lovell & Company. 1891.

This handy little book epitomizes the great men and their deeds and the great happenings of the six centuries ending with the year 1850. Accompanying it is a chart, which gives, at a glance, the name of the man, when he lived, and what he did to achieve immortality, and also — quite as important — who were his contemporaries. For quick and sufficient reference the book has a special value. It is certainly worth possessing purely for its unique conception. L. F.

GESTURES AND ATTITUDES. By Edward B. Warman, A. M. Illustrated. 422 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1892.

The student of Delsarte, or the general reader who wants to be posted on the principles of Delsarteism, can find an abundance of instructive facts in this tasteful volume. The book is written by a master of his subject, and is comprehensive in its scope, intelligent in its details. Full-page outline pictures of students in an endless variety of attitudes, expressive of thought and feeling, are included, with explana-

tions regarding the proper accomplishment of the movements. The effect of the book upon the reader is to impress him with the marvellous capabilities of the human form divine in the way of expression, and also with the fact that such expression may be reduced to an exact science. L. F.

THE PERFUME-HOLDER. By Craven Langstroth Betts. 49 pp. Cloth. New York: Saalfield & Fitch. 1891.

This new poem by the translator of the songs from Béranger, published a few years ago, is gotten up in a dainty dress of ivory cloth, and is printed on hand-made paper, with rough edges and wide margins. The poem itself tells a vivid story of Oriental life, rendered in heroic verse, and is fascinating reading. L. F.

THE FLAMING METEOR. By Will Hubbard-Kernan. 270 pp. Cloth. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company. 1892.

Purely on account of his radical, and even sensational, opinions on social and religious topics, this poet's verses would command attention. He is a man of many words, versatile and original in his conceptions, a pessimist at heart, and fearless in the advocacy of his beliefs. Yet on other grounds, those of merit, is his poetry noteworthy. While his verse lacks the refined and delicate diction of the masters, yet it is always forceful and rich in rhythmic melody. We may not applaud his sentiment, yet we cannot but praise the rounded sweetness of his tone, which is always full, and resonant, and melodious. He has been uncommonly prolific, although he is still young, and among the poets of the West he deserves to rank among the first. The book has a frontispiece portrait of the author. L. F.

A YEAR IN PORTUGAL. George Bailey Loring, M. D. 306 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

The late ex-Minister to Portugal, always a charming writer, in this book, which he fortunately finished before his illness and death, describes his life at the Portugese capital, and in the other cities of the country, and also narrates his experiences in travelling. He gives a view of the life of an American Minister abroad, and lets light in upon the condition of Portugal, and of her people. The work is an interesting acquisition to the books of foreign travel. L. F.

THE SARDONYX SEAL. By Belle Gray Taylor. 316 pp. Cloth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

Descriptive power and facility in making her characters talk in a bright and spirited style are two characteristics of this author which appeal at once to the reader. Pen pictures of Nature have been done time and again, but Miss Taylor possesses the true sense of the picturesque, which she utilizes when she writes of Normandy's romantic coast with rare effect. Her story is permeated with an atmosphere of jolly good humor, and an unstudied quaintness of character, scene, and incident, which makes it one of the most readable books in current fiction. L. F.

A PAGAN OF THE ALLEGHANIES. By Marah Ellis Ryan. 297 pp. Half Morocco, $1.50. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

The author of this book is a writer of fair ability, whose great faults are prolixity and inadequate character depiction. She would find that careful revision of her manuscript, with condensation always in view, would please the reader, and thereby contribute to her literary success. The story of this book is rather interesting, but its effect is marred by certain errors of style and treatment, which it is hoped experience will tend to eradicate. O. M.

THE FEAST OF THE VIRGINS AND OTHER POEMS. By H. L. Gordon. 366 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

This cumbrous volume is the work of a poet of the Northwest, who wrote his chief poem on what was supposed to be his death-bed. It saved his life, so he confesses. Most of his inspiration sprang from his residence among the Indians in the Dakotas, but this is no excuse for giving to the world a collection of poems having so little to recommend them. The illustrations are no better than the poetry. L. F.

THE MUNICIPAL PROBLEM. Amos Parker Wilder. A Paper Read Before the New Haven Chamber of Commerce. 78 pp. Paper.

A more intelligent and exhaustive analysis of the evils of municipal government in America, and the reasons therefor, has not recently been published than this one by the editor of the *New Haven Palladium*. Although a young man, Mr. Wilder has thoroughly mastered his subject. Deep insight, sound reasoning, and thoughtful appreciation of obstacles to be overcome in the purification of municipal politics characterize the paper, which is creditable alike to him and to the profession of which he is a valued member. O. M.

THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE. Eighth Series. 64 pp. Cloth. $2.00. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1891.

The publication of the annual collection of the best pictures from *Life* has come to be looked for from year to year, and the growing series of oblong quarto volumes is one that cannot fail of being prized by its possessor. A steady improvement in the quality of the pictures is noticeable each year, and those included in the Eighth Series are the best that have yet been published. They give added interest to the witty little dialogues which they illustrate, and almost invariably they are happily conceived and skilfully executed. The best of the work in this year's volume is by W. de Meza, whose wash drawings reproduced in

half tone are exceptionally delicate and lifelike. His illustration of "An Opportunity" is by far the best thing in the book, and it is almost photographic in its accuracy. "Van" also contributes some excellent drawings, and the work of all the artists represented is of a high standard. The pictures, printed on heavy plate paper, appear to better advantage than in *Life*, and the volume is bound in a tasteful cover.

W. H. H.

IN BISCAYNE BAY. By Caroline Washburn Rockwood. Illustrated. 286 pp. Cloth. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Company. 1891.

The pleasure trip to Florida of a party of Northern people is made in this book the basis of a breezily told story. The love story is delightful, being handled with peculiar delicacy and charm, while all the characters are just what they should be in such a story, good-humored first and always. More than thirty-five excellent full-page pictures of Florida land and water life and scenes are in the book, which is also beautifully printed and bound. L. F.

BESSIE GRAY AND OUR STEP-MOTHER. By Martha Perry Lowe. Illustrated. 32 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 1891.

This is an attractively bound and illustrated holiday book, containing two poems. Each poem is a narrative of a pretty story, told in a graceful manner and with tender feeling.

L. F.

SYD BELTON. By G. Manville Fenn. Illustrated. 348 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

"Syd Belton" is a boys' book by a masterly writer of stories which interest and instruct the youth. It is a tale of life on the sea, and is characterized by exciting incident breezily told, and not of an ordinary kind. Mr. Fenn invests his stories with singular charm, and understands how to hold the reader's attention thoughout. L. F.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AN AUTOMATIC WIFE. By William Hosea Ballou. 280 pp. Paper. New York: W. D. Rowland. 1891.

THE FLIGHT OF THE SHADOW. By George MacDonald. 297 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS. 224 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: Town Topics Publishing Company. 1891.

THE QUINTESSENCE OF IBSENISM. By G. Bernard Shaw. 170 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1891.

THE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND. By Grant Allen. 327 pp. Paper, 35 cents. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1891.

CULTURE: A MODERN METHOD. By Elliott E. Furney, M. D. 322 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. St. Louis: I. H. Brown & Company. 1891.

ELTON HAZLEWOOD. By Frederick George Scott. 146 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1892.

THE SUPREME PASSIONS OF MAN. By Paul Paquin. 150 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Battle Creek: Little Blue Book Company. 1891.

SOME WINTER RESORTS AND HOW TO REACH THEM. 56 pp. Paper. Herkimer, Y. N.: The Travellers' Bureaus of The News Series. 1892.

ECCE REGNUM! By Edward Randall Knowles. 33 pp. Paper. Worcester: The Messenger Print. 1891.

EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND ART. XIII. — The Evolution of Sculpture. By Thomas Davidson, M. A. XIV. — The Evolution of Painting. By Forrest P. Rundell. Paper, ten cents each. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal — "The Heart's Sorrow," Will C. King; "Song of the Nightingale," Ambrose Davenport and Carl Zeller; "A Job Lot," Charles Brighton, arranged by John S. Baker; "He is Irish" and "Little Maggie Magee," Loren Bragdon; "De Double Weddin'," Frank Addis Kent; "Mother Dear," Gilbert à Beckett and E. Audran; "Minstrel's Song," Thomas Moore and J. W. Glover; "I Heard an Angel Voice Last Night," Charles E. Bray; "The Shepherd's Song," Mrs. E. C. Whitney and E. H. Bailey; "Ring, Sweet Bells," J. R. Higinbotham; "Christmas Carols," thirty-four numbers. Piano — "Dolores Valse," Theodore Moelling; "On to Glory" and "Jolly Youth Galop," Paul Keller; "Pelican Schottische," Albert Blitz; "C. B. and Q. Waltz," J. N. Goo man; "Chappies' Polka," Florence Fare; "Miss Helyett," duet, B. M. Davison; "The Emperor's Review," duet and for four hands, Richard Eilenberg; "Col. Goetling's Grand March," for two banjos, mandolin, and guitar, F. E. White.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivances that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Making Typewriter Type Stick. — I recently made an accidental discovery connected with the use of a typewriter, which your readers may find of practical value. In some of the typewriters the letters have a disagreeable fashion of dropping out. The amateur typewriter tinker has some difficulty in inserting and keeping in place permanently a type which has once dropped from the type bar. If the end of the type is treated with a little Canada balsam, such as is used in holding in place microscopic objects, and which can readily be obtained at any place where optical

goods are sold, the type can be held in place eternally. I had no trouble in inserting type after this discovery. H. C. M.

DOYLESTOWN, Penn.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE STUDY OF MODERN LANGUAGE. Susan C. Lougee. *Education* for December.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With Portrait. Editorial. *Christian Union* for December 5.

TO MR. ANDREW LANG. An Open Letter. Gleason White. *Christian Union* for December 5.

HENRY JAMES. Reprinted from *Murray's Magazine* in *Eclectic Magazine* for December.

THE "INTERVIEWER" ABROAD. Edward DOWDEN. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* for December.

ADVERTISING IN VERSE. John S. Grey. *Printers' Ink* for December 2.

THE NEW YORK SUN AND MR. DANA. With Portrait. *Paper and Press* for November.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY AS A POET OF HUMANITY. Open Letter. George Parsons Lathrop in *Century* for December.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR AS HE IS. Caroline Gray Lingle. *Kate Field's Washington* for December 9.

THE OPPORTUNITIES FOR WRITERS. W. A. Engarde. *Inland Printer* for December.

A VISIT TO J. G. WHITTIER'S HOME. *Queries Magazine* for December.

THE AUTHOR OF "PINAFORE." *Queries Magazine* for December.

THE WORK OF THOMAS HARDY. Professor Minto. *Bookman* (London) for December.

MARY E. WILKINS. Portrait. *Bookman* (London) for December.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD. Portrait. *Review of Reviews* for December.

JAMES PARTON. Portrait. *Review of Reviews* for December.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. Portrait. *Review of Reviews* for December.

ST. NICHOLAS AND ITS EDITOR. With Portrait of Mary Mapes Dodge. *Review of Reviews* for December.

AN AMERICAN NOVELIST. With Portrait of Edgar Fawcett. *Peterson's Magazine* for January.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA AT HOME. With Portrait of Sir Edwin Arnold. Florence Grey. *Home Maker* for December.

HERMAN MELVILLE. Titus Munson Coan. *Literary World* for December 19.

MR. HOWELLS' WORK AS A CRITIC. Reprinted from *New York Tribune* in *Public Opinion* for December 19.

THE NEW YORK PRESS CLUB. *Brooklyn Standard-Union* for December 5.

AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS. With Portraits. R. H. Titherington. *Munsey's Magazine* for December.

COLONEL PERRY S. HEATH. With Portrait. *Press and Printer* for December 26.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH AN EDITOR. Reprinted from *Ladies Home Journal* in *Press and Printer* for December 26.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Henry James. *Atlantic Monthly* for January.

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. With Portrait. Colonel A. K. McClure. *Lippincott's* for January.

A LITERARY CONVERSATION. Julian Hawthorne. *Lippincott's* for January.

MAURICE THOMPSON. Portrait. *Chautauquan* for January.

OLD-TIME MAGAZINES. Will J. Lampton. *Cosmopolitan* for January.

THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS AT WASHINGTON. T. C. Crawford. *Cosmopolitan* for January.

ABOUT BEAUTIFUL BOOKS Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for January.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. First Paper. Horatio Bridge. *Harper's Magazine* for January.

MARY E. WILKINS. By the Author of "Quaker Cousins." Reprinted from the *Bookman* in the *Critic* for January 2.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN LITERATURE. William A. Coffin. Reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine* in *Public Opinion* for January 2.

THE INTERPRETER IN LITERATURE. Julian Hawthorne. *Lippincott's* for January.

POE, THE HAMLET OF AMERICA. Henry Austin. Reprinted from *New Orleans Times-Democrat* in *Public Opinion* for January 2.

WALT WHITMAN. Portrait. *Arena* for January.

HAMBLIN GARLAND. Portrait. *Arena* for January.

ANDREW LANG REPLIES TO AN AMERICAN CRITIC'S CRITICISM ON BEING SLATED. Reprinted from *Illustrated London News* in *Journalist* for December 26.

THE CREATIVE FACULTY IN WOMEN. Sidwell N. Breeze. *Critic* for December 26.

FRENCH NOVELS AND FRENCH LIFE. Andrew Lang. *North American Review* for January.

THE BEST BOOK OF THE YEAR. Sir Edwin Arnold, Gail Hamilton, Agnes Repplier, Amelia E. Barr, Rev. Dr. C. A. Briggs, Julian Gordon, and Dr. W. A. Hammond. *North American Review* for January.

THE FIGHT IN FICTION. Arnold Houltain. *Toronto Week* for December 25.

POETRY AND MELODY. Elissa M. Moore. *Kate Field's Washington* for December 30.

RUDYARD KIPLING. Francis Adams. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* for January.

A STUDY OF MR. GEORGE MEREDITH. J. A. Newton-Robinson. Reprinted from *Murray's Magazine* in *Eclectic Magazine* for January.

THE BOYHOOD OF EDGAR A. POE. Eugene L. Didier. *No Name Magazine* for January.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Poem. John W. Chadwick. *New England Magazine* for January.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET." George M. Young. *New England Magazine* for January.

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Henry Bruce. *Christian Union* for January 2.

RUDYARD KIPLING. Henry Dawson. *The Young Man* (New York) for December.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The *Folio* (Boston) for January is enlarged to forty-two pages, and has a new dress of type and a new cover. Besides the reading matter, there are twenty-four pages of music.

Mrs. Alice Hamilton Rich, of Minneapolis, Minn., has become editor of the home department of the *Children's Home Finder*, Davenport, Iowa. Mrs. Rich has written for the *Sunday School Times*, the *Home Maker*, and, other papers and magazines both prose and poetry that have won commendation from able critics.

Opie Read, the well-known writer of Southern stories, will retire January 1 from the editorship of the *Arkansaw Traveler*, the paper that has been made famous by his quaint and humorous sketches. The success of Mr. Read's latest books, "A Kentucky Colonel" and "Emmett Boulore," has been such that he has decided to give up editorial duties and devote his whole time to strictly literary work.

With its January number the *Inland Printer*, Chicago, announces its third removal, and the beginning of the year 1892 finds the magazine in still finer quarters than before, at 212 and 214 Monroe street. No one who is interested in printing or publishing can afford to do without the *Inland Printer*.

A feature of the *Atlantic* for January is Henry James' delightful article of reminiscence and criticism on James Russell Lowell. It deals particularly with Lowell's London life, and sketches the part that Mr. Lowell played in the English literary and social world very appreciatively.

Eugene Field, perhaps the best known of the literati of Chicago, is a delightful host. He lives in a rambling old house in the northern part of the city. He has a mania for the curious, and his rooms are filled with interesting articles, valuable from association mostly. He will show you in one breath the pictured group of wife and children, and the next a painted wooden horse, crude of shape and violent in color, the work of Toole, the comedian, while playing Caleb Plummer. All sorts of odds and ends, from the centres of Europe or the wilds of the West, make up his treasures. The manuscript volume of his Horace, now in press, is a work of art. His script is a miracle of fineness, as minute as the tracks of a fairy spider, and he has illuminated it like an old miss? His humor and his cordiality are mixed in about equal parts. He is a good diner out and a most amusing friend.

The useful memorandum calendar of the Pope Manufacturing Company (Boston) is in the form of a pad containing 367 leaves, each 5⅛x 2⅝ inches. At the bottom of each leaf is a blank for memoranda.

The *Magazine of American History* (New York) opens its twenty-seventh volume with the New Year.

The January number (1892) of *Lippincott's Magazine* contains a novel of newspaper life, entitled "The Passing of Major Kilgore," by Young E. Allison, late managing editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. The same number opens the Journalists' Series by publishing "The Editor-in-Chief's Story," by Alexander K. McClure, editor of the *Philadelphia Times*. The Journalists' Series will consist of a number of contributions from prominent newspaper men, who will tell their personal experiences, and give glimpses of the editorial sanctums and inner workings of various leading newspapers throughout the country. Contributions will follow the first instalment under such headings as these: "The Managing Editor's Story," "The City Editor's Story," "The Dramatic Editor's Story," "The Literary Editor's Story," "The Reporter's Story," etc. In this way an insight into the lives of newspaper men at work and at play will be given, and the methods of getting out the great dailies will be illustrated.

That delightfully fresh and interesting writer, John Fiske, is often seen with bulky packages of manuscript on his way to or from the Riverside Press. He is soon to complete his two-volume work on "The Discovery of America," which has cost him many months of labor and research. In this book Mr. Fiske gives copious foot-notes and numberless citations as to sources of authority of the quoted matter, and after capping a humorous story, admirably told, with an apt quotation, gravely puts in a reference to inform his reader in a foot-note that this is taken from the "Pickwick Papers," chapter and page so-and-so.

"The Opportunities for Writers" is the leading article in the *Inland Printer* (Chicago) for December.

A new monthly magazine, *School and College*, devoted to secondary and higher education, and edited by Ray Greene Huling, is published by Ginn & Company. The first number is that for January.

Steps have been taken to establish an "Authors' Museum" in St. Petersburg, to contain mementos and relics of famous Russian literary men and women.

A writer in *Kate Field's Washington* proposes the establishment of a poetry paper, to be published weekly, and to be devoted entirely "to the loveliest of the Muses," the expenses to be borne by the stockholders.

There are 1,125 characters in the twenty-four books that Charles Dickens wrote.

R. R. Bowker is at work on an "American Bibliography of the Nineteenth Century," which will give the titles and suitable details of all books published in this country from 1800 to 1890.

The January *Arena* has a fine frontispiece portrait of Walt Whitman.

Mrs. Margaret Deland is practically secluding herself, so far as she can, from her social duties, in order to put all her efforts into her new novel, which she believes will be her best work. The manuscript will not be finished within two years. The published paragraph that Mrs. Deland is preparing for the press a volume of short stories is incorrect.

Women authors, having been excluded from the proposed Authors' Club of London on the ground of their inability to pay the required fees and subscriptions, are about to found a club of their own.

Pope received $25,000 for his version of Homer. But the prize winner in a competition opened by the proprietors of a half-penny journal in England has just been paid $5,000 for five lines of verse composing the "poem" which was adjudged the best offered. This is at the rate of $1,000 a line, and, say, $100 a word, making this the most costly poem on record.

Acton Davies, the author of "Sawed Off," "Little Lot's Message," "Earning an Epitaph," and other sketches published in recent numbers of *Short Stories*, *Romance*, and *Current Literature*, is only twenty-two years of age. He is a Canadian by birth, the son of an English army officer, and he has held a position on the *New York Evening Sun* reporting staff for the past year. "Dimple and Dumpling," his most successful sketch, has been republished more than fifty times in the daily papers.

A new feature in the *New England Magazine* is a department headed "In a Corner at Dodsley's," a gossip about writers and books by Walter Blackburn Harte.

It is said that a novel will soon come from the press, by a well-known society girl of Boston, which will make quite a sensation. The tale, though a first venture, is strong, the local color good, and many a veiled allusion adds zest to the telling.

Maurice Thompson is reading the proofs of his collected poems at his home in the beautiful village of Bay Saint Louis. Mr. Thompson is truly a representative and the foremost poet of the South, and the gems of verse which have appeared from time to time in our magazines are worthy of preservation in permanent form.

The twenty-fifth volume of *Harper's Bazar* begins with the number for January 2, 1892. This number contains the opening chapters of a new serial by Walter Besant, entitled "The Ivory Gate." The first instalment of William Black's new story, "The Magic Ink," will appear in the issue of January 9, and it will run through about four numbers.

The firm of D. Lothrop Company has just issued a new book for juveniles, entitled "A Little Millionaire," by Martha Livingstone Moody, illustrated by Louis Meyville. The story is one to captivate the heart of childhood. Mrs. Moody is a Western lady of Southern birth. The city of Indianapolis claims her as a resident, but she is at present living in New York. She is the author of a novel, "The Brinkwater Tragedy," published by Cassell & Co.; also of "Alan Thorne," issued some time ago by the Lothrops.

tional) preparation for the writing of that book was the study of Turgénieff, Stepniak, and other writers upon Russian life, and to these she was first attracted by a Russian air, played on the zither, which suggested the reflection, How terrible must be the national experience which has produced such a volkslied!

It is strange and significant that "la grande et triste symphonie de la terre russe" should have found this echo in a peaceful English valley, and so effective a statement of the Nihilist position have been written in one of the happiest of English homes.

T. G. L. Hawker.

WHITCHURCH, England.

OF THE SHAKESPEARIAN SONNET AS A LITERARY EXERCISE.

Practice in rhyme was recommended by Dr. Franklin as a means of gaining facility in composition. It is not now out of date to re-state the plan recommended a century ago, and to ask whether the so-called Shakesperian Sonnet be not as good a medium as any for operation.

It is a trite saying that the sonnet restricts us to a brief space. Wordsworth's happy reference to this limitation in one of his own sonnets must be recollected: "Nuns fret not." Now, if anything is to be commended in style, it is brevity — "the soul of wit." Nor is the least of the difficulties in the way of an unpracticed hand the embarrassment of too much to say, unless we think of the embarrassment of the reader who has too much to read.

It is worth while, then, to try for the ability to say at once, and in few words, what is to be said. Will this ability be in any way gained by practice in verse? Dr. Franklin says so. Then, should not a kind of verse be chosen which makes for the best training — not too difficult, but rather easy? And, if good results be sought, in English verse form, in vernacular English?

Vernacular English I believe most naturally runs into iambics. Into this rhythm the Shakespearian Sonnet falls, and it, furthermore, furnishes a good vehicle for speech by reason of being in harmony with ballad verse — the natural English verse-form — in all except the length of alternate lines, which, however, follow the method of rhyme in ballad verse.

Of the form of the Shakesperian Sonnet, it may be best to show a rescript for examination, which seems to me to be (diagrammatically) ab ab cd cd ef ef gg: or fourteen iambic ten-syllabled lines, of which all but the last two rhyme alternately, and these last two rhyme with each other. Some feminine rhymes are occasionally inserted.

SONNET XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
  I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
  And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
  Featured like him, like him with friends possessed;
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
  With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, —
  Haply I think on thee, — and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
  From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

One reason to be assigned for trying this meter is that, as it does not require in the writing that a sentence be broken by the exigencies of rhyme, the sense without large forethought can be carried from line to line. Rhymes too peremptory often make verses ragged and broken. May not the artificial quality of the Italian or Spanish sonnet (which better suits European accent than ours) account for a

careful search through our literature disclosing very few good English sonnets in the Italian form?

It is enough to say what has been briefly hinted, then, that fourteen well-written lines in rhymes not unnaturally welded furnish a vehicle for saying clearly what we would say briefly in verse; and that he who can say what he wishes to say in so few as fourteen lines can hope to have attained considerable practical skill.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. *Henry Clark.*

A POINT FOR LITERARY CONSCIENCES.

The consciences of some magazine writers seem to be peculiarly lax with respect to the use of what we call standard literature. This is shown by the appearance in juvenile periodicals of a class of articles consisting mainly of the child scenes from the great novels of literature. The compilers, as we may call the writers of these articles, forget that novels owe their effect in large part to their unity, completeness, and dependence of one part on another. If the parts are presented separately to readers, the effect on them is, of course, totally different from that made by the novel as a whole. As this latter effect is the one the author hoped to produce, if it is interfered with, he is robbed of the appreciation due his work. In the portrayal of the character of Tito Melema, for example, the artistic effect lies in the description of the degeneration of his moral force, caused by a dislike to facing disagreeable things. To see him only in one of the agreeable scenes of his life could give us no idea of what he really was as a man. We must see him under the circumstances that influenced his development, and led to his subsequent conduct, before we can properly appreciate the strength of the pen that wrote of him. So, Maggie Tulliver's tragic story is the outcome of her tempestuous childhood, her spiritual experiences, and her relation to Tom. To show her to us only in her childhood by the old mill, or in any of the scenes between her and Tom, or Lucy and her father, would delight us, but hardly show the strange working of cause and effect in human life which the author strove to illustrate in her novel. Fragments of books may often give us pleasure, but not the keen enjoyment the whole of a masterpiece does. George Eliot, it may be remembered, once requested that the reviewer of one of her books be asked not to tell in his review the story of this book, giving as a reason that the success of her volume would be marred by a foreknowledge of events on the part of its readers. The success of a novel so largely depends upon its capacity to preserve a sustained interest on the part of the reader throughout its perusal that any interruption in the narrative is always unfortunate for the book. If George Eliot objected to this common practice of reviewers, obnoxious as it is, how much more would she have condemned this new practice, which may be called literary hash-making?

Surely there are enough books written for children for writers not to be obliged to commit the literary sins of mutilating the masterpieces of literature, and of spoiling a child's future intellectual enjoyment by presenting these fragments to him as reading matter. Nobody would dream of cutting up a picture containing several figures, and showing in art galleries one of these figures, the chief beauty of which, perhaps, lies in the relation of its pose to that of another in the picture. Reading is parallel with seeing. We read books, and look at pictures; and since we do not enjoy looking at halves, fourths, or thirds of pictures, neither do we expect to read halves, fourths,

and thirds of books. Have we a right to treat the books of dead authors in this way, since such treatment totally ruins the development of the plot? The plot is the skeleton of the story, and if some of its bones be removed, will not the beauty of the whole be mutilated?

Now, as to the reader's right, is there not something to say? Are not the works in literature the inheritance of students? Are not the emotions experienced by them, on reading this inheritance, the joy of the intellectual life, a joy which is so sacred to a reader that it compensates for material discomforts? What man, if he could, would have given up for a physical pleasure the exquisite emotions he felt on first reading Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" or "Ode to the West Wind," or Wordsworth's "Lines Written near Tintern Abbey." Who cannot recall his enjoyment on first reading "Vanity Fair," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," or any of the great works of fiction? If parts of these books had been read during childhood, would not this experience have been different? The truth of the matter is, there has been milk provided for the babes, and the strong meat was neither intended nor prepared for them. Let them have their own mental food, and permit the strong man to enjoy his meat.

Again, there is a tremendous audacity about these attempts. Who would dare to put bodies to the "heads" painted by the masters? Yet in these rehashes for children the writers join the scholarly sentences of genius by means of explanatory and connecting remarks of — let us say — talent. Still, if we care to, we may all be audacious. The point in question is not one of audacity, but as to whether we have a right to do these things? The inquiry is a subtile, but a necessary, one, for children are rapidly being given the child parts of such of the standard novels as have them, and every appreciative reader of literature owes a protection to the work of dead authors against this havoc of the literary Goths and Vandals. George Eliot gives two reasons as weighty enough to justify a person's writing — the possession of great talent, or great financial need. Let us add to this the having something to say. If a person has something to write about, he is not apt to wish to touch the work of other people; and until he finds this something worthy to be said, his pen would do well to be at rest, and its owner to ask himself if he does not owe a protection to the work which was the result of great labor on the part of men and women, whose compensation for the sufferings of genius lay in their satisfaction at being able to leave these finished books to the world.

LOUISVILLE, KY. *Eva A. Madden.*

CHARLES WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

A short life is not necessarily an incomplete one, as has been exemplified in the case of the rarely gifted young literary man to whose memory I now pay a loving, if humble, tribute.

Devoting himself to a strictly literary career, in the short space of seven years Wolcott Balestier had achieved — what had been deemed impossible — an honorable independence, supporting in affluence not only himself, but a widowed mother and sisters. What a stimulus is hereby given to the energetic pursuit of any profession to which one feels himself called, however unremunerative it may ordinarily prove.

Losing his father at an early age seems to have developed in him qualities of manhood that are seldom found exemplified in youth. His naturally bright mind was improved by diligent application, both at school and the

university, and everywhere he went his manliness, modesty, and geniality procured him fast friends.

I have spoken of him as devoted wholly to literature, but this included the business department of the profession likewise, in which he shone preëminently. His acumen in the discernment of promising paths of enterprise was only equalled by his strict integrity and a prudence that made him the trusted and valued agent of the great publishers who employed him, and confidently entrusted to him the manipulation of the most delicate affairs. Recently he had risen to the higher footing of an independent publisher, and every one predicted the abundant success of his new venture of establishing on the continent of Europe an English and American publishing house. But alas! In one respect this rare young man miscalculated. He taxed too severely the energies of a naturally delicate constitution by incessant labor of mind and body, so that when typhoid fever, that most insidious of all diseases, laid hold of him there was no power to resist its onslaught.

A letter dated November 11 which I received from him was full of life and buoyancy, breathing no hint of approaching illness. December 6 he lay a corpse in a foreign city amid strangers. His many and ardent friends, however, have the one greatest of all comforts in the fact that Wolcott Balestier was an earnest Christian believer; and fitted, as we know him to have been, to shine upon earth, we can yet rejoice in the firm persuasion, that, lost to our dim vision, he has only been lifted higher, to find a graded sphere for his untiring energy, a more rapid advance toward perfection, and, in short, a home in the bosom of his God.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA. *Mary Stuart Smith.*

THE EDITOR'S SIDE OF THE SHIELD.

One of the commonest complaints sent to THE WRITER is of the shabby conduct of editors in not replying at all, either yes or no, to offers of contributions, and not even returning the manuscript sent. I am not prepared to say that there are not some occupants of the editorial chair who act thus from depravity, meanness, or gross carelessness; but, as I have done these things myself repeatedly, and am conscious of being neither bad nor mean, I wish to suggest that others of my brethren may be equally guiltless, and I offer this cut printed herewith as a visible explanation.

This represents the entire means I have of knowing who sent me a certain contribution. The name signed is probably a pseudonym; no letter of transmittal is inclosed, and no post-office address is annexed to the signature. I have sent the manuscript to Ashland, Ky., on chances; I doubt if it ever reaches the author.

But even this is not nearly the worst. I have several letters on my desk now — some of them have been there six or seven years — with no decipherable address at all to send them to (one envelope has simply "Mass." and a blurr), waiting for the writers to "kick," and thereby furnish me the address. All this time, I doubt not, they have been abusing me viciously as a mean, or dishonest, or shamefully careless cur.

And, furthermore, I have other letters which have come back to me marked "Not Found," though sent to the exact addresses given in the letters which came to me. I am saving up both letters and answers; but I never expect to hear again from the senders, who are probably also fuming at my bad conduct.

Are all the writers who complain of editors absolutely sure that they did not forget to tell

those base creatures where to send the answers? Sometimes people are very sure and yet mistaken. I remember a case where a paper which sold goods to subscribers on commission received a sum of money with no address; then two additional letters, also with no address, charging the publishers with carelessness or worse; finally a savagely abusive letter, also without address, charging them with being common swindlers; but as the writer registered this last letter, the registry furnished a means of reply, convincing the writer that he had made a fool of himself. I hope none of THE WRITER'S complainants will feel convicted on this count.

Forrest Morgan.

HARTFORD, CONN.

A PLEA FOR THE FREEDOM OF PROSE.

"We may, therefore, accurately define art as that way of viewing things which is in opposition to the method of experience and of science." — *Schopenhauer.*

It is important to determine the proper limits of an art. To narrow these limits cramps the artist; to stretch them leads him into exaggeration.

In the case of the prevailing medium of literary art — prose — I think the limits are estimated unjustly. They are needlessly narrowed. Prose fiction is laboring under conventional limitations, like the old French drama when ruled by "the three unities," or early painting when confined to religious subjects. The result of too narrow limits is always monotony and retrogression, — until the old walls are breached, and new territories are invaded. Prose fiction has greater liberty than verse has to attain certain qualities which appeal strongly to this age — humor and philosophy of comment, accuracy of local color, and verisimilitude of dialogue. But granting to prose these advantages, yet what conte or novel has the exalting force of a great ballad or drama? — that uplifting power to "free, arouse, dilate," possessed only by the highest art. You feel it before the façade of the Cologne cathedral; before the might of Michael Angelo's "Moses"; you feel it when Death brings back Love to Siegfried, and he sings his immortal death song, "Brünnhild' bietet mir Gruss!"; or after Hamlet has said, "The rest is silence"; or at the end of Ugolino's tale, "Then fasting got the mastery of grief."

These, however, are all instances of that rare perfection called sublimity. In what novel can be found an instance of it? Perhaps, where Richard Feveral tears himself from the arms of his young wife, and goes to defend her honor and to die: the prose of Meredith is confined by no limits.

But this exalting effect may be produced in a milder way by the expressing of the beautiful. An example is that wonderful word-etching in Tennyson's "Palace of Art": —

> "A still salt pool, locked in with bars of sand,
> Left on the shore; that hears all night
> The plunging seas draw backward from the land
> Their moon-led waters white."

This touches the low bass chords of poetry, and when, to this indispensable accompaniment, are added the higher, tenderer notes of sentiment, the effect is emphasized; and when the full symphony of passion sounds, we reach the tragic and sublime — we have a Prometheus, a Lear. But for art, in any case, the one thing needful is the abiding presence of beauty.

It is in attaining this that the conventional limits of prose are quickly reached. For the adequate rendering of the beautiful our prose writers seem to lack the necessary freedom — the freedom to write instinctively, as the mood

may prompt. They shun metaphor, assonance, alliteration, rhythm — all natural as quickening impulses are to high and passionate thought. They have an innate reverence for the Ango-Saxon Chronicle. True, an author should be judged by his success in achieving his own aim. Zola, Howells, Turgénieff, undertake photography with delightful success: photographs may be excellent and pleasing, yet they are rarely elevating, ennobling; they lack the power of highest art to "free, arouse, dilate."

Let us examine several selections in order to see how prose, in becoming more adequate to render the beautiful, encroaches more and more upon the domain of verse. I select from "The Lady of the Aroostook" one of the most vivid and beautiful descriptions to be found in the novels of Mr. Howells: —

"The red sunset light rose slowly from the hulls and lower spars of the shipping, and kindled the tips of the high-shooting masts with a quickly fading splendor. A delicate flush responded in the east, and rose to meet the denser crimson of the west; a few clouds, incomparably light and diaphanous, bathed themselves in the glow."

Here vividness is obtained by the use of rapid movement and poetic epithet. Now, contrast a few verses on a like theme — Juan and Haidee on the evening sands: —

"They looked up to the sky, whose floating glow
Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;
They gazed upon the glittering sea below,
Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight" —

Equally direct and unadorned, but what a difference is produced by rhyme and rhythm. In the following short passage from Ruskin we have prose, unimpassioned, but made more picturesque and beautiful than that of Mr. Howells, by a more poetic choice of epithets, and the introduction of assonance and alliteration: —

"An evening in spring, when the south rain has ceased at sunset, and through the lulled and golden air the confused and fantastic mists float up along the hollows of the mountains, white and pure,— while the blue, level night advances along the sea, and the surging breakers leap up to catch the last light from the path of the sunset."

With this picture of a spring evening compare a famous quatrain of Swinburne's, calling into play most of the resources of verse, and concentrating into four short lines all the new life and freshness of a March day: —

"When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
And the mother of months in meadow and plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."

That color, that atmosphere, that movement, are forever above the reach of prose. From the work of F. J. Stimson I select a beautiful passage. Besides the alliteration and the assonance, notice how the sentiment induces a rhythm — not the regular rhythm of verse, but a rhythm, pliant and changing, that adapts itself to the undulation of the hills and the movement of the mists: —

"And all things did live, nothing was dead; the smooth broad meadows were alive, and the dark hills bending to the lighter sky. Ah, the fair world!

"So he walked, dreaming, through his favorite path, and as he came around the brow of some low hill, there, before him, lay a sea — a sea of silver mist, and all the world was silvern, still and silvern; silvern in the white light, rimmed with the purple of the hills and sky; a deep black-purple, where the silver points of stars shone through. All below him and around him lay the moonlit mist, filling all the valley meadows, sifting softly through the little woody hollows, where great black shapes of trees loomed up, and higher hills pent up the fleecy cloud, and through it came the rifts of evening winds."

Compare a stanza of Shelley's breathing a like sentiment in a like atmosphere: —

"The cloud shadows of midnight possess their own repose,
For the weary winds are silent, or the moon is in the deep;
Some respite to its turbulence unresting ocean knows;
Whatever moves, or toils, or grieves, hath its appointed sleep.
I in the grave shall rest — yet till the phantoms flee
Which that house and heath and garden made dear to me ere while,
My remembrance, and repentance, and deep musings, are not free
From the music of two voices, and the light of one sweet smile."

Lastly, look at this sunset piece by George Meredith — unsurpassingly vivid, matchless in prose. It lacks only a regular metre to make it

the most poetic of verse ; and yet it is not verse; it is intense, but legitimate, prose. "Golden lie the meadows, golden run the streams; red gold is on the pine stems. The sun is coming down to earth, and walks the fields and the waters.

"The sun is coming down to earth, and the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts. He comes, and his heralds run before him, and touch the leaves of the oaks, and planes, and beeches lucid green, and the pine stems redder gold. . . . The tide of color has ebbed from the upper sky. In the west the sea of sunken fire draws back; and the stars leap forth, and tremble, and retire before the advancing moon, who slips the silver train of clouds from her shoulders, and, with her foot upon the pine tops, surveys heaven." It is Shakesperian in its energy; it recalls the sonnet beginning: —

> "Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
> Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

All this is not to prove, — for a proof is unnecessary, — but to emphasize, the fact that prose, in becoming a more adequate art-medium, makes greater and greater use of all the strongest resources of language, — up to a certain limit, not defined, but apparent to the literary sense.

If our age has chosen prose for a medium of literary art, then let it be art, and not science — not dead and desiccated, but living, red-blooded, passionate. Why do most novelists reject all the vivifying, strengthening, intensifying resources of language? Why do they prefer the level of the vapid chronicle to the power and beauty that they might attain? Should prose be forbidden to rise into passion and music? Should the glory, the changing moods of water, and wood, and sky be expressed, — or merely named? Why may not the novel approach the exquisite pathos and loveliness of a Tennysonian idyl, or the irresistible, uplifting power of a Shakespearian tragedy?

Russell Patterson Jacobus.

AUBURNDALE, Mass.

SHALL AUTHORS ADVERTISE?

A startling idea occurred to me the other day. I was tempted to wonder if advertising would be an efficacious remedy for the ills that writers are heir to. If other people have made themselves millionaires by judicious advertising, might authors eke out their slender substance by similar methods? This is the idea that launched itself upon my inner consciousness, and demanded to be heard, to be pondered, to be passed on to others. I do not endorse it. I simply make myself its medium, and enter into a series of suppositions regarding it.

Suppose Frank Stockton, for instance, were to keep secret his literary labors, and then advertise them in the *Critic*, *Book News*, THE WRITER, etc., would it be considered a stupendous joke, or would a brisk correspondence ensue between him and the various publishers, to his and their advantage? Suppose others, not as well known, were to do likewise, and suppose it were to become the custom of writers everywhere to do so. If other people increase their business, and thereby their property, by such means, does it prove that the author, pursuing the same roads, might arrive at the same ends; or is it best for him to remain to be sought, or to send out his wares stealthily, burning his bridges behind him, in the way of former rejections of his manuscripts, while looking for returns, more or less satisfactory? The chronic super-sensitiveness of most authors, and their lack of business instincts, are well understood,

and such authors would not advertise until it became the rule.

Authors might send out circulars to the periodicals or book publishers to which they deemed their writings suited. Or they might advertise, boldly, something like this: —

MARION DEAN HILDRETH

Has on hand, for sale to responsible publishers:
Serial, "One Woman's Way."—75,000 words.
Essay, "The Modern Muse."—1,500 words.
Essay, "What Pays Nowadays?" — 2,000 words.

"Miss Hildreth's prose is graphic and effective."—*Bucksfield Times.*

"She is a true artist in the use of words and phrases."— *Memphis Globe.*

"One of the most promising of writers." — *Wyoming Critic.*

Or if an author should prefer, he might send out a neatly-printed circular worded like this:

MANUSCRIPTS FOR SALE.

Mr. Albert Atherton, author of "Moods and Fancies," has just returned from his summer vacation with poems, sketches, and stories, which he desires to place at once.

Terms, $10 per 1,000 words.

Mr. Atherton is well known to the readers of the *Atlantic Magazine* and *Boston Journalist.* Mr. Howlet says of "Moods and Fancies": "Not a line but has some beauty of its own. It is exquisite in detail, and as a whole is to be commended."

Correspondence solicited.

Would such advertising be of use??? I place the interrogation points, and await the answers to my revolutionary queries.

Mary R. P. Hatch.

STRATFORD, N. H.

SLIPS IN WRITING.

Half the fun would be gone from the world if people should always say just what they mean. Here are a handful of ambiguities and absurdities, offered as specimens of the capabilities of the human mind: —

Edward W. Bok is the authority for the somewhat startling statement that "most magazines will return manuscripts if stamps are enclosed." And in the same line the *New York Ledger* announces: "All prepaid manuscripts received and examined, and returned if stamps are enclosed to prepay postage." The logical inference is that if the aspiring author wishes his manuscript to be accepted, he would do better not to enclose stamps.

Notice in the toilet-room of a railway-station: "Ladies can be furnished with fresh towels." Now this is generosity carried to an extreme. Ladies are always in demand, and the place where they can be furnished is so sure of patronage that to throw in towels as an extra inducement seems quite superfluous.

"He has a small head, a long neck, and a pretty face, all the expression of which is in his dark brown eyes, large hands and feet." It is true that hands and feet are often expressive, but who would have expected to find them features of a face?

Ministers are cheap nowadays, or is it that Calvinism is at a discount just now? The *Presbyterian*, after a lengthy advertisement of its own virtues, adds in an aside: "Ministers, $1.50 per annum." Students and missionaries, it seems, come cheaper, being advertised at only a dollar.

Question: "Who were that man and woman who went by with a baby and two cows led behind?" Poor baby! *Alice L. Anderson.*

WINDHAM, N. H.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Address: —
THE WRITER,
(P. O. Box 1905.) BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VI. FEBRUARY, 1892. NO. 2.

This letter from Wolcott Balestier, written shortly before his death, shows his interest in the movement for the reduction of postage on MSS: —

2 DEAN'S YARD,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY, S. W.,
November 7, 1891.

To the Editor of THE WRITER: —

DEAR SIR, — I gather from a recent issue of the *New York Tribune* that you are making an effort to help forward a movement looking to the reduction of postage on authors' MSS. within the limits of the United States.

Permit me to offer my small mite of applause. It is a reform which I have long wished to see; and though it causes me, for the moment, no personal inconvenience, the mistake and wrong of the present system is the concern of everybody. One is particularly struck by the anomaly if one is in the habit of using the admirable English book post. The rate of postage upon MS. within the limits of Great Britain, as no doubt you know, is 4d. per pound; and one may send a MS. from here to the United States at the same rate.

Very truly yours,
WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

***

Not every writer can afford to buy a typewriting machine, — although any writer who can manage to pay the price of one cannot afford to do without it, — but every one who writes can afford to acquire a clear, legible handwriting, since only time and care need be expended to secure it. In these days, when so many typewritten manuscripts are offered to pampered editors, penwritten manuscripts are at a serious disadvantage, even when they are clearly written. The editor, like other people, seeks to get what he wants with the least expenditure of time and trouble, and an editor who, with a pile of manuscripts before him and only so much space to fill, would deliberately read the penwritten contributions first must be a very strange animal indeed. Typewritten manuscripts are sure to be read before others, and if, as is more than probable, the editor finds what he needs among them, the penwritten manuscripts are likely to be returned unread, or after only a hasty inspection — enough to give some idea of their general character. There is no reason in the world why an editor should — as inexperienced writers think he must — read every manuscript that is offered to him for publication. He needs just so much matter every month, and when he has accepted enough for present needs, it is necessary for him to examine subsequent contributions only to avoid the possibility of passing by some manuscript of such especial fitness for his purpose that he would accept it even if for present use no more manuscripts should be required. A very brief examination enables an editor to judge whether a given manuscript is one of that kind or not; and as nearly every editor is habitually well supplied with articles for present use, he is not likely to put himself to much trouble purely for the benefit of his contributors, and the writer who offers him a typewritten manuscript, or, in default of that, a legible penwritten manuscript, is sure to get the best and quickest hearing. A good typewriter costs $100; a good clear handwriting may be ac-

quired in a few weeks at an expense of only time and labor. The writer who cannot spend the $100 can usually spend the time and labor, if he will; and the expenditure will repay him well.

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This inequality of supply and demand in the manuscript market is the chief cause of all the ill-treatment by editors of which so many writers have complained. The ordinary writer approaches the editor in a certain sense as a suppliant, offering for sale a commodity with which the editor is usually well supplied. Of course, there is always a chance that the new contribution may possess such wonderful merit as to make the editor grateful to the contributor for giving him an opportunity to buy it; but sad experience has taught editors that this is not usually the case. Not one of all the periodicals published in the United States would stop if not an unsolicited contribution were received for the next twelve months, and probably not one of them would show a falling off in merit. The unsolicited contributor is respected in editorial offices, because there is always the chance that he may supply an idea or an article of exceptional value; but he is not essential, and he is not so well treated as he would be if editors had to depend upon his contributions to fill their pages. Editors have just as much human nature in their composition as young writers are apt to leave out of their compositions; and although there are benevolent exceptions, they are likely to be selfish in their treatment of contributors — just as the ordinary contributor is selfish in his treatment of them.

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The law of supply and demand governs the relations between editors and contributors, just as it governs the relations between buyer and seller in the potato market. The editor who habitually has plenty of sufficiently good manuscripts available after a while gets to regard the great army of unsolicited contributors as a crowd of self-seeking aspirants who make him a good deal of disagreeable work, and only occasionally furnish him with something which he wants. He recognizes the necessity of examining to some extent everything they send in, for fear of missing the gem that may be covered up somewhere in the mass of rubbish; but he grumbles because he has to work so much to get so little, and it is too much to expect that he should show a gratitude which he does not feel. Considering the amount of unprofitable labor imposed upon editors by contributors who do not know what the editors want, it is remarkable that writers are treated as well as they are. The biggest publications, which bear the heaviest burden, but are able to bear it best, treat writers best, because they can afford to pay the salaries of as many editors and clerks as are needed to do the work. The smallest publications, which are least able to be courteous, because they cannot afford to pay what courtesy costs, treat contributors as well as they can, because, as a rule, they are not over-supplied with manuscripts, and unsolicited contributions are useful. Periodicals of the great middle class, including most of those on which writers must depend, are the ones that give writers most cause to complain of ill treatment. They do not need the unasked contributor, and they treat him accordingly. They cannot afford to employ a large staff of editors and manuscript clerks, and delays and losses of manuscript in their offices are unavoidable. Most of them do the best they can, and many of them treat contributors with a courtesy that is extraordinary under the circumstances; but still writers have frequent occasion to complain. They will have such occasion, moreover, until the conditions of the manuscript market shall change, and the excess of supply over demand shall make editors suppliants to authors, instead of the authors being suppliants to editors, as they are now.

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The lack of system in the handling of manuscripts in many editorial offices is deplorable, especially since in most cases the fault might be easily corrected. The system followed in the office of one magazine is so good that it seems advisable to outline it here as a suggestion to the editors of other periodicals. In the office referred to when a manuscript is received it is opened by the mail clerk, who takes from it the stamps enclosed and writes on the letter ac-

companying it a memorandum of the amount sent. The clerk then enters the title of the manuscript, the address of the author, the date of receipt, and the amount of postage sent, in a book ruled for the purpose, the entries being made alphabetically under names of authors. At the same time he sends to the author a postal card blank filled out to acknowledge the receipt of the manuscript and to say that it will be examined as soon as possible. On a given day in each month all the manuscripts received are given to the editor, who either accepts or rejects each manuscript sent in. In either case the editor writes a brief letter to the author, announcing his decision, and gives these letters, with the rejected manuscripts, to the mail clerk. The clerk enters in the manuscript book a memorandum of the decision regarding each manuscript, mails the letters of the editor to the authors of accepted contributions, and returns the rejected manuscripts, putting on the envelope of each the amount of postage which the book shows was received with it. No decision is delayed more than a month, while "timely" manuscripts are sent to the editor by the mail clerk to be examined immediately. The editor makes it a rule to accept only enough manuscripts to supply his needs for six months ahead, and, when he has enough, even good manuscripts received subsequently are returned. The whole system is simple, and in practice it works to the satisfaction of editors and contributors alike. It would be well if it should be adopted in the office of every periodical which has not a better plan. If any office has a better plan, the editor of THE WRITER would like to hear about it.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Does a translator get a percentage on each book sold, or is he paid a certain amount by the publisher, regardless of the number of volumes sold?

E. H. R.

[Sometimes a translator is paid by royalty, but more often he is paid a lump sum by the publisher for the work which he has done. — W. H. H.]

A slip cut from a daily paper is printed as follows: —

The Return to Lynn

was made shortly before 7 o'clock, that the Aldermen might hold the regular meeting, and the night officers have an opportunity to go on their beats, a treat for which they all seemed sighing. They felt so awfully

Will you please explain why the words in the fourth, fifth, and sixth lines are put so far apart? I often see wide spacing like this in newspapers, and it does not seem attractive.

R. P. F.

[The explanation is simple. In newspaper composing-rooms copy is cut up into small pieces, or "takes," and each compositor whose "take" does not end a paragraph is expected to make it "come out even," — that is, to make the last word come out at the end of a full line, so that when the next compositor's "take" is added the matter will read along without a break. In order to do this it is often necessary to put more than the usual amount of space between the words. In the special case cited, it is probable that the compositor made a doublet, — that is, set part of the sentence twice by mistake. When he had to take out the repeated words, following the marks of the proof-reader, he had to space the lines very wide to make them end even. In careful work a compositor would be required to run forward or back far enough to make the spacing even throughout his "take," but in hurried newspaper work irregular spacing is not altogether prohibited. — W. H. H.]

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"**Rev.**" — A clergyman is styled "reverend"; a bishop, "right reverend"; an archbishop, "most reverend." The question has been raised whether an article should be prefixed to "Rev." and "Hon." It has been argued that "reverend" and "honorable" are not

titles at all, but are mere adjectives, and that we should say: "The reverend Mr. Coulter" and "The honorable Mr. Jones." Technically, the believers in this doctrine are right; but I believe that "Reverend" and "Honorable" have to all intents and purposes become titles of veneration. A scientific gentleman the other evening inadvertently admitted this by directing me to write "Rev." and "Hon." with a capital letter. Were his theory entertained, I ought to have written: "The rev. Mr. Love" and "The hon. Mr. Alexander." The same turning of adjectives into titles has been seen in such cases as that of: "Fighting Page Aleshire." Who would write: "The charge was led by fighting Page Aleshire"? It is not improper to speak of "The Rev. Mr. Baker" or "The Hon. James E. Campbell," but the article is not necessary. J. T. J.

GALLIPOLIS, Ohio.

Suspect. — "Suspect" is often misused by newspaper writers. You cannot "suspect" a man or lady of being in his natural condition. You may "suspect" a man of being insane or demented, but you do not suspect his sanity. You doubt it. J. T. J.

GALLIPOLIS, Ohio.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BARKER'S FACTS AND FIGURES. Edited by Thomas P. Whittaker. 384 pp. Paper, 50 cents. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Company. 1892.

This book is a diminutive encyclopædia of universal information. It gives valuable statistical facts about the commerce, government, agriculture, finances, population, education, religion, health, railways, wealth, insurance, etc., of civilized countries, but more especially such information as most interests and concerns the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. As a handy volume for constant reference it will be useful to writers. O. W

THE HORSE. A Study in Natural History. By William Henry Fowler. 204 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1892.

This volume is the latest addition to the Modern Science Series, and is a valuable one. It treats of the history, the evolution, the structure, and the habits of the horse, and is written in popular style, so far as the scientific necessities of the book will allow. The illustrations are specially instructive. From a picture of the skull of a man and that of a horse, it appears that in each there is an equal number of bones, having the same general arrangement and relation. The difference in the shape is due to the enormous brain development in the man, and the immense jaws and masticating organs in the horse. O. M.

A REPORTER'S ROMANCE. By "The Deacon." 201 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1892.

"A Reporter's Romance" is a novel in which the style is journalistic, and the ingredients are such as would suggest themselves to a newspaper man who had seen life in some of its more vivid phases. The plot is ingenious and well-worked out, and the story is not uninteresting. The young man in the story finally lands in the sanctum of the *London Times* as editorial writer and commentator on events in the United States. L. F.

WOMEN MUST WEEP. By Edgar Fawcett. 331 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1892.

Anything that Mr. Fawcett writes nowadays is sure to attract many readers, for the reason that his books possess the quality of human interest. In this, the last book from his prolific pen, he writes an interesting story, in which the characters are well-defined, and the evolution of the plot is well-sustained throughout. L. F.

THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION. By John Fiske. LIFE AS A FINE ART. By Lewis G. Jones. Paper, 10 cents each. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

These pamphlets are the latest additions to the "Evolution Series," and are the work of specialists on the subjects of which they treat. Both are instructive, and either is worth ten times the price asked for it. L. F.

WOLVERTON; OR, THE MODERN ARENA. By D. A. Reynolds. 391 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

In this book there is an odd mixture of religious fervor and human wickedness. The combination would make a more readable book if the author had handled his materials better. Poor treatment and unskilful character work have robbed the book of the strength it might have had. L. F.

SOCIAL AND PRESENT DAY QUESTIONS. By Frederic W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S. 377 pp. Cloth. Boston: Bradley & Woodruff. 1891.

Canon Farrar has so long been a living force in the world of thought and religious literature that anything from his pen has more than ordinary value. In this book his opinions on current social and religious subjects, and his eulogies of several of his own and America's statesmen of recent history, are published, the whole making a most readable collection. The scope of the book can best be indicated by the titles, the most attractive of which are "Social Amelioration," "National Perils," "Sacredness

of Public Duties," "Trials of the Poor," "Mammon Worship," "Atheism," "Art," "Books, Their Power and Blessedness," "The Ideal Citizen," "General Grant," "General Garfield," "Dean Stanley," "John Bright," "Count Leo Tolstoï," "The Jews." O. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED:

HOMILIES OF SCIENCE. By Dr. Paul Carus. 310 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. 1892.

VOEGELE'S MARRIAGE, AND OTHER TALES. By Louis Schnabel. 83 pp. Paper. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. 1892.

TRANSPLANTED SHAME. By Four of New York's Citizens. 115 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Lew Vanderpoole & Company. 1892.

"YOUNG UNS." Puck's Library, No. 55. 30 pp. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzman. 1892.

OUR CHILD: A TALE OF PASSION. By Clara E. Ballou. 176 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: W. D. Rowland. 1891.

LOVE OR MONEY. By Katharine Lee. 380 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1892.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE. By Mrs. J. F. Reichhard. 224 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1892.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEGGAR. By Albert A. Day. 450 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1891.

FOR THE OLD SAKE'S SAKE. By Allan St. Aubyn. 230 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1891.

RODGER LATIMER'S MISTAKE. By Katharine Donelson. 378 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1891.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal — "Tokay Song," M. J Murphy ager; "Come," Louis Campbell-Tipton; "Reuben and Rachel," Harry Birch and William Gooch; "Bright Stars Above Me" and "Zerita," C. A. White; "My Mother's Song," song and quartette, C. A. White; "Sing and Be Happy," quartette for male voices, C. A. White; "Come, Join the Dance," quartette for mixed voices, C. A. White. Piano — "Miss Helyett Waltzes," B. M. Davison; "Dick Turpin Polka" and "Zerita Waltz," C. A. White; "Glenwood's Self-Instructor," for the flute, Walter Glenwood.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivances that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Dictionary Study. — While a large dictionary, like Webster's International, for instance, is always needed in a writer's library, a small dictionary also should be kept within easy reach. The big dictionary is needed for reference as a last resort to settle disputed questions, but the labor of referring to it is considerable, and a writer will sometimes let simple questions remain undecided rather than take the trouble to look the matter up in a big book. If he has a small dictionary at hand, — the smaller the better, as a rule, — he will consult it, and in many cases the smaller book is sufficient for his needs. Have two dictionaries handy, then, a vest-pocket book to answer minor questions about spelling or definition, and a big International to settle more important doubts. R. C. G.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE WOMEN OF HENRY JAMES. Caro Lloyd. *Christian Union* for January 23.

POETRY AND MELODY. Elissa M. Moore. *Kate Field's Washington* for January 20.

PROFESSOR H. H. BOYESEN AND PROFESSOR H. A. BEERS. Portraits. *Chautauquan* for February.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER NOMENCLATURE. Percy Flage. *Printers' Ink* for January 20.

LITERATURE IN 1891. *Literary World* for January 16.

LOWELL — WHITMAN. A Contrast. Horace L. Traubel. *Poet-Lore* for January 15.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BOOK-MAKING. W. I. Way. *Inland Printer* for January.

A CLAIM FOR AMERICAN LITERATURE. W. Clark Russell. *North American Review* for February.

THE MANAGING EDITOR. A Story. Julius Chambers. *Lippincott's* for February.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Second Paper. Horatio Bridge. *Harper's Magazine* for February.

ENGLISH WORDS. Reprinted from *San Francisco Chronicle* in *Public Opinion* for January 23.

BYRON. Blanche Wilder Bellamy. *Christian Union* for January 16.

ROBERT BROWNING. Portrait. *The Bookman* (London) for January.

A VENETIAN PRINTER-PUBLISHER IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Horatio F. Brown. *Atlantic Monthly* for February.

THE SHORT STORY. *Atlantic Monthly* for February.

A CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE ART OF SHORTHAND. Hugh W. Innes and George C. Mares. *National Stenographer* for January.

MR. HOWELLS AND HIS WORK. With Frontispiece Portrait. H. H. Boyesen. *Cosmopolitan* for February.

ABOUT BOOKS OF REFERENCE. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for Februar

VERY FRENCH BOOKS. Reprinted from *Sunday Mercury* in *Book and Newsdealer* for January 15.

LITERARY CANT. Maurice Thompson. *Independent* for December 31.

ALLITERATION AS A MARK OF EMOTION. Richard Burton. *Independent* for December 31.

GERMAN NOVEL-WRITERS TURNING TO NATURALISM-Rudolph Bauman. *Chicago Inter-Ocean* for December 27.

THE ETHICS OF NOVEL-WRITNG. Reprinted from *Chautauquan* in *Public Opinion* for January 30.

ENGLISH AUTHORS AND AMERICAN COPYRIGHT. Reprinted from *New York Tribune* in *Public Opinion* for January 30.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Editorial. *Christian Union* for January 30.

STRAY GLIMPSES OF THACKERAY. Anne Thackeray Ritchie. *Ladies' Home Journal* for February.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A NEWSPAPER WOMAN. "Di Vernon." *San Francisco News Letter* for January.

EARLY EFFORTS OF AUTHORS. W. H. Small. *Christian Register* (Boston) for January 28.

THE GERMAN NEWSPAPER PRESS. Charles Lowe. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Eclectic Magazine* for February.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON. Reprinted from the *Book Buyer* in *Canadian Bookseller* for January.

CLEAR AND FORCIBLE WRITING. Wolstan Dixey. *Printers' Ink* for January 6.

THE FIRST COMIC PAPERS PUBLISHED IN AMERICA. J. Armoy Knox. *Printers' Ink* for Jannary 6.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER: AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS. Joel Benton. *Printers' Ink* for January 6.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON — AN OPEN LETTER. Gleeson White. *Christian Union* for January 9.

THE WOMEN IN THACKERAY. Maud Wilder Goodwin. *Christian Union* for January 9.

A YEAR'S LITERARY PRODUCTION. Hamilton W. Mabie. *Forum* for February.

THE MODEL COUNTRY NEWSPAPER. Alfred L. Flude. *National Journalist* for January.

INCOMES OF AUTHORS. E. J. Edwards. *Bangor Commercial* for January 9.

H. RIDER HAGGARD. With Portrait. *New York Herald* for January 2.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Lippincott's Journalist Series is continued in the February number by Julius Chambers, of the *New York World*, in an interesting paper entitled "The Managing Editor." He duly magnifies the office of this potentate, discloses some of his secrets, and tells by what various means he attains his most striking and profitable successes, as in two famous cases, — the *Tribune's* list of the firms burned out in the great Boston fire of November 9, 1872, and the *Herald's* publication, in 1887, of the President's message before it reached the Senate.

Mrs. Belle Gray Taylor, author of the new novel, "The Sardonyx Seal," is a charming woman in her home life and fascinating in society. Mrs. Taylor has an unusual power of perception, both in nature and art, a keen appreciation of wit, and a quick and delicate pen. Her home is in New York City.

The frontispiece portrait in *Book News* for February is of James Whitcomb Riley. A short sketch of the Hoosier poet's life and work is given by Professor Ridpath.

The first edition of the "Ballads of America," by Henry O'Meara, of the *Boston Journal*, having been completely disposed of, and having been complimented by flattering words from recognized critics, including John G. Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author has felt warranted in sending forth a second edition, in which fifteen new poems appear.

The Cassell Publishing Company will publish in February "Across Thibet," by Gabriel Bonvalot, author of "Through the Heart of Asia," with one hundred illustrations, made principally from photographs taken by Prince Henry of Orleans.

A new monthly publication which has lately made its appearance is entitled *Good Roads*. It is published by the League Roads Improvement Bureau, New York. In the first number are articles entitled "The Gospel of Good Roads," "National Highways," "The Personal Labor Tax System," and "Railroads and Wagon Roads."

An excellent photograph of W. D. Howells serves as a frontispiece for the *Cosmopolitan* for February, and his work as a writer of fiction is reviewed in the same number by H. H. Boyesen.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" still retains its phenomenal popularity. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., having arranged to bring it out in a cheap Universal edition, began printing 100,000 copies, but so many orders have poured in that they are obliged to make the first issue 160,000. At the same time with this edition will appear another in larger type in the regular issue of the Riverside Paper Series, and a new issue of the Popular edition with some illustrations.

Miss Cornelia Warren, daughter of the Boston paper manufacturer, Samuel D. Warren, has written a novel entitled "Miss Wilton," which Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. will publish immediately.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The History of David Grieve," has proved so great a success that the publishers, Macmillan & Co., have decided to issue at once an edition in larger type in two volumes, uniform in size and style with the Eversley edition of Charles Kingsley's works.

Two or three winters ago Mr. Lowell delivered at the Lowell Institute a course of lectures on the English dramatists. These will be published, under Professor Norton's editorial supervision, next autumn by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

The *Magazine of Poetry* (Buffalo) for January contains portraits and sketches of William Hamilton Hayne, Oscar Fay Adams, Madison J. Cawein, Frederick Myron Colby, and Julie Wetherill Baker, and sketches of Philip Bourke Marston, Albert Bigelow Paine, and other writers.

Clark Russell is an enthusiastic admirer of Herman Melville and Richard Henry Dana. He thinks that Americans have shown pre-eminent capacity in literature of the sea, and sets forth his views under the head of "A Claim for American Literature," in an article printed in the February number of the *North American Review*.

Charles McIlvaine ("Tobe Hodge") expects soon to publish a volume of his short stories, which have already appeared in the magazines; and one of his humorous sketches, as published in *Puck*, the *Detroit Free Press*, and other papers. One of his stories, "A Legend of Polecat Hollow," has had a phenomenal sale in book form in England. It first appeared in the *Continent*, Judge Tourgee's venture, illustrated by A. B. Frost.

A fine portrait of Herbert Spencer forms a frontispiece to the February *Arena*. Accompanying the picture is a biographical sketch of Mr. Spencer's life and work by William H. Hudson, for many years his private secretary.

Sun and Shade (New York) for February has eight fine photogravure pictures, any one of which alone is worth the price of the magazine.

It is an object lesson to those who have predicted high prices for books as a result of the international copyright law that Daudet's new novel, "Rose and Ninette: A Story of the Morals and Manners of the Day," will be published in this country for fifty cents, notwithstanding the fact the Cassell Publishing Company paid a large price to the author for the copyright.

Short Stories for January announces the prize winners of its etching contest, which closed November 1, 1891. The editor states that thirteen hundred and forty-five manuscripts were entered for the five prizes of $20 in gold for the best etching in each of the five classes. These are the successful competitors, and the prize etchings are printed with the announcements: (Descriptive) Ella E. Doten, Dorchester, Mass.; (queer) Emma Frances Dawson, San Francisco, Cal.; (dramatic) Anne Bozeman Lyon, Mobile, Ala.; (pathetic) W. N. Harben, Dalton, Ga.; (humorous) Chryseis V. W. Cannon, Spartansburg, S. C.

The February number of the *No Name Magazine* (Baltimore) contains "Poe and Walt Whitman," "How an American Wrote a Chapter of the Virginians," and "A Visit to Cardinal Manning."

"Perhaps the most obvious fact about bookmaking in this country at present," says H. W. Mabie in the February *Forum*, "is the expansion of literary activity. If there are not, as of old a few writers of very high rank, whose work has something approaching the touch of finality, there are an increasing number of well-furnished and thoroughly equipped men and women whose work, in its range and sincerity, indicates a general advance in skill, culture, and taste. Not many months before his death Mr. Lowell commented, in a private conversation, on the ease with which a magazine editor now fills his pages with well-prepared and scholarly articles. A quarter of a century ago the same editor found a small group of brilliant men ready to coöperate with him, but beyond this circle there was no aid to be had."

for the literature of the eighteenth century, and the old country-house possessed one of the best libraries of these veteran books in Virginia. Charles Lamb's proposed plan for girls was followed in her education — she was "turned loose in a library full of good books." Novels alone were tabooed, and at seventeen she had only read one novel — "The Vicar of Wakefield"! But poetry was permitted, and, like most young and sensitive creatures, she absorbed rather than read, the poets of the imagination and passions. She had three amusements, reading, riding, and playing the piano. She seems never to have thought of writing, or imagined leading any other life than that around her. She thought the finest destiny in the world was to be mistress of a splendid plantation, and her ambition only went the length of making it very large, with the grandest house in the county on it.

In this simple, quaint, and unpractical life the young girl grew up. Just as she was emerging from womanhood her father's death occurred. This made it advisable to give up the plantation, with its burdens, and the idyl of country life vanished. She made a visit to Europe, and upon her return, her family established itself in Washington. About this time the idea of writing came to her. The excellent training she had got from good reading now manifested itself. Her first story was accepted by *Lippincott's Magazine*. It was a Russian story under a Russian name, and written with such an air of verisimilitude that most critics and writers were deceived into thinking her a native Russian. This was followed by others, which were widely read and commented upon. All this was very creditable to so young a writer, but she did not earn the full benefit of this credit. The retirement and seclusion of her early life had bred a positive fear of appearing in print in her own name, and she used no less than five pen-names in various periodicals, and changed them most capriciously. But she thereby escaped being judged by her 'prentice work.

The first story published under her own name was the now well-known "Maid Marian," in *Lippincott's Magazine*. I was then in possession of the editorial chair, and the success of the story in book form as well as in the magazine, and the fact that Miss Seawell's play founded on it has had the remarkable good fortune, for a first effort, to be bought by an artist like Miss Rosina Vokes, confirms my own opinion of "Maid Marian" as one of the brightest and cleverest of modern short stories. Its treatment of the Elizabethan period is thus commended in *Shakespeariana* for October, 1891: "If Ignatius Donnelly had had Miss Seawell's power of writing Elizabethan colloquial English, and her knowledge of the Elizabethan life and *ménage*, he could have done his 'Cipher Narrative' much more colorably. She has it all perfectly. Where could she have got it? Perhaps she was once, in a prior state of existence, an Elizabethan — one of the queen's maids of honor."

Naturally, we of the editorial rooms were anxious for more from the same source, and it was at my suggestion that Miss Seawell wrote for the magazine her first novel, "Hale Weston." She claims this as her excuse for having written a novel at all. It was successful, but it commanded the attention of critics more than that of the general public. Letters of inquiry to the magazine came from Europe regarding it, and a well-known German translator asked the privilege of translating it. Her next book, "Throckmorton," published by the Appletons, was highly successful. Miss Seawell had now come to be recognized as one of the most artistic delineators of Southern life and character. To seize the salient points of this interesting and picturesque life needed a nimble intellect, a sympathetic nature, and a good stock of humor. These good gifts Miss Seawell had, and in addition she possessed an elegance of manner that betrays her familiarity with the best English literature. As Scott said of Jane Austen, she does not attempt the big bow-wow style, but confines herself to the dainty, yet vitalizing, touches that add color to incident, and give the breath of life to pictured men and women. More than any of our current authors, she approaches the standard of Jane Austen.

Yet, I am not sure that her novels are the best things Miss Seawell has given us. At all events, I *am* sure that her short stories, collected in the volume called "Maid Marian, and Other Stories," give promise of still higher perform-

ance in the future. These stories have an extraordinary range of subjects, and their versatility called forth much remark at the time of their publication. But Miss Seawell determined upon an incursion into the field of juvenile literature. She had always a "soft spot" for boys, and this sympathetic tenderness for them showed her a straight path to their hearts. It is not surprising, therefore, that her first story for boys, "Little Jarvis," won a prize of $500 offered by the *Youth's Companion*. It is the true and touching story of a thirteen-year-old midshipman, a regular "pickle," in the early days of the American navy, who, in the language of the resolution of Congress in his honor, "gloriously preferred certain death to the abandonment of his post." As an enthusiastic critic wrote of this story: "All the reading world loved the book." It had an instant and lasting success. Critics vied with each other in praise of its pathos, its humor, and its tenderness. It was read aloud in schools, and at children's celebrations, and Miss Seawell was inundated with delicious, smudged letters from boys whose hearts were won by the heroic "Little Jarvis." So great was its popularity, that it was made the first of a series entitled "Young Heroes of Our Navy," published by D. Appleton & Co. It is beautifully illustrated and bound in nautical style. The second volume, "Midshipman Paulding," had equal success, although Miss Seawell herself owns up to a weakness for "Little Jarvis" — "the only thing I ever wrote that came anywhere near pleasing me," she says. She has found a mine of heroic adventure in the early days of the navy, when there were boy lieutenants and almost baby middies, and she intends exploring it to the full. She is now putting the last touches on "Paul Jones," the most daring sea story she has yet attempted, and undoubtedly the most imposing subject. Very lately she has brought a storm from certain quarters about her head, owing to a lively essay, published in the New York *Critic*, "On the Absence of the Creative Faculty in Women." Miss Seawell takes the conservative ground, that men have a monopoly of the very highest form of creative intellect. The discussion went on famously, and Andrew Lang, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a great number of ambitious women, and the press generally took a hand in in it. The *Critic* says that this essay attracted more attention than any other single article ever published in its columns.

So far, Miss Seawell has had unbroken good fortune in her literary career. But she is still unspoiled by her success, and is as natural and unaffected as any woman could possibly be.

William S. Walsh.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

AUTHORS GUILTY OF SELF-PRAISE.

Would it not be wise for authors to refrain from comment on the speech or manner of the characters in their stories? Take the following examples, and they are selected from many that might be cited: —

"After so unequivocal a slap in the face, the discussion could hardly continue, and he wound it up in a manner which lacked neither dignity nor grace."

A letter is introduced thus, "The old gentleman wrote with touching simplicity."

It is not easy for a reader to forget that this is the statement of the writer who is, after all, the originator of the grace and the simplicity

aforesaid; and one is tempted to say with the eloquent counsel of Mrs. Bardell, "The jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle."

A popular story-writer gives us pleasant sketches which make housework look delightful, and almost persuade "the lady who does her own work" that it is no trouble to have company. One of her characters, a young woman who had the independence to become a house-servant when her early employment of sewing failed, has followed the usual course of sending a poem to a popular magazine, and has received the customary check. The mistress speaks of the necessity of engaging a new servant, saying to the maid, "Of course, if you can write such verses as those, I cannot expect you to remain in my kitchen."

The poem, there given, does not, to all readers, justify the anxiety of the mistress.

Pamela McArthur Cole.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

A NOVELIST'S VISION.

The popular novelist was sitting alone by the dying embers of his steam-heater. The completed manuscript of his novel (opus 608) lay before him on the table, and, to gain rest by a change of occupation, he was thinking — thinking of the Copyright Bill.

How long he sat there he never knew. But suddenly he saw a train of figures — a train such as the Czar of Russia so often ukases to Siberia. He raised his head, and the first of that miserable cortege thus addressed him :—

"Nay, start not. You know us all. We have come in behalf of ourselves and of the public. We are weary; they are fatigued; and we think you must, perhaps, be a little tired yourself."

"Who are you?" asked the novel-writer.

"We are your faithful servants — the Character and Psychological touches."

"Ah!" said the novelist. "And you?"

"I am 'And in that breathless instant, while hanging between life and death, all the events of his existence passed in detail before his mental vision.' You remember me?"

"Alas — yes!" said the unhappy writer; "you have served me oft. And your friends?"

Then one by one the shades came forth and spoke: —

"I," quoth the second, "am as old a friend. I am 'In that moment of keen agony she was conscious of the most trifling details of his costume, even counting the buttons on his coat.' You must know me; I often take another form — that of 'As he spoke these words, she aimlessly watched the struggles of a poor fly caught in the web of a cruel spider.'"

"Yes, yes, I know," groaned the author. "Next!"

"I am 'He had a dim recognition that all this had happened ages before'; and this is my friend, 'He felt that no man had ever loved a woman as he loved her!'"

"I recognize you — and you certainly deserve retirement," acknowledged the novelist, with a groan.

Then several more crowded near.

"I am 'The old Berserker spirit,' and 'I see red' when the blood rushes to my brain; though I sometimes assume the disguise, 'It was the working within him of the spirit of some dead ancestor in the days when' — various things took place," spoke another shade, in the costume of the Norwegian-Danish marauders.

Then came a white-faced lady, who merely murmured: "You see in me the well-worn 'So great was the shock that she was stunned into a stony calmness'; none have worked harder than I!"

"'Tis true," the novelist admitted, hurling a page or two of manuscript into the fire.

The next wore a sailor costume.

"I have done my part," said he. "Who does

not know me? 'It was his boyhood's home. But how small was the little home — how narrow the dooryard!'"

"Enough," said the author. "You shall be retired on half pay," and another portion of the manuscript fed the flames.

"What are the claims of others when compared to mine?" asked a haughty beauty, frou-frouing to the front.

"And you —?" began the victim.

"I am 'Her womanly intuition, surer than reason!'"

There was a tone of triumph in her voice. And it was justified.

With a cry of bitter woe, the author cast the rest of his manuscript into the fire, and covered his face.

"Go!" he cried; "I can bear no more! There are others, I see — but I need no introduction. There is 'His victim was within his grasp, but somehow the desire for revenge, so long nourished, was gone'; and I see also 'He had attained the goal; but his success was as a Dead-sea apple in his mouth.' But I can bear no more, as I remarked a few lines above. You rest, I rest, the public rests."

Alas! — it was but a dream — a vision of the night. *Marrons glacés* did it.

Tudor Jenks.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

LITERARY BUTTERFLIES.

In these days — when literature is looked upon by so many merely as a clever accomplishment; when a certain proficiency in literary expression is so general as to be thought nearly an indispensable adjunct to a good education — young writers are prone to forget that genuine literature may be something more, and, in fact, must be something more and better than the facile expression of airy fancies and trifling conceits, the only purpose of which is to while away an idle hour for the reader, and add a few dollars to the writer's income.

Literature with a purpose may sound like an old-fashioned idea; but that is the sort of literature that lives. It is argued that "the public wants to be amused"; but there is a great world which never appears in "public" that wants to be helped, and uplifted, and made better. The writer who ceases to think of people in the mass, and appeals to them as so many separate individuals, — each with a burden to bear or a task to fulfil, or a high ideal to attain — the writer who looks at his work as something that shall help these men and women in their work to-day and put them in better heart to work to-morrow, — this is the writer whose work will live.

How many ambitious authors are striving, and watching, and waiting for the success that never comes, because they themselves will never fetch it. They write bright little poems, and whimsical sketches, and stirring stories of adventure. These are frequently accepted and paid for; they are, perhaps, copied in the papers, and — what? Nothing. That is the end of it; now and hereafter. The work neither lives in literature nor has that more precious, if less coveted, immortality in the hearts of those who have been aided and strengthened by a word fitly, though not so exquisitely, spoken. Few and far between are those so gifted in speech as to embalm their trivial thoughts in perfect language for future generations; but there is hardly one of us that has not both the ability and the opportunity to say a helpful and encouraging word to our fellow-men; to discover some new star in the heaven of practical truth, and name it for posterity.

Literary reputation can never be built — nor

literary character formed — upon those light and pretty little versicles and entertaining anecdotes which come so easily and find so ready a market. Though "butterfly literature" may seem to pay now, it will not pay in the long run; and it will never bring an enduring name. The world will not stop long to listen to musical jingles about "Baby's Shoestring," or about "How the little daisies grow." After people have read the "Personal Gossip" and the "Winged Witticisms" the paper is thrown away. Genuine fame will never respond to burlesque novelettes or lackadaisical "love" stories, so-called, written by people who don't know what the word means, or "encounters with a grizzly" by men who never saw a bear outside of a menagerie, or boy stories by those who never were boys and would n't recognize the animal at sight.

Literary trivialities are not of necessity unworthy from an ethical point of view; butterflies have their place in nature's economy, but it is not an heroic niche. These bright little sayings, whose only purpose is entertainment, are chased for an idle moment, and forgotten.

If you have a word to say, — no matter how plain and commonplace it may seem, — a word that shall help some one to do something or be something better than before, that is the word to say, the word that people are waiting for.

Never mind if it be only a cake recipe; if it is a better cake or a better way of making it, that is something worth telling.

The poetry of life is a pocket brochure, but the prose is in ponderous volumes and always waiting for a translator. What have you learned about the every-day problems that men and women are wrestling with in their own households? Have you found a key to some of the mother's puzzles that turn up in the cradle and keep on appearing in the nursery and the school-room? Do you know the answer to some of the housekeeper's conundrums? Tell it.

Above all, have you, through the experience of an earnest, thoughtful life, learned a way out of any of the difficulties which beset the minds and spirits of all earnest, thoughtful men and women, however plain and ordinary their lives may outwardly appear? Speak! Disclose the secret, or recall it if it has been forgotten. Say the word — be it ever so old-fashioned, or blunt, or inadequate — whose purpose is to help; whose aim is to reach and answer the homely, practical, crying needs of living men and women. That is the word that may bring you fame, if fame is what you want. And if so won, you will deserve it; for your words will not have been born in the shallow pool of ink upon your pen, but will have arisen from the deeper fountain of the heart.

Wolstan Dixey.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

A MODEL EDITOR.

I have no intention of trying to convey the idea that there is but one model editor; I've experienced the pleasure of hearing from scores of them. However, I cannot help thinking that if all the "brethren of the press" would emulate the example of one from whom I lately received a letter, greater satisfaction would be felt by both parties concerned, and the editor himself would escape being deluged with inquiries concerning accepted manuscripts.

The aforesaid letter contained the following: —

"Your manuscript has been accepted. It is to be published in our first issue in January; a copy of the paper will be mailed to your address, and you will receive a check at the end of the month in which it appears."

Nothing essential was left unsaid; I had no need to ask questions, and, consequently, my mind was at ease in regard to that manuscript.

Of course, I understand that in most cases it

is impossible for an editor to tell when he will find it convenient to publish a certain article; but he can let us know when it has been published by sending a copy of the paper containing it, and under all circumstances he can inform us when he means to pay for the work that he has accepted. If my story should appear early in the month, and by the 20th I have received nothing in payment therefor, I am certainly led to believe that something is decidedly wrong. On the other hand, if I have been told that this particular journalist settles with all contributors at the end of the month, the delay does not alarm me.

To prevent erroneous conclusions should be the aim of all well-meaning editors.

S. Jennie Smith.

EAST NORWICH, N. Y.

THE HEROINES OF MODERN FICTION.

Aside from their actual significance, certain classes of feminine names are often connected with special traits or environments; and a noticeable similarity of plot is outlined in the careers of their possessors.

The name of Margaret, for example, appears to be a favorite one with authors. Heroines so named are either single women of sterling character, devoting their lives to benevolent enterprises, or attractive widows of independent fortune, who unite themselves to philanthropic professional men with brilliant prospects.

Letitia, Tabitha, Kezia, and Selina are uncrowned martyrs, whose many noble qualities of mind and heart are hidden behind rugged exteriors, their lives' happiness blighted by a vessel foundered in mid-ocean, a lost love-letter, a hasty word, a slight misunderstanding, or a pair of laughing eyes and a head of sunny ringlets. They usually reside by themselves in the ancient family homestead, to which affectionate relatives flock to be nursed through the measles or typhoid fever, or when their own homes are overflowing with company.

Withered roses are kept reverently laid away between the leaves of old Bibles, or Oriental shawls in chests of sandal-wood. Anise seeds or sprigs of sweet marjoram are carried to church on Sundays; parrots or Angora cats inhabit their living-rooms; and chrysanthemums, lilacs, and wallflowers beautify their door-yards.

Sometimes there is a younger sister, Hetty or Hiliary, whose sportive propensities are an unfailing source of anxiety or censure.

Dorothy, Hortense, Monica, and Victoria are orphan, or half-orphan, English heiresses, who dwell with indulgent chaperones in picturesque manor-houses in the country, and are looked up to as oracles by admiring villagers. Their days are spent in founding hospitals for invalid children, and in superintending the erection thereof; in district visiting, accompanied by huge mastiffs, bearing baskets of jellies and hot-house grapes; in "spins upon the downs" in pursuit of oxygen; in practising instrumental duets with the surgeon's daughter; in protracted horse-back excursions; and in playing croquet with handsome young curates, whom they afterward marry, to the intense satisfaction of all concerned.

Moll, Meg, Liz, Kit, or Nance are the heroines of frontier life or mining-camps; and usually fall desperately in love with fine-looking, boyish surveyors, or chief engineers, whose affections are subsequently discovered to be in the keeping of society belles in the nearest metropolis. Despair takes possession of the unfortunate maidens. Leaving their comfortless log cabins, they wander for hours through primeval forests, seeking from kindly Mother Nature balm for their wounded sensibilities. While brooding drearily one morning, in a grove of giant pines, mysterious voices are overheard plotting the murder of the object of adoration on account of bags of gold known to

be in his guardianship. Then ensues a terrible struggle in the mind of the horrified listener; shall he be warned in season, or be allowed to spill his innocent blood, to the unspeakable anguish of his affianced bride? Right finally triumphs! Intelligence of his impending doom is secretly conveyed to the unsuspecting victim, and armed men overpower the would-be assassins, and promptly lodge them in the county jail. Search is then vainly made for the fair deliverer; but a few days later the body of a woman is found floating in the river.

Samanthy, Mirandy, Betsy Jane, Sary Ann, and Belindy are the shining lights of backwoods villages. Large waists and long tongues are as invariably portions of their anatomy, as are limp calico gowns and sun-bonnets part of their customary apparel. They are brimming over with Yankee "faculty"; delighting to "toss up a sponge-cake," or to "throw together" an appetizing custard; and appear never more in their elements than when presiding over a quilting-party, or when directing the preliminaries of a wedding or a funeral.

There are few rules, however, without exceptions. Thus a Theresa may prove an incorrigible tomboy, or a Rosamond pose in the guise of an ogress, who is held in reverential awe by the entire neighborhood. But "Certain names always awake certain prejudices,"—or, more properly speaking, certain pre-judgments.

Bertha F. Herrick.

OAKLAND, Calif.

THE WRITER'S MATERIAL.

Some one said in the *Atlantic*, a few years ago, that the writer, of all shopkeepers, finds it hardest to get free from the tether which binds him to his occupation. "Wherever he goes his mind must still be gathering in the interest of a recondite and incalculable fund technically known as material."

This bee-like industry is an indispensable condition of success in literary work. For every imaginable fact or bit of description, any striking incident in history, any felicitous use of words, will be of use to the speaker or writer some day. Only let it be sharply apprehended and properly classified and kept long enough, and it will become valuable.

Happy is he whose mind can do this work without the troublesome help of scrap-books, boxes, pigeon-holes, portfolios, envelopes, and the thousand and one labor-saving and labor-multiplying devices which stationers and literary bureaus are so glad to sell to him. But somewhere, either in the strong box of the mind or in the drawers of his desk, the would-be writer must have an ever-growing fund of material.

The other day I came across an illustration of the use and value of "material" in a novel from a writer whose success has been due to the faithful way in which she has reproduced real life and blended it with striking and fanciful plots. It is good enough to be quoted.

"The minister . . . sat for some time absently in the place where he had been wont to sit, as if absorbed with his own thought or entranced with the dying strains of music which pealed through the church, until the last guest had passed out from it.

"Finally, he looked up and saw the faces of two intruding rag-muffins, also listening, and regarding him, awestruck, with great, curious, wondering eyes.

"Smiling, the minister arose, and putting an arm over the shoulder of each, he walked with them down the flower-strewn and softly-lighted aisle, and thus attended and thus smiling, he, too, passed out, forever, from the church his great fame and talents had adorned."

The novel is "Leon Pontifex," by Sarah Pratt (McLean) Green.

In one of my scrap-books I find the following

Beecher incident, taken from Rev. Charles Hall's funeral oration delivered in Plymouth Church: —

"On his last Sunday in this place, two weeks ago, after the congregation had retired from it, the organist and one or two others were practising the hymn, 'I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto me and rest.' Mr. Beecher, doubtless with that tire that follows a pastor's Sunday work, remained and listened. Two street urchins were prompted to wander into the building, and one of them was standing in the position of the boy whom Raphael has immortalized, gazing up at the organ. The old man, laying his hand on the boy's head, turned his face upward, and kissed him, and with his arms about the two, left the scene of his triumphs, his trials, and his successes, forever." *H. B. Swarts.*

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

PAYMENT FOR MANUSCRIPT.

An author's chief motive may be to do good, but he cannot live merely on the inspiration of an exalted motive; he must, in addition, have an occasional honorarium, so that he can buy bread and butter and — stamps. For this reason the question of pay is one of vast, if not vital, importance to him, and it is small wonder that he occasionally ventures modestly to broach that delicate subject.

Now, there are almost as many different methods of settling with writers as there are periodicals — whose name is legion. Some settle immediately on the acceptance of an article (bless them!), some promptly at the time of publication (bless them, too!), some a month or so after an article appears, some every quarter, some whenever it suits their convenience, and some, apparently, do not intend to settle at all. Thus a writer is frequently very much "in the dark" — it is far too often Stygian darkness — as to when he shall receive the much-desired and much-needed check; and this uncertainty sometimes subjects him to great inconvenience.

Would it not be well if each publication would insert some explanatory sentence in its acceptance blank on the subject of pay? Some of our best journals do this. One of these merely says, "A check will be sent you in due time," and although that is rather indefinite, the check invariably comes in a few days. One publishing firm always informs the writer that settlement is made at the end of every quarter. But I regret to add that quite a number of journals accept, publish, and never say one word about pay, so that the author not only does not know when the remuneration will come, but is in uncertainty whether it will ever come at all. Sometimes for months he watches every mail with "unsatisfied longing," and yet the check does not arrive. If he knew something about the publisher's methods of settlement, he would be spared a great deal of anxious suspense, and often humiliation as well.

After waiting on a certain publisher about five months for his check, I mustered up courage to write him a letter requesting an explanation. A courteous answer came informing me that his custom was to settle for all contributions twice a year, but if I needed the money, he would send a check at once. A sentence in the acceptance blank explaining his semi-annual method of settlement would have saved me both time and patience, and prevented a dun at his office.

A timid writer — and many of us *are* timid, despite our numerous calls on editorial forbearance — hesitates long before he sends a publisher a dun, and I wish some plan might be devised by which he would never feel called

upon to do so. If publishers cannot always fix the precise date of settlement, they might frankly say so. and then the writer could make his calculations accordingly. Such brief sentences as these might be inserted in the letter of acceptance: "We pay on publication"; "We pay ten days after publication"; "We pay at the end of the quarter in which manuscripts are accepted, which will be on December 31"; "We settle with contributors on or near the first of January and the first of July"; "We may not be able to settle immediately on publication, but will do so as soon thereafter as possible."

A clause like one of these would often save an editor or publisher a good deal of annoying correspondence and a writer no small amount of anxiety.

Leander S. Keyser.

SPRINGFIELD, O.

TREATMENT OF MANUSCRIPT.

A carefully copied pile of manuscript is as dear to the heart of an author as an antique is to a collector of jewels, or an illuminated missal to the eye of a book-worm. Next to its rejection, nothing grieves him more than to see it ill-handled, and returned to his keeping in a form different from that in which it was sent forth. Nothing cuts more deeply than to have a manuscript returned with an additional fold or crease at right angles to the original. This treatment at once unfits a manuscript for further trial — it tells too plainly the story of its rejection elsewhere.

I have observed that, as a rule, manuscript is returned in good order from the large publishing houses and periodicals of the highest class. On the other hand, an article sent to a newspaper office is apt to come back with the ugly brand across its face, in a long narrow slip. Hence, it is wise to fold your manuscript twice in sending to a daily or weekly journal. The monthlies make use of a larger envelope, and one is safe in folding the manuscript only once across the breadth of the paper employed to hold his ideas. By taking heed of these differences, a writer may largely avoid the abuse of his cherished manuscript.

I make use of three sizes of paper in copying manuscript for the press. A short article may be copied on an ordinary note, unruled sheet of writing paper, folded twice and forwarded in an ordinary envelope. For a bulky article I use note-paper, opened and turned, cutting a margin of a little more than an inch off the right side, thus reducing the size of the paper to five by nine inches, which size is held to be preferred among editors and publishers. This material is already folded through the centre, and can be placed in an envelope made of manila paper. A good quality of manila paper is preferred by some editors (or readers), and is more economical when the article is one of twenty or thirty pages.

The author of "A Writer's Two Mild Requests" in the THE WRITER for January, which has suggested this article, might have added a third grievance to his list — the failure on the part of an editor to send, with his check, a copy of the piece contributed.

I once had a story published in two issues of a Baltimore Sunday paper. I heard of its publication by accident, and more than a year passed before I received compensation for the said story, seventy-five pages foolscap, and my earliest effort in literature. The *Atlanta Constitution* and other journals have been equally negligent in acknowledging contributed articles. Sometimes the aspirant receives neither check nor copy in token of its acceptance, that signmanual which invariably sends a flutter to his creative soul. Some papers never make an acknowledgment, beyond a written check, and

if the check comes three weeks after date, or even ten days after the date of publication, it is well-nigh impossible to procure a back copy of that particular date. It is equally impossible for a writer to subscribe to every periodical which publishes his efforts. On the contrary, it is equally unreasonable to expect an editor to send a marked copy to every individual who may contribute half a-dozen lines to his columns.

The best plan is to keep a sharp lookout for one's self in doubtful cases. It is very difficult to obtain a back copy which has once appeared in print. Some papers, like the *World*, call in an edition as soon as the date of its issue has passed. *Rose W. Fry.*

LEWISBURG, W. Va.

NEEDED REST FOR EDITORS.

There is no more deserving mortal on earth who follows a profession than the editor of a big city daily newspaper. Physicians with a general medical practice often think that they are the hardest worked people; but physicians have a respite now and then from their nerve-trying labors. Editors have a steady grind night and day, year in and year out, exercising their brains at concert pitch; and if anything goes wrong in the conduct of a department in their charge, they "hear from it." Ever alert not to subject themselves to the attack of an esteemed contemporary, or to see the flaws in the statements of an opponent, it is no wonder that an editor's brain gets tired at times. This may produce an ugly mood, and result in surly, narrow-minded comments about men and things. Frequently, mental dyspepsia is apparent in the editorial articles from the pens of editors who get in the rut of newspaper routine and do not mingle with the world sufficiently, nor travel enough to have the dust of the office thoroughly washed out of their eyes. Men who plod in a rut get sleepy. And a sleepy newspaper is detested by wide-awake Americans.

Appreciating the unpleasant possibilities of too much office life for editors, a number of newspapers take pains to have their best men travel, not only in this country, but in foreign countries, and rub against men of different states and nations, thereby absorbing ideas and gaining such mental refreshment as shall enhance their value as staff writers when they come home. The owners of these newspapers are wise men, and they see very clearly the profit of encouraging their editorial writers to do a little "outside work." One of the big New York dailies is not so wise. When the editorial staff appears to need a "shaking up" the leading writers are given the option of either accepting insignificant reporters' positions or leaving the staff altogether. Such heroic treatment makes able men very wary about taking a place on the staff of this erratically managed journal.

Sensible newspaper owners are seeing more clearly the desirability of giving their men opportunities for leisurely observation. It simply means a better, stronger paper. Some editors cannot be spared from their posts. A managing editor, for instance, who holds the tiller of the paper, has to stand by it until the paper goes to press. These men have to be giants as it were, mentally and physically, and perhaps they get "shook up" enough every day right in the office, and do not require the mental stimulation sometimes needed by the men who devote all their time to editorial writing. Giving editors a chance to rest by means of travel and a change of company is a custom which ought to be generally followed by newspaper owners, whether they be individuals or the so-called soulless corporations.

SAN DIEGO, Calif. *M. V. Beach.*

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Why writers should use flimsy envelopes or wrap their manuscripts in home-made receptacles constructed out of wrapping-paper, when strong manila manuscript envelopes may be had at moderate cost, is hard to explain. Many of the manuscripts received at the office of THE WRITER come in envelopes torn and broken in transit through the mails, and in such condition that their escape from loss or mis-delivery seems almost miraculous. When envelopes and paper made expressly for writers' use may be secured at moderate cost, no writer who cares for his own interest will use any other kind.

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"If the enclosed manuscript is not available, throw it into the waste basket." So say many writers when they are sending a manuscript to an editor. Nineteen times out of twenty they do a very foolish thing. Every editor knows that a manuscript seldom finds acceptance with the first publication to which it is offered. A writer who gives up in despair at the first rejection seems to him either an inexperienced person, whose work is likely to be of little value, or an author who has no confidence in his manuscript, since he does not value it highly enough even to make sure whether it has been rejected or not. The writer who does not enclose postage for the return of his manuscript if it proves to be unavailable, therefore, actually prejudices his editor against him, and decreases the chance of the acceptance of his work. If he thinks so little of his manuscript that he will not pay postage for its return, how can he expect that an editor will put a value upon it? No matter how diffident he may be, let him either keep back his contribution altogether, or proffer it as if it possessed value to him, even though it might not to anybody else. By all means, let him enclose postage for its return to him if it cannot be used. Then, if he is willing to be discouraged (though only a weak writer will be cast down by one rejection — or by a dozen, for that matter), he may throw away his manuscript himself, and feel quite sure that it has not been printed without his knowing anything about it.

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Those who have complained in THE WRITER and elsewhere about the perversity of editors who persist in returning manuscripts folded otherwise than in the original creases, trying to make them fit envelopes of different shape from those in which they were sent, do not seem to have discovered the obvious remedy for such trouble — viz., enclosing a suitable envelope, stamped and addressed, ready for return. One author, at least, has humorously suggested that there is danger in making it too easy for an editor to return a manuscript; but, seriously, such danger is not very important. If a writer encloses with his contribution an addressed and stamped envelope of suitable size and shape to take his manuscript in the original fold, there is little danger that any editor will fold the manuscript otherwise, and the chance of its going

astray in the mail because of a wrong or incomplete address is greatly lessened. In enclosing an envelope, by the way, it is best to use one of the same size as that in which the manuscript is mailed, folding it once in the middle, after it is addressed, so that it will go easily in the outside envelope. When the enclosed envelope is a little smaller than the outside envelope, and is sent flat, there is danger that the editor in using his shears to cut off the end of the outside envelope will ruin the inner envelope at the same time. The crease across the folded envelope does nobody any harm. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Who pays for the copies, 100 or more in each case, of new books which publishers send about for review to newspapers and periodicals? Does the author? Does the publisher? Or do they share the expense? M. T.

[If the publisher issues a book at his own expense, he pays for the copies sent out for review. If the book is issued at the expense of the author, the author pays for them. Usually, when the publisher issues the book at his own expense, paying the author a royalty, no royalty is paid on the copies sent for review. — W. H. H.]

Would you explain the law, or custom, in regard to journals appropriating articles or matter of writers from other journals? Can authors obtain any redress for this, or have they to suffer it? I have been considerably victimized lately in this way, and should like to have some authoritative statement on the matter. A.

[If a periodical is not copyrighted, anything in it may be reprinted by anybody without permission. If it is copyrighted, theoretically nothing in it may be reprinted without permission of the owner of the copyright, who in most cases is the publisher. Practically, however, reprinting is allowed by tacit consent, provided due credit is given, and only a minor part — say, not more than one-third — of the original article is used. If credit is not given, or if the article is reprinted in full without permission, the owner of the copyright may sue for damages on account of infringement. — W. H. H.]

Will you please publish a list of good textbooks for young writers? J. G.

[The books named in the following list are recommended to writers: —

"Writing for the Press,"	Luce,	$1.00
"How to Write Clearly,"	Abbott,	.60
"Ladder of Journalism,"	Copeland,	.50
"Art of Authorship,"	Bainton,	1.25
"Trade of Authorship,"	Dixey,	1.00
"Information for Authors,"	Kirk,	1.00
"Periodicals that Pay Contributors,"	Kirk,	1.00
"Mistakes in Writing English,"	Bigelow,	.50
"Handbook of Punctuation,"	Bigelow,	.50
"Handbook of Punctuation,"	Wilson,	1.25
"Slips of Tongue and Pen,"	Long,	.60
"Pens and Types,"	Drew,	1.00
"Words, their Use and Abuse,"	Mathews,	2.00
"Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases,"	Roget,	2.00
"Dictionary of Synonyms,"	Soule,	2.00
"English Lessons for English People,"	Abbott & Seeley,	1.50
"English Language,"	Meiklejohn,	1.40
"Language and the Study of Language,"	Whitney,	2.50
"Higher English Grammar,"	Bain,	.80
"Elements of Rhetoric,"	Genung,	1.25
"Principles of Rhetoric,"	Hill,	.80
"Rhyming Dictionary,"	Walker,	1.50
"Rhymester,"	Hood,	1.00
"Ballades and Rondeaus,"	White,	1.00
"Handbook of Poetics,"	Gummere,	1.00
"Science of English Verse,"	Lanier,	2.00

The publisher of THE WRITER will send any of these books to any address, prepaid, on receipt of price. — W. H. H.]

I have written and had published in magazines, serials, and short stories, but the magazine has always attended to the copyright. Now a paper is to publish a serial of mine, and I and another author want to know if THE WRITER will kindly settle a point for us. One says the fee for copyright can be saved by printing, "All rights reserved"; the other declares there is a fine of one dollar for this unless one has paid for a copyright. Will you tell us who is right? Authors are usually poor, and it is well to save that one dollar for copyright if possible. T. S.

[There is no way to secure copyright without paying a fee, and no protection against infringement is gained unless the phrase, "Copyright, 1892, by ——— ———," is printed following the title of the copyrighted matter. There are penalties provided for printing the copyright mark unless a copyright has been

duly secured. It is not necessary, however, to spend one dollar in securing a copyright. A fee of fifty cents is all that is required. The other fifty cents is to pay for a certificate of copyright, which may be ordered or not at the option of the author. If it is not ordered when the copyright is secured, it may be obtained on payment of the same fee at any future time. — W. H. H.]

When a writer sends an article to an editor, enclosing stamps, and hears nothing from the editor, would it not be fair if, at the end of three months, the writer should conclude that the statute of limitation had "run," and should use the material in another direction? Would not such a general understanding be an advantage to both parties? The loss of the stamps and the three months' waiting would be offset by the advantage of having submitted manuscript to the publication, and learned that the editor was not of the number who are situated in a way to deal promptly with either manuscript or stamps. E. C. G.

[As a rule, it is not wise for a writer to submit an article to more than one editor at a time. When an article has been submitted to an editor, the writer should not send a copy of it to any other editor until every possible effort to get a decision from the first editor has been made. If all such efforts fail, and a copy of the manuscript is sent to another editor, the first editor should be notified and forbidden to use the manuscript. If this is not done, the writer may get into trouble with the second editor. In most cases, if a writer uses common sense, and is not too impatient, there will be no need of recourse to such extreme measures. — W. H. H.]

(1.) If a title of a book or a name is repeated several times in an article, should the quotation marks or italics be repeated each time?

(2.) What do authors use to separate the chapters in a book-manuscript? The question has been asked before, and the answer always is, "Something easily removed." What is that something?

(3.) Would any thick unruled paper do to draw illustrations on? Should the paper be the same size as the manuscript? M. G.

[(1.) A quoted title should be put in quotation marks or printed in italics (according to the style of the publication) each time it is used.

(2.) Chapters of a book-manuscript may be separated by putting a band around each chapter, but there is no advantage in separating them.

(3.) Bristol board is best for drawing illustrations on, but thick unruled paper will do. If convenient, the paper should be of the same size as the paper of the manuscript, but the size of the illustration will govern the matter. The drawing should always be at least one-third larger than the engraving is to be — W. H. H.]

In the sentence, "He added to its roll a goodly company of English knights," do you think that the use of the word "goodly" is in keeping with elegance? When the word "goodly" is used as an adjective, should its use be encouraged? J. P. G.

[The word "goodly" is certainly in place in the sentence quoted. — W. H. H.]

Is it necessary for an editor to have a college education? O. K.

[It is not necessary for an editor to have a college education, but, other things being equal, the editor who has been educated at college has an advantage over the one who has not. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

In the *Critic* for March 5 there is a review of Oscar Browning's work on Goethe. The punctilious reviewer takes issue with Mr. Browning for his laxity in leaving certain words untranslated in several titles of Goethe's poems. He exclaims indignantly: "It is high time that mongrelling titles in this way should be stopped!" It is, indeed, most commendable in the critic to exercise his high prerogative to censure these signs of carelessness. The reviewer presents another point of interest. In beginning, he quotes, — by way of demonstrating his adequacy as a critic of poetry, — "*Die Kunst ist lang, und flüchtig ist unser Leben*," which vilely unmusical remark he attributes to Faust; and adds, in parenthesis, that Long-

fellow "cribbed" it. He referred, of course, to the line in the "Psalm of Life": —

"Art is long, and time is fleeting."

And he was thinking, of course, of Goethe's lines:

"Ach Gott! die Kunst ist lang,
Und kurz ist unser Leben."

Longfellow's words are poetry; Goethe's are poetry; but the critic's quotation is not from Longfellow, nor from Goethe, nor from any other *poet*. It is also high time that "mongrelling" quotations in this way should be stopped.

AUBURNDALE, Mass. J.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Massacre" and "From the fact that." — A notice of "The Log School-house," on page 250 of THE WRITER for November, ends with the phrase, "the massacre of Dr. Whitman, the missionary." It is not probable that Dr. Whitman massacred Indians, to whom he was a missionary, neither is it possible that Indians massacred him, for he was only one man, who could, at most, be assassinated or murdered. Webster makes massacre "promiscuous slaughter of many," and stigmatizes its use with reference to a single victim as a "gross error."

I have noticed the fact that the word fact is, in fact, overworked. The word and I are tired. Hence I cringe when, in the last sentence of the same paragraph, the book is pronounced "valuable from the fact that it sheds new light." This means "because it sheds new light"; and another good word is "since." J. R.

PACKERVILLE, Conn.

"Perceptibilities."— Under "Use and Misuse of Words," on page 248 of THE WRITER for November: "This use of the word 'equally'" is said to "grate harshly on the perceptibilities of all lovers of good English." Perceptibility is a quality belonging to objects that are perceptible. Rarely, it is used for perception itself. But perception is not that on which anything inelegant or inaccurate "grates." Taste and sensibility can be rasped, but bare perception knows no pleasure and suffers no pain. It is true that the word perception, not perceptibility, once had a meaning that connected it with taste or feeling, but that use is now obsolete and unauthorized. Even if allowable still, it might render no service to such a use of the kindred word. J. R.

PACKERVILLE, Conn.

BOOK REVIEWS.

TO WRITE OR NOT TO WRITE. Compiled by Alice R. Mylene. 102 pp. Cloth. Boston: Coöperative Literary Press. 1891.

Miss Mylene's book is made up of advice to young writers quoted from letters and published articles written by writers of experience and reputation. The compiler's contribution to the work consists of the paragraphs introducing these quotations — chiefly fulsome eulogies of the authors quoted. The book is made to sell, and there is little in it that is either original or valuable. The title-page, moreover, makes false pretences, for it says that the hints and suggestions contained in the book are "personally contributed" by leading authors of the day, although, as a matter of fact, a large part of the work has been taken from books and periodicals previously published. W. H. H.

NEIGHBORLY POEMS, ON FRIENDSHIP, GRIEF, AND FARM-LIFE. By James Whitcomb Riley. 90 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1891.

THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT. By James Whitcomb Riley. 88 pp. Boards, $1.00. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1892.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE. By James Whitcomb Riley. Quarto. Twelve colored and monotint plates. Cloth, $2.50. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1891.

These three volumes have been added to the handsome set of James Whitcomb Riley's works published by the Bowen-Merrill Company. "Neighborly Poems" is a reprint of "The Old Swimmin'-hole and 'Leven More Poems," which was first published in a little paper-covered volume, with the pseudonym, "Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone," on the title-page. To the twelve poems of the original book twenty-four other poems have been added, all in the same homely dialect which Mr. Riley writes so well. Some of them are destined to become as popular as anything the poet has ever published — especially "My Ruthers," "Mylo Jones' Wife," "Wet-Weather Talk," "The First Bluebird," and "Town and Country," all of which are equal to Mr. Riley's best and most characteristic work. Six photo-engravings of Indiana scenes and characters add interest to the book.

"The Flying Islands of the Night" is a fantastic drama in verse, dedicated to Madison

Cawein. It has more odd words than Mr. Cawein, Amélie Rives, and the author of "Alice in Wonderland" together could devise.

The holiday edition of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" is a most attractive piece of bookmaking, and gives a fit setting to a charming poem. Each verse is given a page, sympathetically illustrated with a colored or monotint design, well drawn and reproduced. The coloring is dainty and artistic, and the book is one of the most attractive holiday publications ever issued in the West. W. H. H.

A DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF BRITISH NOVELS. Compiled by W. M. Griswold. 297 pp. Paper, $2.00. Cambridge: W. M. Griswold. 1891.

Mr. Griswold's idea is to make a list of works of fiction that possess real merit, giving in connection with each title, the date of publication, the name of the publisher, and a brief review, quoted from some periodical, describing the purpose and general plot of the book, and characterizing it so that any one will know whether he wants to read it or not. The compiler says: "It is hoped that the publication of this and similar lists will lessen, in some measure, the disposi tion to read an inferior new book, when superior old books, equally fresh to most readers, are at hand." The idea of the list is a useful one, and Mr. Griswold has done his work well. The list is a practical guide to interesting fiction, and a copy of it should be in every library, public or private. The whole work includes five parts, giving lists of novels of American country life, novels of American city life, international novels, romantic novels, and British novels. The part just issued gives summaries of 917 books.

W. H. H.

PRACTICAL TYPEWRITING. By Bates Torrey. Second Edition. 156 pp. Cloth. New York: Fowler & Wells Company. 1891.

Bates Torrey's "Practical Typewriting" is the best and most practical book for self-instruction on the typewriter that has yet been published. This second edition is made more valuble by the addition of new material to the Remngton exhibit, and an adaptation of the "all-finger method" to the Hammond, Yost, and Smith Premier writing machines; also a chapter n typewriting for the blind. Every typewriter operator should own and study the book.

W. H. H.

INDEX TO SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Volumes I.—X. January, 1887,—December, 1891. 89 pp. Cloth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

This index to the first ten volumes of *Scribner's Magazine*, published in style to match the bound volumes of the magazine, is almost invaluable to every possessor of a file of the periodical. It shows, first of all, what important additions to literature *Scribner's* has made in the last five years, and how much valuable matter it has published in the seven thousand pages of the volumes indexed. Names, both of articles and of authors, are included under a single alphabetical arrangement, and an alphabetical list of artists, with page references to their work, gives an easy clue to the illustrations. Every one who has a file of *Scribner's* will want a copy of the Index. W. H. H.

SPANISH GRAMMAR. By A. Hjalmar Edgren, Ph. D. 123 pp. Cloth. Boston: D. C. Heath & Company. 1891.

Dr. Edgren has written a little grammar intended for the use of students who would begin reading Spanish, without waste of time, on the basis of an accurate knowledge of the essentials of Spanish grammar. He explains throughout the relation of Spanish to Latin, and so lightens to any Latin scholar the labor of acquiring a reading knowledge of the language. The book serves its purpose well, and is, perhaps, the best help available for any one who wants to get a working knowledge of Spanish grammar.

W. H. H.

LADY GAY AND HER SISTER. By Mrs. George Archibald. 147 pp. Cloth. Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publishing Association. 1891.

"Lady Gay" is a child's book, about real children, written by one who loves them, and whose book makes others love them, too. In these degenerate days, when so much worthless stuff is published in children's books, and most of the children's magazines are filled with stories that a careful mother has to "edit" as she reads them aloud in order to make them safe for her little ones to hear, it is a delight to find such a good, wholesome, natural story of child life as Mrs. Archibald has written. If grown folks, moreover, do not enjoy "Lady Gay" quite as much as the children will, one reader at least is very much mistaken. Mrs. Archibald is a living contradiction of the slander that a woman cannot be a humorist. A delightful humor characterizes her book, and makes the unconscious humor of the children she tells about seem all the more enjoyable. Altogether, "Lady Gay" is a most enchanting book, and parents will do well to remember it when birthdays or the Christmas holidays come around. W. H. H.

UNREST. By Mme. Higgins-Glenerne ("Lida Lewis Watson"). 227 pp. Cloth. New York: G. W. Dillingham. 1891.

The name of Lida Lewis Watson has been made familiar, especially to readers of the *Boston Globe* and the *New York Mercury*, by a series of poems, passionate and mystical by turns, published over the author's signature. Since her marriage the poet has collected these verses, with others, in a book, which is dedicated "in filial reverence and affection, to my father, entered into rest; to my beloved mother;

and with palms of peace and the pulse of passion, to my husband." The verses in the volume are of uneven merit, some of them being direct, vivid, and full of human interest, while others are mystical in conception and rough in expression. Those that will undoubtedly arouse the most general interest are the passionate poems, in which the author frankly discloses thoughts and feelings which young women, until recently, even if they had them, used to think it proper to conceal. Aside from these, there is much real poetry in the book. W. H. H.

PARNASSIAN NICHES. By Junius L. Hempstead. 172 pp. Cloth. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1892.

This attractively printed volume of verse is inscribed to the Clio Literary Club of Gainesville, Tex. Mr. Hempstead is a Southern poet, and his portrait, which is prefixed to the volume, shows an interesting face. His verses are melodious and smoothly-written, and their sentiment is always elevating. The little book is creditable to author and publisher alike.

W. H. H.

THE SYMMETRY OF LIFE. By Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D. 32 pp. Parchment paper, 25 cents. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1892.

This address to young men by Bishop Brooks is reprinted from the "second series" of sermons by the great Boston preacher. In this form it will have, as it deserves to have, a wide circle of readers. W. H. H.

APPLETON'S ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN WINTER RESORTS. 168 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1891.

All information needed by invalids or tourists intending to visit Florida, the Gulf coast, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Arkansas, Colorado, Mississippi, Minnesota, or California resorts, the Adirondacks, the West Indies, the Bermudas, the Hawaian Islands, or Mexico is given in this well-edited annual, which is revised each season to the date of issue. A map, illustrations, and a table of railway fares complete the usefulness of the book. It is a standard publication, and one on which dependence may be placed. W. H. H.

CAMP LIFE. Twelve Photo-gravures from Originals. By S. R. Stoddard. Oblong Quarto. Stiff Paper. Troy, N. Y.: Nims & Knight. 1892.

Every lover of out-door life who sees "Camp Life" will be sure to grow enthusiastic over it. It is a perfect thing of its kind, and both the idea and its execution are exceptionally attractive. Mr. Stoddard is unexcelled as a photographer of natural scenery, and his pictures of woods and camp life are simply delightful. No one who has ever traversed the Adirondack lakes and rivers, or camped in the woods of Maine, can fail to be attracted by the charm of these pictures, which have been faithfully reproduced in the twelve photo-gravures that make up the book. Best of all the pictures in the book are "Game in the Adirondacks" and "The First Snow," in both of which the grouping is as natural as if the campers were altogether unconscious that the pictures were being taken. "Camp Life" will be a perpetual delight to any lover of out-door life who may be fortunate enough to become its possessor.

W. H. H.

THE MOUNTAINS OF OREGON. By W. G. Steel. 112 pp. Cloth. $1.00. Portland, Oregon: David Steel. 1890.

Mr. Steel opens his book with a description of the illumination with red fire of the summit of Mt. Hood, 10,000 feet above the sea, July 4, 1887, telling the story in a style to interest all lovers of mountain climbing. Next he devotes a chapter each to a trip to Crater Lake, a visit to the Josephine County Caves, in the Siskiyou mountains, and the story of a night spent on Mt. Rainier. Other chapters give information about the Oregon Alpine Club and Oregon bibliography, with a list of Oregon names and their significations. The book, which is illustrated with reproductions of photographs, grew out of a series of pamphlets, and does not, therefore, form a consistent whole. It is full of interesting and valuable matter, however, and it is to be hoped that the demand for the first edition may be great enough to warrant the author in issuing a second edition, rearranged, and, if possible, enlarged.

W. H. H.

THE HISTORY OF DAVID GRIEVE. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 576 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

It is fair to presume that the author of "Robert Elsmere" derived much profit from the criticisms directed against the artistic weaknesses of that famous novel. This presumption is warranted by the reading of her latest work, which, although it is not free from some of the faults of "Elsmere," yet skilfully evades the more conspicuous ones. In "The History of David Grieve" the author seems to have realized what she gave no attention to in the other book, viz., the novelist's first and most important duty of telling a story in an interesting way. Rightly enough, in order to accomplish this desideratum, she has subordinated the religious motive to that of human interest. More interesting character portrayal it will be hard to find in any of even the best of modern novels. Each character stands forth separately, clear, distinct, and impressive, and graphically reflective of the various phases of life and conduct with which the novel has to do. The reader knows not whether to admire the more the broad magnanimity, the keen intellectuality, and the ripe scholarship of young David Grieve, the patient self-denial and moral rectitude of

the benevolent Mr. Ancrum, or the fond and tender womanly loyalty of Dora Lomax, cherishing in her heart a secret love for David, which she never can express. The droll whimsicalities of Daddy Lomax, with his unique Tyrolese garb, and his "parlour" for the disciples of his pet notions of a vegetable diet, never fail to interest; and while we are shocked by the wild and unrestrained bursts of passion of David's sister, Louie, we cannot but picture to ourselves what a really fascinating creature the beautiful young minx might have been, if only her terrorism had been curbed by some judicious hand. Quaint old Reuben Grieve, David's uncle, and his stony-hearted wife, Hannah, both are powerfully drawn, fitting figures in the dull background of want and ignorance which surrounded David in his boyhood. Here are seven principal characters, none stronger in the portrayal than another, all contributing to the advancement of a dramatic story of singular interest, a story which possesses not only better balance and proportion than "Robert Elsmere," but, also, more intrinsic value. O. M.

A BARGAIN IN SOULS. An Impossible Story. By Ernest De Lancey Pierson 264 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1892.

It is surprising that Mr. Pierson should have allowed his name to be published with this story, or that a publisher could be found willing to put the book into covers. It is supremely silly, stupid, and tiresome, without a single bright feature anywhere to give it interest.

W. H. H.

BUTLER'S BOOK. By Benjamin F. Butler. A Review of his Legal, Political, and Military Career. Illustrated. 1,154 pp. Cloth, $3.75. Boston: A. M. Thayer & Co. 1892.

No one can read General Butler's autobiography without recognizing the fact that he was one of the most important figures in the civil war. Whatever may be the popular prejudice against him in this generation, there is no question that his services to the Union were of very great value. The reading of the book shows that whatever his failings may have been as a military commander, his love of country was intense, and his ingenuity, perseverance, and more especially his administrative ability, were second to none. His claim that his being a Democrat operated to his disadvantage seems to have been based on reasonable grounds, yet his Democracy, in the face of Republican intrigues and jealousies, did not deter him from his duty. To all the slanders and accusations directed at him during and since the war — and it is well known how numerous these have been — the general makes powerful reply, being aided in his defence by his brilliant legal acumen. It had been feared that General Butler would mar the historical importance of his book by vilifications of his enemies, and while it is *true that* to most of them he makes his adieux for this life in language more or less vituperative, yet this feature of the work is by no means objectionable. The book contains a large amount of historical matter never before given to the public, and deserves an important place in the literature of the Civil War. O. M.

CALIFORNIA AND ALASKA, AND OVER THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. By William Seward Webb. Second (popular) Edition. Illustrated. 268 pp. Cloth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1891.

The perfection of travel was enjoyed by Dr. Webb and his party, who crossed the continent in a special private train of palace cars, supplied with every luxury that lavish expenditure of money could bring, and then went to Alaska on a steamer specially engaged for the party, and provided with every comfort. The story of the trip was originally published in a style corresponding to the elegance of the journey — a $25 edition de luxe, sumptuously printed upon the finest vellum paper, and bound in full morocco, with four full-page india-proof etchings and eighty-eight photo-gravures. Now the same matter is published in a handsome popular edition, luxuriously printed and illustrated with half-tone reproductions of photographs showing places of interest visited. The text of the book is simple and straightforward, and although the author describes only what has been well described by many other writers, his account of the journey has a special interest because of the extraordinary way in which his party travelled. The pictures greatly enhance the value of the book, which is altogether sure to excite the interest of the reader. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

PECULIAR. A Hero of the Great Rebellion. By Epes Sargent. New edition. 500 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1892.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR FOR THE HIGHER GRADES IN GRAMMAR SCHOOLS. By Mrs. Sarah E. H. Lockwood. 253 pp. Cloth, 80 cents. Boston: Ginn & Company. 1892.

MY GUARDIAN. By Ada Cambridge. 274 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1892.

CLYTIE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Marguerite E. Easter. 163 pp. Cloth. Boston: A. J. Philpott & Company. 1892.

THE NAMELESS CASTLE. From the German of Maurus Jokai. 350 pp. Paper, 50 cents. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company. 1892.

THE STORY OF NEW MEXICO. By Horatio O. Ladd. 473 pp. Cloth. $1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. 1892.

MARRIAGE AND THE HOME. By Rev. John L. Brandt. 267 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1892.

PATCHWORK. Puck's Library, No 56. 30 pp. Illustrated. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1892.

MR. ISAACS. A Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford. 320 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Company. 1892.

MISS BAGG'S SECRETARY. By Clara Louise Burnham. 426 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1892.

NEXT DOOR. By Clara Louise Burnham. 371 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1892.

INTO MOROCCO. By Pierre Loti. 343 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1892.

AS NATURE PROMPTS. By Kate Kauffman. 261 pp. Paper. 50 cents. Cleveland: Cleveland Printing & Publishing Company. 1892.

"CRANKS." Puck's Library. No. 57. 30 pp. Illustrated. Paper, 10 cents. New York: Keppler & Schwarzmann. 1892.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD. By Edward Stanton. 268 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1892.

THE EVOLUTION OF MUSIC. By Q. Sidney Sampson. Paper, 10 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1892.

HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND. 146 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1892.

AS THE CARDINAL FLOWER. By Cora A. Marston. 117 pp. Cloth. Fulton, New York: Fred Bennett. 1892.

NOT ALL IN VAIN. By Ada Cambridge. 343 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1892.

WHAT IT COST. By F. and I. E. Sullivan. Illustrated. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1892.

DR. ZELL AND THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE. By Warren Richardson. 342 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: L. Kabis & Company. 1892.

DOCTOR CLAUDIUS. By F. Marion Crawford. 362 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Company. 1892.

THE LESSON OF THE MASTER. By Henry James. 302 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Company. 1892.

ADVENTURES OF AN EVANGELIST. By Nelson Ayers. 174 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1892.

IT HAPPENED YESTERDAY. By Frederick Marshall. 272 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1892.

THE OAK. A Popular Introduction to Forest-Botany. By H. Marshall Ward, F. R. S. 175 pp. Modern Science Series. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1892.

MORAL TEACHINGS OF SCIENCE. By Arabella B. Buckley. 122 pp. Cloth. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1892.

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS TO WILKIE COLLINS. Edited by Laurence Hutton. With Portraits and Fac-similes. 171 pp. Cloth. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS; AND HOW HE RECEIVED AND IMPARTED THE SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY. By Justin Winsor. 674 pp. Cloth. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1892.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED:

From the White-Smith Music Publishing Company, 62 Stanhope street, Boston: Vocal — "The Picture that We'll Never Turn from View!" Arthur Malone; "Lift Your Glad Voices," C. C. Stearns; "Molly Aroon," J. H. Wadsworth; "Hope and I," R. J. McHugh and Moses Carpenter; "Marguerite, Good-Bye," C. A. White; "A Job Lot," Charles Brighton and John S. Baker; "Little Maggie Magee" and "He is Irish," Loren Bragdon; "They're After Me," Frank N. Scott and William Hoey; "Life's Good Angels," C. C. Stearns; "The Sinking Ship," duet, C. A. White. Piano — "World of Song Waltzes," "Medley Hornpipe Polka," and "Christmas Roses," C. A. White; "Meadow Brook" and "L'Esperanza Waltz," Loren Bragdon; "C. A. White's Funeral March," F. E. White; "The Tyrolean Waltzes," arranged by Banks M. Davison; "La Serenata," waltz, H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone; "La Cigale Waltzes" and "Captain Thérèse," B. M. Davison. Violin and Piano — "La Serenata," H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

A Writer's Memorandum Book. — Literary men, as a rule, are not methodical, but I know one whose method saves him from madness — or so he says. He habitually carries in his vest-pocket a little Russia leather memorandum book, in which he writes addresses, engagements, and other things which he does not like to trust to his unaided memory. Between two of the leaves of the book he has placed sheets of tin-foil, and between these he carries postage stamps, secure from sticking in the stickiest weather. On the inside of one cover he has pasted a suburban railroad time-table, and on the other a calendar for the year, both useful for reference. He carries his railroad commutation ticket in the book next the time-table, and at the other end, next the calendar, he carries a card on which he notes daily duties and engagements. This card he replaces each day, checking the matters attended to, and transferring the others to the next day's card. He says he is often driven to perform a disagreeable duty by shame at the alternate necessity of carrying along the memorandum of it from day to day. He dates his cards and files them after they are taken from the book, finding it useful to preserve them as a sort of diary, showing the important doings of his life. After ten years' experience, he thinks his memorandum is a necessity of life for him, and his friends generally agree that his insanity, at least, is harmless, if, indeed, it be insanity at all. L. G.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE OWNERSHIP OF LITERARY PROPERTY. George Haven Putnam. *Chautauquan* for March.

TENNYSON AND HIS CRITICS. Reprinted from *Chicago Inter-Ocean* in *Public Opinion* for February 20.

THE COMING SHELLEY CENTENARY. Arnold Haulbain. Reprinted from *Toronto Week* in *Public Opinion* for February 20.

WHAT BOOKS HAVE DONE. *Book and Newsdealer* for March.

REPORTERS AND THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH. By "La Mont." *Inland Printer* for February.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS. Illustrated. *Artist Printer* for January.

WORDSWORTH. Blanche Wilder Bellamy. *Christian Union* for February 27.

THE CHILDREN'S POETS. Agnes Repplier. *Atlantic Monthly* for March.

NEWSPAPERS PRINTED IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES. Charles N. Kent. *Printers' Ink* for February 24.

OUR MINOR POETS. H. D. Traill. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Eclectic Magazine* for March.

PHILIP MARSTON, THE BLIND POET. Coulson Kernahan. Reprinted from *Fortnightly Review* in *Eclectic Magazine* for March.

EMERSON'S LIMITATIONS AS A POET. C. P. Cranch. *Critic* for February 27.

AUTHORS' COMPLAINTS AND PUBLISHERS' PROFITS. Walter Besant. THE CASE OF THE AMERICAN AUTHOR. Charles Burr Todd. *Forum* for March.

MR. HOWELLS' AGREEMENTS WITH WHITMAN. John Burroughs. *Critic* for February 6.

A NEWSPAPER MAN AS A CONFIDANT. (Journalist Series.) A. E. Watrous. *Lippincott's* for March.

IBSEN'S EARLIER WORK. C. H. Herford. *Lippincott's* for March.

HUNT, KEATS, AND SHELLEY. Leonard Woods Richardson. *The Week* (Toronto) for February 19.

A BIT OF LITERARY HISTORY. *No Name Magazine* for February.

AMERICAN FICTION AGAIN. Brander Matthews. *Cosmopolitan* for March.

COUNT L. N. TOLSTOÏ. Portrait. *Christian Union* for February 2.

THE LITERARY ACTIVITY OF THE TIMES. Edwin Wilson Morse. *Christian Union* for February 27.

TWO MODERN NOVELISTS. A Story. Edgar Fawcett. *Chicago Graphic* for February 27.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. With Portrait. John McClurg. *Book News* for March.

NEWS GATHERING. C. E. Shores. *Press and Printer* for March 5.

ANDREW LANG. Portrait. *Bookman* (London) for March

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE. With Portrait. *Book Buyer* for March.

TWENTY YEARS OF JOURNALISM. *National Journalist* for February.

AMERICA IN EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE. Isaac Bassett Choate. *New England Magazine* for March.

THE VILLAIN IN LITERATURE. Sidney Munroe. *Delphian.* (Kansas City) for February.

THE COMFORTS OF LITERATURE. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. *Christian Union* for February 13.

A FEW PLAIN WORDS ABOUT OWEN MEREDITH. Edgar Fawcett. *American Bookseller* for February 1.

AMÉLIE RIVES AND HER CRITICS. *No Name Magazine* (Baltimore) for March.

THE GRAVES OF KEATS AND SHELLEY. *No Name Magazine* (Baltimore) for March.

"LITERARY ADVISERS." Walter Blackburn Harte. *New England Magazine* for March.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT. Illustrated. *Mrs.* Maria S. Porter. *New England Magazine* for March.

BRYANT'S NEW ENGLAND HOME. Illustrated. Henrietta S. Nahmer. *New England Magazine* for March.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY. Edmund Clarence Stedman. *Century Magazine* for March.

LEARNING SHORTHAND. J. E. Chamberlin. *Youth's Companion* for February 4.

THE PARAGRAPHER AND HIS WORK. Lawrence Bradley. *Kate Field's Washington* for February 3

THE STRANGE STORY OF A MANUSCRIPT. A Story. Ella B. Carter. *Home Maker* for March.

NEWS AND NOTES.

H. H. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, is spending the winter in Mexico with his family, being engaged meanwhile in writing, at the request of President Diaz, an account of the resources and development of the country for publication in English and Spanish in time for the World's Fair.

Sun and Shade (New York) for March has a magnificent photo-gravure portrait of Walt Whitman, from a negative by G. C. Cox, which alone is worth more than the price of the number. Besides, there are seven other prints, all beautifully executed.

In the Journalist Series, in *Lippincott's* for March, Mr. A. E. Watrous discusses "The Newspaper-Man as a Confidant," showing that editors and reporters have a singular gift of keeping secrets which it would be money in their pockets to publish.

A French inventor has attached a tiny incandescent lamp to an ordinary pencil, for use by reporters and others having to take notes at night. The battery is carried in the pocket, the wires passing down the sleeve.

"On a Bust of General Grant," the last poem written by James Russell Lowell, is published in *Scribner's Magazine* for March, together with a fac-simile of the manuscript of one of the finest stanzas.

A handy reference book designed for the instruction and guidance of all who write, and hence appropriately entitled "Everybody's Writing-desk Book," is announced by Harper & Brothers. It contains a vast variety of information, conveniently arranged, and valuable to all who wield the pen, no matter in what capacity. It is revised and edited by James Baldwin.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately the third volume of Professor J. B. McMaster's "History of the People of the United States." The second volume closed with the negotiations regarding the Louisiana purchase. The new volume contains ten chapters.

The article on Louisa May Alcott, by Mrs. Maria S. Porter, in the March *New England Magazine* reveals the home life of this noble woman as it has never been revealed before.

To the *Atlantic Monthly* for March Miss Agnes Repplier contributes an interesting essay on "The Children's Poets," in which she demonstrates that it is not necessary for children to understand poetry to enjoy it; and that very often children do not understand precisely the infantile kind of poetry which is written for them, but prefer poems like Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott," which not all grown people comprehend.

Mr. Stedman's essays on poetry are begun in the *Century* for March.

The Woman's Press Club of Cleveland, appreciating their value from a literary worker's standpoint, has decided for the current year to include timely and pertinent ideas and suggestions from THE AUTHOR and THE WRITER in the regular programme of its meetings.

Mrs. Kate H. T. Avery, delegate of the Cleveland Woman's Press Club to the annual convention of the International League of Press Clubs at San Francisco, has given the story of the trip in a series of interesting letters in the *Cleveland Leader*.

The new cover of *Current Literature*, New York, represents in silhouette Columbus' boat with its bellying sails and fluttering banners, a reminder to all of the year we should be celebrating. It was designed by George Wharton Edwards, and appears first on the March number. Changes are noted also in the general arrangement of matter in this number, there being more original writing, more space devoted to books, and extracts from current numbers of all the great magazines, English, French, and American. *Current Literature* gives a survey of the literary field up to the very time of going to press.

Miss Harriet L. Keeler, teacher of composition in the Central High School of Cleveland, in co-authorship with Miss Emma C. Davis, of New York, has just had published a text-book on composition, with the title, "Studies of English Composition, with Lessons in Language and Rhetoric." The book is a comprehensive one, and well adapted for the purpose for which it is designed.

"Zululu; or, The Maid of Anahuac," by Hanna A. Foster, author of "Hilda," is a metrical romance, the scene of which is laid in the palmy days of those ancient races of our continent whose remains still attest their one-time power and splendor. Miss Foster is a resident of Berea, Ohio.

The *California Illustrated Magazine* (San Francisco) for March issues, to meet the demands upon it, 25,000 copies, the largest issue ever made by an illustrated magazine of the first class published west of New York.

The establishment of a new Presbyterian paper at Cleveland, to be the organ of the more liberal wing of that church, is under consideration. Rev. Dr. H. M. Haydn, the well-known writer and late president of Western Reserve University, is one of the promoters of the project, and his name is mentioned in connection with the editorship of the new paper.

Mrs. Jennie M. Stratton, author of "Cecil's Crown," is a member of that gentle sect which includes Whittier in its fold, and much of her time is given to the mission work of the Friends' Church of Cleveland. An outgrowth of that same spirit in another form was "Kittie's Jewels," published about a year ago: a book the merit of which called forth so much commendation that it has been followed by the present volume, a story detailing much of the actual method of mission work. Another book by an Ohio writer is "As Nature Prompts," a little volume by Kate Kauffman, a young woman of Springfield, Ohio, and a recent teacher in the Cleveland schools. Some magazine articles and numerous poems comprised her literary work prior to the present venture in fiction, a pleasantly written story of every-day life in a small Ohio town.

The *Beacon*, of Lansing, Mich., has changed its name to the *Central Congregationalist*, and will in future be published at Cleveland as well as Lansing.

American Notes and Queries (Philadelphia) offers $100 in prizes each month for the best answers to one question. The March question is: "Which is the longest word in the English language?" *American Notes and Queries* is a very interesting and useful publication, and is preserving in permanent form a great deal of valuable information.

Rudyard Kipling arrived in New York February 11, accompanied by Mrs. Kipling and her mother, Mrs. Balestier. He is making his third trip around the world, and is making it as a "honeymoon" trip. He will visit the old Spanish missions, and from San Francisco will go to Honolulu, and then to Samoa, to see Mr. Stevenson.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Melville, widow of Herman Melville, has placed the publication of her husband's writings with the United States Book Company, who will issue, from new plates, an edition of "Melville's Works," edited by Arthur Stedman. "Typee, a Real Romance of the South Seas," will appear shortly, with a biographical and critical introduction by Mr. Stedman. "Omoo" (sequel to Typee"), "Moby Dick; or, The White Whale," "White Jacket," etc., will follow at intervals of a month.

Mr. De Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, contributes another chapter of his Memoirs to the March number of *Harper's Magazine*. In the same number appears the third and last instalment of Horatio Bridge's "Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne," including the story of Hawthorne's life from the time of his appointment to the Liverpool consulate to his sudden death in May, 1864. Several familiar letters written during this time, and also some from Mrs. Hawthorne, accompany the article. The scene of Mr. Howells' new novel, "The World of Chance," which is begun in the same number, is in New York City, and the hero is a young literary aspirant who goes to the metropolis with the manuscript of his first novel under his arm.

The third and last article on "American Illustrations of To-day," by William A. Coffin, in the March *Scribner's*, contains examples of the work of a remarkable group of American artists, including Abbey, Reinhart, Pennell, Thulstrup, Pyle, Smedley, Loomis, Van Schaick, Frost, and Remington.

The *Book Buyer* for March appears in an attractive and tasteful cover designed by Will H. Low.

Professor H. H. Boyesen, the novelist, has completed a new volume, entitled "Essays on German Literature," which the Scribners have in press.

In the March *Forum* Professor John Earle, of Oxford, an authority on the subject, writes of "The Study of English." Of interest to all literary workers are Walter Besant's explanation of "The Work of the British Society of Authors," in preventing the publishers from getting an unfair share of profits, and Charles Burr Todd's reasons for the organization of a similar society in America.

Mrs. Hester Dorsey Richardson, author of the illustrated and strikingly well-written historical sketch of "Prince Gallitzin, Priest and Pioneer," in *Lippincott's Magazine* for February, is a Baltimorean by birth. To her is due the honor of having organized the Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, which includes in its membership many of the best-known writers of the South, and is the leading intellectual and social influence of the Monumental city. The club gave its first reception a year ago to its founder, upon the occasion of her marriage to Albert L. Richardson, since which time Mrs. Richardson has resided in New York. Her strong, trenchant articles on social problems, published over the pseudonym of "Selene," were widely copied in the leading papers of the West and South, and influenced the adoption of many advanced ideas in the economic departments of private and public life in her native city. Although a Protestant, Mrs. Richardson has received from His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons a note of commendation, in which he pronounces her latest contribution to *Lippincott's* "edifying and interesting."

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WALT WHITMAN IN EUROPE.

With the death and burial of Walt Whitman passes away the most picturesque figure of contemporary literature.

It is true that in England the name of the poet is more familiar than his poetry, and that students of literature are more conversant with the nature of his writings than are the mass of general readers; yet the character of the man and the spirit of his compositions were rapidly beginning to be appreciated by, and to sway an influence over, the whole higher intelligence of the country.

Considering the man and his works, it is almost surprising to find how easily he did conquer for himself an audience, and even admirers, in England. He was *par excellence* a contemporary American. Not that American who clings to the Puritanic traditions of his English ancestors, but that characteristic product of the New World who looks more with eagerness to the future than with satisfaction on the past, and whose pre-eminent optimism is inspired by his ardent appreciation of the living present. Walt Whitman stood forth as an innovator into such realms, where the rigor of conditions demanded an abstract compliance with rules which were based on absolute truths, and where a swerving from them was evidence of impotence. His unconventional forms, the rhymeless rhythm of his verses, which, in appearance, resembled more a careless prosody than a delicately attuned poesy, — this alone was enough to provoke, at first, an incredulous smile, even among those whose tastes were endowed with more penetration. But Walt Whitman stood forth, besides, as the representative of a principle which, as yet, is looked upon with suspicion by the old world, — of the principle of a broad, grand, all-embracing democracy, which elevates manhood above all forms, all conditions, and all limitations.

The question where metre comes in in poetry, whether it is simply a means of accentuating rhythm, and is not the rhythm itself, and whether it is legitimate to do as Whitman did, to prolong the rhythmic phrase at the expense of métre, until the sense is completed, — all this was a problem for the professors and the critics to decide, and they might wrangle as they pleased. But here was Walt Whitman, recognizing no beauty higher than creative nature, recogizing no law greater than the spontaneous dictates of the moral personality; here was Walt Whitman, a pagan, a pantheist, who recognized more divinity in an outcast human

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being than in a grandly ordained king, who acknowleged nothing higher than the dignity of the human individuality, — all this was enough to make sober people pause and think, if not shudder.

'Tis true that some, almost all the representative men of literature in England, recognized in Walt Whitman, from the first, a beauty, a grandeur, which appealed to and captivated their higher susceptibilities and mental appreciation. Such critics as George Eliot, Dowden, and even Matthew Arnold, and such poets as Tennyson, Swinburne, and even William Morris, have uttered expressions of the warmest appreciation of his great talent; but the class of general readers are not endowed with such discrimination, and his works, till very recently, were excluded from the shelves of libraries which were catholic enough to embrace the writings of the earliest saints and the latest productions of Zola — on the ground that his poetry was too demoralizing for the general public.

This is not a general statement. I have a specific instance in view, when, in 1886, I went to the Leinster House in Dublin — the public library of the place — and asked for Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." On being informed that they had no copy of it in the library, I put down the book in the suggestion list. A number of Trinity students did the same. The matter was brought before the directors at their monthly meeting, and it appears it was strenuously objected to by the libr. rian, who pleaded the exclusion of the book on the ground of its being immoral, indecent! We carried the fight from private discussion to correspondence in the press; the editor of the *Dublin University Review* put the pages of the magazine at our disposal, and it was not until a year afterwards, and until considerable pressure was brought on the directors, that "Leaves of Grass" was admitted into the catalogues of the Dublin library.

But the genuine merit of Walt Whitman's works, as the true inspiration of individualistic genius is always destined to do, is rapidly conquering the opposition and prejudice even of those whose obtuse minds seldom discover the intrinsic good motive frequently underlying an indifferent form. Those whose objections rested on their incapacity of penetrating further than the surface of the headline are rapidly beginning to discern in Walt Whitman's writings a force, a sentiment, a moral passion, and a natural grandeur that is amply compensating for the occasional roughness or looseness of the expressions he mirrors them in. Before his death the good old poet had not only the satisfaction of knowing that his writings have been widely read and universally commented on, but he had the pleasure of seeing his "Leaves of Grass" translated into German by T. W. Rolleston, of Dublin, and Professor Schwartz, of Dresden, of having parts of it translated into French, and a few years ago Mr. Lee consulted me as to the advisability of rendering them into Russian, parts of the book having already been published in the periodicals of the Russian emigrés in Switzerland. Not only this, but his innovations, his genius, have even founded a school, and has a following. The little volume published some time ago in England, under the title "Toward Democracy," by Ed. Carpenter, written in the same style as "The Leaves of Grass," is also gradually finding its way to the surface of the highest consideration. And such passages as this, when Nature is calling to man: —

"I, Nature, stand and call to you, though you heed not:

"Have courage, come forth, O child of mine, that you may see me."

"As a nymph of the invisible air before her mortal beloved, so I glance before you. I dart and stand in your path, and turn away from your heedless eyes like one in pain. I am the ground; I listen to the sound of your feet. They come nearer. I shut my eyes and feel their tread over my face," etc. etc.; or such an outburst as this: "Ireland — liberty's deathless flame leaping on her Atlantic shore," — are enough to convince the human mind that men who write them can be actuated only by impulses of which genius alone is capable!

It is this impulse — this sober, solemn love pervading the writings of Walt Whitman which has invested his compositions with a property far transcending in genuine beauty the effusions of those poets whose object in writing is more the display of a capacity for finished manipula-

tion of delicate form, than the manifestation of a free conception of a grand spirit. Walt Whitman is spontaneous without being careless. His style is unhesitating, his diction is flowing, smooth, without being searching or verbose! It seems as if his soul were responsive — not plaintively, but appreciatively responsive — to all the chords, influences, and objects of nature; and that his imagination were absorptive enough to embrace and love, and reflect all changes and transitions of light and shadow in nature and life, particularly in the inner human life, — for Walt Whitman's love for humanity, permeating all his writings, has more grandeur than the most heroic of classic epics!

BOSTON, Mass. *Roman I. Zubof.*

SHALL WRITERS COMBINE?

Things in this world are often the precise opposite of what we should expect. The shoemaker's wife and the blacksmith's horse frequently go poorly shod. The man who makes his sole living from the product of his brains does not use them in disposing of his wares. He remains the slave of publishers who have enriched themselves from his labor, while he thoughtlessly plods on, apparently content with a few crumbs from the feast which he has provided for them.

One striking difference between the two halves of the nineteenth century is the gigantic combination which the shuttle of these latter years is weaving. The wealth of no single man was found sufficient to place a railroad across the continent. Men combined their capital, and to-day we can ride from New York to San Francisco in a car as luxuriously furnished as a drawing-room. Had it not been for this union of dollars, we should to-day be forced to use the stage coach or to walk. When the railroads were once built, their owners found combination necessary to keep them from cutting each other's throats and to maintain a good rate of profit.

By combination the working man has reduced his hours of toil, obtained a fairer share of the profits coming to capital from his labor, and made his own life better worth the living. These concessions did not come voluntarily: combination wrung them from capital, and then stood guard over them.

The author stands almost alone with no union among his craft. The refiners of sugar and coal oil, the makers of matches, lead-pencils, screws, — in short, almost all other interests, — have some sort of combination. The brewers stand by each other in fixing the price of beer, and if a saloon keeper fails to pay one brewer, the others will not furnish him with the product of their vats.

There is plenty of freemasonry among publishers. Their contracts read very much alike. They resort to the same subterfuges to get the lion's share of the profits. They care nothing for the logic of the situation. What did a grasping palm ever care for logic which told against itself? An American author has just shown by indisputable figures that many of our publishers treat the writers of books as badly as the worst Hebrew sweating shops do their employees. An author in one instance worked for years upon a book which had every prospect of not being ephemeral. He signed a contract with a firm of publishers to receive a ten-per-cent. royalty only after the first thousand copies were sold. The work had much free advertising and sold well, as many booksellers testified. More than two years have elapsed since it appeared, and though clerks in book stores still say it sells well, the author has never received a cent for those weary years of labor. He knows there is an Indian lurking somewhere in the forest, but one author is not powerful enough to enter and dislodge the enemy.

It may do us good to know that the English Society of Authors protects writers from dishonest publishers; but why should not our authors form a union of their own and enjoy the same advantages? It has been shown that our literary men have been repeatedly imposed upon; that the publisher in many cases takes all the profits; that his accounts are not open to the verifiable inspection of authors; and that this is one of the few exceptions of the kind in all business, that one of two interested partners is alone allowed to audit the accounts.

Mr. Besant has shown that in England the perfectly honest publisher is a rare exception. Are Englishmen less honest than Americans? Or is it true that human nature is very much alike everywhere and easily warped to look at things only in the line of its own advantage, wherever that can be done without coming to the knowledge of the world?

There will, of course, be strong opposition on the part of publishers to the formation of any protective authors' association, which would insist that the writer know the exact facts in those cases in which he is to be a partner in the share of the profits from his own work. If only a few authors joined the movement, publishers would undoubtedly combine to boycott them; but here, as in England, safety will be found in numbers. There is not a railroad in the United States that dares select any special engineer and treat him unjustly. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is too strong to admit that for one week.

Some hysterical publisher may exclaim, "If you think we are rascals, you had better not deal with us." Ask him what he would think of the president and the cashier of a national bank if they said to the examiner, "You have come here to insult us by implying that we would steal the depositors' money. We resent such treatment; we are honest."

"Why, then, do you object to a careful inspection of your methods?" asks the examiner.

"Because it throws suspicion on us," is the reply.

"Are you aware that officials with reputations quite as good as yours are now embezzlers in foreign lands? I want to remove from you the temptation of making money in that way, so that nothing may rest heavily on your consciences in the great hereafter."

"Nevertheless, we object to an examination."

"Then I had better at once go over your accounts thoroughly. I shall probably be here several days."

History tells us that for a long time the English Parliament forbade any newspaper to publish a line of what was said there. A disobedient editor was speedily imprisoned. The members desired to receive bribes for their votes in as many cases as possible. If a member could keep his constituents in ignorance of the way he voted, he could often make money by voting in opposition to their interests. Of course, he dreaded to have the newspapers turn the light on his record, and he developed many remarkable arguments against such privileges on the part of the press. When more light streams in on certain publishers' methods, authors may then be able to select better men to represent them.

It has been said that the jealousy of authors is such as to keep them from working in harmony; that authors who have won their spurs have a supreme contempt for one who has not; that they omit no opportunity of indulging in sarcasm at his expense; that they would not throw him a plank if he were drowning, unless they could so throw it as to strike him on the head. If this were so, they would not differ much from the world in general, for it will not give quarter to any man who cannot claim it by his own might. But the case of Mr. Besant, the president of the English Society, disproves these sweeping statements against authors. He stands among the foremost of living novelists, and yet he is willing to spend a great deal of his valuable time to assist a writer just beginning to climb the tiresome ladder. This pure and undefiled religion of being willing to help a fellow-toiler is far more common than cynics will allow. It prevails among engineers, factory hands, and miners. With the exception of a few cads, it is doubtful if authors have sunk so low in the scale of humanity as to be unwilling to assist each other, when by so doing they will help themselves.

Some authors have been dreaming of a time when they could control the entire literary out-

put of the United States in the same way that the Standard Oil Company controls kerosene, or the chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers directs his men. He can tie up any railroad with a snap of his finger if his men are not treated squarely. In such a literary dreamland an author might do one-third of his present work and get far more pay than now. Publishers and editors would not then have a superfluity of matter. They would then have to bow to the authors' trust before the desired material could be obtained.

It might be claimed that if writers would pool their issues, put their manuscripts into a common stock, allow the publisher to select from them at a good round figure, and after a certain lapse of time burn all the rejected ones, — there would be less work and more money for all authors. Of course, it would be necessary to have a committee to decide when an author wrote well enough to be admitted to the pool, and also to determine what greater portion of the common fund the authors of specially meritorious work should receive.

Such a scheme certainly does work with sugar, kerosene, starch, and numberless other articles; but it is more than doubtful if it would prevail in literature. Some authors would be too desirous of seeing themselves constantly before the public. They could not be prevailed upon to limit the output of their brain, and they would be conceited enough to demand that everything appear in print.

It is well to lay aside thoughts of such a Utopia until we have secured an authors' protective association of wide membership, with permanent headquarters, legal counsel, and agents to learn the publishing business and expose unfair methods.

Let writers remember that Greece, in spite of her Æschylus, Sophocles, Xenophon, Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plato, and Aristotle, perished because her independent states would not combine against a common foe.

John Braincraft.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.

NEWSPAPER COOKERY.

In a late number of a popular periodical, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, while telling of her childhood a half-century ago, incidentally remarks: "I should have as soon thought of smoking my father's pipe as of reading his newspaper. There were no papers at all for women and children, if I except the *Court Journal* for women of rank."

Just when cookery and household affairs became a part of the newspaper's province, I do not know, nor is it my purpose to give its history. My earliest recollection of anything in this line is connected with *Hearth and Home*, an illustrated paper, the forerunner of the many household periodicals of to-day. A leading feature was "Mrs. Hunnibee's Diary," furnished by Mrs. Lyman, afterward on the staff of the *New York Tribune*. Her work was a worthy model for us to follow. Let us look at the work as it is, and as it ought to be.

Count Rumford — one of the pioneers in the study of foods — has said: "The number of inhabitants who may be supported in any country upon its internal produce depends about as much upon the state of the art of cookery as upon that of agriculture — these are the arts of civilized nations; savages understand neither of them." Naturally, therefore, the agricultural papers were the first to give space to cookery, and have ever been generous in that way.

Newspaper cookery is not an inappropriate phrase, since too often the "Home Column" in

half our papers is simply a rehash of what has appeared in the other papers of the country. The results of warming over in the kitchen are very diverse, and they are equally so in newspaper cookery; a rechauffé may be very sloppy or very dry, and give no hint of its original components, when it should be a savory combination, the ingredients of which have suffered no loss of flavor.

This does not include the class of articles which are made by careful study of books of reference and form a new setting for fragmentary information, such as is often lost if not rearranged; but what can be said in favor of the sort of work where a standard recipe forms the basis for a wishy-washy story?

Another variety of newspaper cookery to be avoided is the reporting of demonstration lectures by those who know nothing of the subject and have no conception of the lecturer's methods, or by those having a superficial knowledge who attempt to interlard their own opinions throughout the report.

Reporters having little or no knowledge of the literature of the kitchen are apt to make rash claims for their favorite lecturers or for themselves. In a recent paper an evident neophyte — in cookery at least — claims to set right in a new and original way the curdling of a mayonnaise dressing. She claims that none of the directions given in the cook-books tell what should be done if it goes wrong, yet in at least two standard works the whole thing is fullyexplained.

There are undoubtedly many recipes which belong to the whole world, and have been in use for generations, yet some teachers may claim original methods of combining these ingredients. Has a reporter any right to make such ideas appear as her own, without due credit to the authors? Whether this sort of work is done in newspapers, or appears in book form, or whether it is in direct violation of copyright laws or not, it is at least discourteous. Poems are sometimes stolen, but the literature of the kitchen oftener suffers.

In these days of specialties, when one man devotes himself to politics, another to finance, or music, or art, it would not seem that a woman, because she is a woman, is therefore fitted to care for the household department of a paper; yet this is usually the first work given into her hands. Probably there are many teachers of cookery who could not write a catchy newspaper article, but it may be questioned whether such writing is desirable upon this subject.

The time is coming when the cooking-school graduate will be called for to teach this art and science through the columns of the newspaper as well as in the schoolroom.

The religious papers choose graduates of the theological seminaries for their editors, and medical journalism is conducted by physicians. If a sporting editor is essential, why should not special training be required for the cooking department?

Under present conditions, the best teachers can afford to do little newspaper work; a demonstration requires little more time and effort than the preparation of a newspaper column, and the compensation is double or quadruple, and is promptly paid.

Some of the advertising agents of patent medicines have been wiser in their generation than the newspaper men, and from the days of Mrs. ——'s Soothing Syrup until now their cook-books have been passports for their medicines into many a home, not that a call for medicine was the natural result of the use of these recipes, but that the name of the medicine became a household word through the use of the cook-book, and hence was the first thought when any panacea was required. Such good prices have been paid by manufacturers that they have been able to obtain the best writers, and the books distributed by various salves, sarsaparillas, meat choppers, baking powders, etc., contain many valuable recipes and suggestions. As a whole, they are far safer guides than the average newspaper column of recipes.

Furnished by untrained hands, the newspaper recipe has become a synonym for something utterly unreliable, and, therefore, a byword among those so old-fashioned as to believe that a woman who holds a pen is, of course, a poor housekeeper.

True, much of the blame for the uncertainty of the newspaper recipe must be laid at the door of the typesetter and proof-reader — who else would make a demonstrator whose programme in-

cluded a "Frozen Rice Pudding" responsible for a "Dozen Nice Puddings" in a single lecture.

Often the column headed "Dainty Dishes," "Hints for the Cuisine," etc., appears to be made up from recipes taken at random from the clippings of the year before — so we have strawberry shortcake and asparagus omelet in October, cauliflower in August, and blueberries in December. Without a hint concerning the proper method of combining the ingredients, a string of recipes are worthless, and mean as little as a column from the dictionary.

So accustomed has the public vision become to this artificial, improbable, housekeeping that it fails to recognize veritable facts and pronounces them impossible.

Food is a subject which demands the careful consideration of every human being daily, and therefore claims ample space in the newspapers. The wise man of the Old Testament has said: "All the labor of man is for his mouth, and yet the appetite is not filled."

We are not all interested in the success of either political party, nor are we all thirsty for items of society gossip, nor are the details of every murder or railroad accident more important than our daily bread.

Our physical natures and our food are not so ignoble as some would have us think. We need only look at the thousand allusions to food in classic writings to realize that it is our attitude toward an object, not the thing itself, which makes it common and unclean.

Does it not seem strange that the art of cookery, which first distinguished man from beasts, has been so underrated and neglected?

> "The art of cookery drew us gently forth
> From the ferocious light, when, void of faith,
> The Anthropophaginian ate his brother;
> To cookery we owe well-ordered states,
> Assembling men in dear society."

Surely no one better than a newspaper reporter, who must snatch a bite here and there of whatever is at hand, can appreciate the force of the words of an old physician: "The faculty the stomach has of communicating the impressions made by the various substances that are put into it is such that it seems more like a nervous expansion of the brain, than a mere receptacle for food."

Many a newspaper woman has found a safety-valve in doing her housekeeping with her own hands, the needed reaction after prolonged mental effort, and by the divine law of compensation has thus worked out with her hands something of which the brain alone was not capable. Michelet says that "A man always clears his head by doing something with his hands." Can we not all bear testimony that some of our brightest ideas have come when our hands were busy with rolling-pin or dish-pan?

The newspaper woman is expected to act as leader in many directions. Though not always competent to do special newspaper cookery in the best way, she may help mould public opinion in the right way on the great questions of temperance, domestic economy, coöperative housekeeping, and, above all, help to change the prevailing belief that work with the hands is degrading.

The great social questions of the day are largely dependent upon the food supply. Show the working men and women how to obtain attractive, palatable, and nourishing food at less cost than that which is unsatisfying, and their wages will really be doubled.

The temperance question is so closely connected with the food supply that it is astonishing that more attention has not been given to this side of it. We often ascribe the intemperance of the poor man to poor food; but are not the excesses of the rich also due to food, poor because it is too highly seasoned and improperly cooked?

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has said: "The kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that goes wrong, the whole establishment is wrong. It decides the health of the household, and health settles almost everything."

May we all live to see the day when every town shall have a food experiment station, which shall do for the cook and the kitchen what the agricultural stations do for the farmer and farm. The cooking schools are a step in the right direction, but their work should be broadened and put upon a more scientific basis.

Such an experimental kitchen should analyze and test food products as to best methods of preparation; it should try new utensils; it should fit young women for their own home life. Perhaps something in this line will grow out of the New England Kitchen, so successfully started in Boston.

To bring about such a state of things, public opinion must be educated in every direction, through the home, school, and newspapers, as well as by individual effort.

The newspaper's cooking, like its editorials, must not be so narrow and partisan but that it may command the respect of those who do not wholly agree with it.

We must strive to separate the essentials from the non-essentials in our housekeeping; to recognize the various conditions of life among those to whom we are writing.

We do not want to copy the food fashions of any other land in a servile manner; no French, Italian, or English teacher can best instruct us in methods of cooking.

But, following our national motto, let us select the best from all, and unite these principles to develop an American system of cooking that shall produce a race so well proportioned physically that their mental and moral natures cannot fail to be well balanced. *Anna Barrows.*

BOSTON, Mass.

DO THE BEST WRITERS WRITE?

A few years ago my attention was attracted by an article in one of the leading magazines. It was an article of more than ordinary merit, possessing that rarity, even then, a plot dramatically conceived and executed. The scene was laid in a part of the world the truthful picturing of which showed the writer to be a person who had travelled much and observed keenly; the diction was "English pure and undefiled." There was but one drawback, that the author's name was withheld, and I was obliged to lay my offering of approval and admiration at an unknown shrine.

Lately, in conversation with a man who forms one of the great majority of those who gain a moderate competence in business life, his days spent in the wearisome routine of mercantile life, his nights in painful figurings about that delusive "deal" which is to settle satisfactorily all questions of financial perplexity, our talk turned on books, literary celebrities, the chat of the profession of letters. My friend suddenly became communicative and reminiscent — rare expressions in him.

"A few years ago," he said, "I, too, had the literary craze. I wrote a little — stray articles, stories, poems, the usual repertoire."

I wondered what kind of material this suave, cynical, reserved man could have produced — in other words, what was his undercurrent. I interrogated. To my surprise and consternation I had found at last the author of my pedestal-placed masterpiece.

"But why," I said, "did you not keep on; why hide, deface, forget, a talent like yours?"

"Allowing, for the sake of argument," he answered, "that I possessed talent to the degree you imply, I should still have been forced to my present attitude. I am not alone in this. I am convinced that the best writers (of course, with notable exceptions) are the people who never write, who could bring to the field varied experience, the results of travel, thought, and cultivation, but who are driven away by the knowledge that the wolf will have them if they attempt it. Notwithstanding the fact that there has never been a time when literature has been produced so prolifically, a man can only make a moderate competence, and that after years of weary uncertainty and a constant strain on the

waiting nerves, and, even at the end, he gets but a meagre reward: lots of newspaper notoriety and a scanty bank account. I am not complaining; I looked the facts squarely in the face, and chose what I regarded as the only sensible solution. I could not conscientiously use literature as a safety-valve or time-passer, giving to the world the result of tired brain and overwrought nerves; consequently, I sacrificed inclination to necessity, and have left my muse alone. However," — and he was once more the worldling, — "I have reserved to myself the right to criticise; and when I see a young man of talent enter the field of letters, I conclude he is like a man about to marry, either a great hero or a great fool."

Gertrude F. Lynch.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

FASHIONS IN LITERATURE.

A veteran novel reader has learned to detect a plot in its early stages; to see from afar the marriage, the forgery, the hidden will; to him (or should I rather say to her?) the true inwardness of the different characters is manifest; no disguise, no blandishments, avail to conceal from his piercing vision the true heir, the disguised villain, the timid lover.

It has been stated by careful students that the original stories in the world number but two hundred and fifty; but we have not forgotten our arithmetic, and we have learned chess, so we know something of the manifold combinations of numbers, and we take courage.

But the veteran novel reader finds little variety in incident and machinery; there are fashions in fiction as in everything else, and the prevailing "style" of the time is followed apparently without question.

The heroines of an earlier generation differed from those of the present. They were slender creatures, living on delicate fare, and fainting at every or no provocation. When these lovely beings died it was usually of a broken heart, developing into consumption. They were depicted clad in white and holding flowers, reclining at open windows, regardless of draughts, and they lectured heart-broken friends and faithless lovers with a command of language and strength of lung rare in every-day life. For bringing about some needed explanation sprained ankles have played a conspicuous part, and a strong-armed hero or stalwart rival was ready to carry the fair sufferer

> "Over hill, over dale,
> Through bush, through briar,"

to some place of shelter, where friends and reader alike watched the progress of recovery. Runaway horses have been vastly useful in bringing matters to a crisis, and in New England stories a fierce bull is always ready to threaten the life of the heroine.

These casualties were especially the lot of the heroines, but fevers were open to all without distinction of "sex, race, or color." In the wanderings of delirium the cleverly-disguised villain betrayed his dark designs — the self-distrusting lover sighed his woes into the sympathetic ear of the damsel of whom in his "normal state" he had said —

> "'Twere all as one
> That I should love some bright particular star
> And seek to wed it."

With the modern dissemination of knowledge and of sanitary science, the former ailments have become less fashionable; there has been a run of diphtheria, and heart complaints are slaying their thousands.

Athletics are restricted to no sex, — the hero is less frequently called to rescue his beloved from a watery grave. Indeed, her skill may be superior to his, — witness Armorel, one of the fairest of modern creations.

Now and then a leader has appeared, — an

inventor, — but the new style is imitated with no respect for patent right. Jane Eyre was *new;* here was a heroine with neither wealth nor beauty, and forthwith appeared a long train of ugly girls, and dark, middle-aged men promising henceforth "to forswear sack and live cleanly," yet in confidential moments giving glimpses of a past which caused all virtuous folks to shiver.

We have now the "novel of every-day life," wherein we are called to "assist" at commonplace incidents; to listen to inane talk, where adverbs, liberally bestowed, help our comprehension, as we are told that certain things were "coarsely," "suggestively," "tentatively," said It is, indeed, "reading made easy."

Stuart Mill, lamenting the changes in the tendency of modern fiction, wrote: "For the first time perhaps in history, the youth of both sexes of the educated classes are universally growing up unromantic. What will come in mature age from such a youth the world has not yet had time to see."

These words were written half a century ago, the generation referred to has reached "mature age," and the world has read its novels.

Pamela McArthur Cole.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

SNEAK REPORTING.

I do not beg the reader's pardon for the apparent egotism of this article, for, though I use the first person throughout, I feel that I do so as the spokesman of a large (if not an important) class.

To begin at the beginning, I have always believed that in time I could succeed as a journalist, if I could but secure a position on a live newspaper, where I could gain practical knowledge. In pursuance of this idea, I haunted the doors of an afternoon paper, and finally, by dint of perseverance, fairly worried the city editor into giving me an assignment.

Naturally, a beginner was not given an important task, but it proved to be a very embarrassing one. I was required, in the line of my duty, to stick my impertinent nose into another man's business, and elicit from him facts that he did not want published. I did not feel the least curiosity about the matter, and, I am sure, looked as guilty as if I had been a dog engaged in the sheep-stealing industry, and had been caught with the wool in my teeth. I approached him with inward fear and trembling, and requested information on a subject in connection with which he had been held up before the public in an unenviable light. He refused to talk, and when I persisted, as per orders, told me to go to the residence of a personage whom I do not like to hear mentioned, except by authority and by gentlemen who have the legal right to wear a handle to their names.

I did not resent this as ordinarily I should have done. I was so humbled and ashamed by my consciousness of the impudence of my errand, that if he had pulled my nose, I am sure I should have commended the spirit with which he did it.

It was in vain I represented to him that to withhold this matter of public interest was to show an unpardonable disregard of the rights of others, which, as contrary to public policy, could easily be construed into an act of overt disloyalty. He did not seem to be interested in the rights of others, and entirely refused to see the matter in the proper light. He was not a rational man. When I attempted to argue the case with him, he became violent, and roared at me until, I am sure, had the bulls of Bashan heard him, they would have been tempted to "hide their diminished heads." I decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and left him to fight it out alone. I returned to the office, rendered an account of the manner in

which I had failed, and was the recipient of a scathing rebuke from the city editor. It was in vain I tried to get angry. Even to myself I could not simulate proper indignation, so thoroughly had the starch been taken out of me by my seance with an excusably irritated man, knowing the while that I was trespassing on the bounds of courtesy.

That experience was enough for me. While I might become a successful reporter, in doing so I fear I should lose that regard for the rights of others, the petty conscience of everyday life, that is conspicuously absent in so many of the men we meet.

While this incident has not altered my liking for newspaper work, it has very materially modified my ideas concerning certain branches of it. From the reporter's desk to the editor's chair is a natural and easy transition; and the outsider, unless he possesses the genius of George Kennan and his companions, must go through this stage of preliminary training. Those of us who have no influence, no startling genius, and a decided dislike to becoming inquisitive nuisances feel that we are overweighted in the journalistic handicap.

What course shall we pursue, that what few merits we possess shall not be overshadowed by the lack of one quality, which may be a useful one to the reporter, but is usually known and avoided in the ordinary man under the vulgar name of "gall"?

Herbert Corey.

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

A PLEA FOR THE NOM DE PLUME.

Once upon a time there lived a good little girl whom everybody loved. She had six aunts, four uncles, and twenty-seven cousins, besides a brother and two sisters. All these relatives, of course, especially loved her, for that was only natural. And they were all very glad, indeed, to help her in every way possible.

She was a bright little thing as well as good, and by and by she thought she would see whether any of the papers and magazines cared to know of the things she thought, and she wrote a morsel of an article and timidly sent it off.

But before she sent it to the editor she read it to her sisters, each of whom had some slight correction to make; and she showed it to Aunt Emma, who was quite of a literary turn of mind, and Aunt Emma read it to her daughter Mabel, who had just left college.

These ladies so marked up the carefully written manuscript that the good little girl had to copy it all before it was fit to be sent.

After it had been gone eight days the article was returned. This made the little girl very sad, and she wept.

The other five aunts, and the uncles, and all the cousins were by this time interested, and they comforted her with many words, and censured her with a great many more, and gave her a great deal of good advice. But the little girl finally got so confused by the many conflicting opinions offered that she hardly knew what to do or say. One moment she would think she would write this and another that, and some of the time she declared that she would never write another line at all.

But one day a very pretty idea came into her mind all at once, and she did think it too sweet to be lost. So she wrote it down just as it came to her, and sent it away, and never told a soul a word about it.

By and by it was printed, and how happy the little girl was! She told nobody but her parents and her sisters this time, but all her friends saw her name in the paper, and they came running to her to talk about it.

"I saw your name in the paper," said Cousin Ada.

"Did you?" said the good little girl, pleasantly.

"Yes; an' Bert an' I know who you meant by 'The Old Bad Man.'"

"But I did n't mean anybody," explained she; "that was only a little story."

"Oh, we know you did. Mamma says it is n't a nice story at all, an' Mabelle says, 'Ugh!'"

It was no wonder that the little girl felt hurt at these words. And it was queer, but every time that any of the friends had any fault to find, or any help to give her, which was the same thing, of course, they began it by saying, "I saw your name in the paper."

At last the good little girl could endure it no longer, and she said to herself, "They *sha'n't* see my name in the paper any more"; and she sat down on the green grass and thought of a nice new name that pleased her, and she called herself by that name always when she wrote for the papers. And as she never got famous so that she wanted to tell people what her pen-name was, her friends never found it out, and she lived and died in peace.

Hæc fabula docet — Don't be made to feel it's cowardly to use a nom de plume if you want to. It is n't likely to do any harm, and it may save you lots of bother.

Persis E. Darrow.

WENTWORTH, N. H.

TO WRITE OR NOT TO WRITE.

When any one living in this age of the world feels that he has thoughts clamoring for utterance, he seeks advice from some one who has attained success in the profession of literature. In most instances he receives no satisfactory criticism, and is compelled to act on innate conviction of his right to enter the "thorny path" and fight his way up to the top, where, we are told, there is always room.

There seem to be two literary factions pitted against each other. Those of one class employ their best effort in dissuading young writers from writing; those of another set forth an author's life in glowing colors. One faction will tell you that half the manuscripts sent to editors are not even accorded the courtesy of an examination unless signed by a well-known name. Another says that editors are keenly on the outlook for original matter, seizing with avidity anything that promises to make a new element in current literature.

A noted author writes to a young aspirant: "Sweet and natural though your utterance seems to be, let me ask you in the friendliest spirit not to write at all. The toil is great, the pursuit incessant, the reward not outward." To the same young woman writes another equally well-known writer: "Your work is excellent; you *can* and *will* succeed."

The fact is obvious that there is a literary aristocracy in America. Born in an intellectual atmosphere, with inherited talent, wrapped in their own dreams, knowing little of the struggle and toil of their less fortunate co-workers, its members stand aloof, saying: Thou shalt not enter therein. The old Italian poet quaintly puts it: —

> "For singing loudly is not singing well;
> But ever by the song that's soft and low
> The master singer's voice is plain to tell.
> Few have it, and yet all are masters now,
> And each of them can trill out what he calls
> His ballads, canzonets, and madrigals.
> The world with masters is so covered o'er
> There is no room for pupils any more."

Therefore, the individual who contemplates becoming an author must be a law unto himself. If he finds his truest expression, his greatest delight in literary work, let him

persevere, all the world to the contrary notwithstanding.

> "There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
> Can circumvent, can hinder, or control
> The firm resolve of a determined soul.
> Gifts count for nothing; *will alone is great.*"

An editor, noted for his gentleness and courtesy, tells us that all writers must go through an elolutionary process of rejected manuscripts, and cites the instance of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who awoke one morning to find herself famous. She had written "The Amber Gods." When congratulated as the first author who had attained reputation by a single effort, she replied:—

"No, that is not true. I have been writing for years under an assumed name."

WASHINGTON, D. C. *Susan Andrews Rice.*

THE DELUGE OF VERSE.

A fragment of a conversation overheard the other evening, when the writer, half-buried with the daily proof-sheets from which he knows no escape, was hurrying westward on an afternoon train, is the *raison d'être* of this communication. The participants were two young and pleasant-looking girls: they discussed matters feminine, of which only the words "toque," "a bewitching little thing," and "pink velvet" had reached my ears; but when I heard the question, "What became of your last poem, Clara?"—and the reply, "*Youth's Companion*, came back with a printed slip; *Independent*, ditto; then I tried the *Waverley Magazine*, who accepted it, but 'did not pay young contributors'"; I became unthinkingly an interested eavesdropper, and just then, with creak and clatter, the train stopped, the station, "Wellesley," was called, and the fair ones departed, taking my thoughts (and all power of concentration on work in hand) with them.

I mused in this wise: "Just why does the average young person give him (or her) self out in verse, good, bad, and indifferent?" The *Youth's Companion* does not want a Wellesley girl's lucubrations; it has verse on hand from many of the most skilled and charming writers in that line. But it does, I know, want good stories for boys, for girls,—and where can be a better "*locale*," materials for plot, sketches of life and character, etc., than at a girls' college? One could surely range "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," in such a field.

The editor of the *Atlantic*, dear young people, accepts articles—well-written, of course—on questions relating to higher education, university extension, matters of historical research. Harper & Brothers are glad to get character sketches (not New England particularly,—you cannot outdo, quite yet, Miss Jewett and Mary Wilkins,—but there are many other bits of humanity, quaint, odd, or pathetic). *Scribner's* and the *Cosmopolitan* like travels, but they must be bright and varied; and mechanical articles, young men, but these must be a direct and forcible presentation of their subjects, and not rehashes from old books; while the *Century* will pay you well for some dainty comic bit for its "Bric-à-brac." Friends of the *Golden Rule*, *Cottage Hearth*, and *Christian Register* have assured me that good—not *goody-goody*—juvenile literature is very hard to get. I know a young woman who is paid well by the page for all the children's stories she can write, and her

pages are fresh and good, with new themes and unhackneyed incidents; and a young man who is taking up themes of interest in our history, — the unprecedented message of a president which gave no report to Congress of financial or diplomatic matters for the preceding two years, and the three presidental protests against action taken in Congress (how many of you know about these state papers?), — there are a hundred other things, too, which might be told about in this line, — and he finds no difficulty in getting his matter accepted. There is an assistant editor not far from Beacon Hill who keeps track of the clergymen, the prominent families, and individuals in a certain large religious denomination. Every week she furnishes her quota of items to an eight-page paper, and she is a pearl of great price to her chief. The Marthas of the household, "careful and troubled," there is a place for in many journals to-day, whether their specialty be cooking, scrubbing, or lace-work. There is also a chance for those who possess a large fund of miscellaneous information, in *Notes and Queries* and like journals.

"The bearing of which lies in the application of it." Perhaps you may think, discouragingly, that there is no chance for you in these or any other specialties, but take my advice and try something awhile — get into a class and work to become at the head of that class; then, even if you do not attain the full measure of success you had hoped, you will certainly have the proud consciousness of having striven, and can contemplate with pity

> Those green and salad days: Can
> I rehearse
> What sweets I ate and what I put
> In verse?

BOSTON, Mass. *Douglas Dane.*

CONCERNING SONNETS.

A few months ago the pages of THE WRITER contained some interesting suggestions as to the advisability of a uniform indentation for sonnets when printed; the writer favoring a New York method, which would bring out even the first, fifth, ninth, and twelfth lines, setting all the other lines an equal space to the right of these. I give a quatrain for example: —

> "The early star, soft mirrored in the stream,
> Dim vistas of the dewy forest-road,
> Yea, even the solemn, high-walled glen, abode
> Of mortal dust long quit of deed and dream."

The writer's chief argument for this style was, I believe, that it was used by a good printing-house, and also made a neat appearance on the page; but the question at once occurred to me, What is indentation in verse for? Is it not a guide to the eye, to enhance the proper recurrence of the rhyme (and in the ode to show as well rhythm)? If we are to have a mere arbitrary arrangement of the sonnet, why not the same in a poem of regular or inverted quatrains, or of the Persian quatrain, which is now always given in this form: —

> "I sometimes think that never blows so red
> The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
> That every flower the fragrant garden wears
> Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head."

Or imagine an édition de luxe of Gray's "Elegy" with every stanza printed in this style: —

> "Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
> Their homely joys, their destiny obscure;
> Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
> The short and simple annals of the poor."

I could not take much pleasure in a book of sonnets where each page was thus stiffly arranged, but should greatly prefer the indent ing of lines according to rhyme, the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth to be in line, and the second, third, sixth, and seventh to be set somewhat to the right of these; should there come, however, a Shakespearian sonnet to be provided for, — lines rhyming alternately, — or any of those monstrosities of fourteen lines, which have no regularity of rhyme, let the lines then be brought to a uniform indentation, and the reader disentangle the plan of the verse as best he may.

In editing copy or reading proof for a poet, I always follow the author's preference, if indicated, or if copy submitted is consistent; but having the matter to determine, I would first look to see if the sonnets were generally regular; and second, if the sextet (the last six lines) followed the Italian or the best accepted English forms: this done, it is easy to determine upon a style, — which would be the one adopted at the present time by the best English and American printers (as far as recent books of both countries give any clue), as follows: —

"What we miscall our life is Memory:
We walk upon a narrow path between
Two gulfs — what is to be, and what has been,
Led by a guide whose name is Destiny;
Beyond is sightless gloom and mystery,
From whose unfathomable depths we glean
Chaotic hopes and terrors, dimly-seen
Reflections of a past reality.

"Behind, pursuing through the twilight haze,
The phantom people of the past appear;
Hope, happiness and sorrow, fruitless strife,
And all the loved and lost of other days;
They crowd upon us closer year by year,
Till we as phantoms haunt some other life."

The octet, in the regular form of a sonnet, should stand as above; if the sextet varies, but is not too irregular, vary the indentation of the latter, as

. . . "the great World-builder has designed
The wondrous plans which Nature's works disclose.
A child who scans the philosophic page
Of some profoundly meditative sage
May see familiar phrases, — then he knows
That his own simple thoughts and childish lore
Are part of the great scholar's mental store."

Should the sextet read as given below, instead of trying to follow the seemingly hap-hazard rhymes with the setting in or out of lines, it would be better to print the first eight lines uniformly even and the sextet at the end to correspond with them: —

"Then human Grief found out her human heart,
And she was fain to go where pain is dumb;
So thou wert welcome, Angel dread to see,
And she fares onward with thee, willingly,
To dwell where no man loves, no lovers part,—
Thus Grief that is makes welcome Death to come."

In like manner, let any irregularity of the eight lines settle the question of indentation, even though the latter portion of the sonnet should happen to be according to the best forms.

There are many other questions of style and appearance in getting up a collection of sonnets, a few of which may be referred to here. A little English book which I have at hand has the best of all the recent work in that line, and even runs back, in some cases, fifty years; from a literary point of view, it is unexcelled. But look at a few of the mechanical defects: it is printed as a very small 18mo. — all the long lines of the sonnets with a word or two "turned down," as the printers say. It is a "red-line" book, which means a large enclosed white space above and below the sonnet, and very little margin on each side. It has running titles standing in a lonesome way at the head of each page, and a folio in the page corner instead of being centred at the foot of each sonnet; and, to make a bad matter worse, each of these running titles has a rule beneath it, making the separation more obvious. These are only a few of the defects. Not the less displeasing to me is another book of sonnets, printed in octavo form. Not that one objects to a large margin, but the duodecimo, it seems to me, is much the best size and shape of volume for the proper display upon a printed page of this miniature poem, and a handsome old-style or Elzevir letter is the fittest type, instead of the sombre modern cut, so often used.

F. D. Stickney.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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VOL. VI. APRIL, 1892. NO. 4.

It is hard to believe that Dr. Edward Everett Hale will be seventy years old April 3, but it will not do to contradict the birth record and the arithmetic, in spite of all his unfailing energy and youthful activity in many different undertakings. Dr. Hale is one of the men who will be always young, and it may be in consequence of this that he has written so many things that will never lose their freshness. One of the best of them is the chapter in "How to Do It" on "How to Write," which is full of crisp and practical suggestions. Dr. Hale's rules for writing are evidently those which have always governed his own literary work; and while others may not be able to follow them with equal success, they are worth remembering by every writer. The rules are: First, *Know what you want to say;* second, *Say it;* third, *Use your own language;* fourth, *Leave out all the fine passages;* fifth, *A short word is better than a long one;* sixth, *The fewer words, other things being equal, the better;* finally, *Cut it to pieces.* Any writer who will make these rules his guide in daily work will find in them an important help to literary success. W. H. H.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

It was proposed by a recent contributor to THE WRITER that authors should advertise their wares, like other manufacturers. In case the idea should meet with favor, I would suggest that the practice be carried a step further in the line of business methods. During the "Robert Elsmere" craze, a few years ago, a certain soap manufacturing company advertised a copy of the book with every quarter's worth of soap sold. It is unfortunate that Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose "History of David Grieve," it is reported, is not meeting with great success in this country, did not profit by the hint of the soap company and advertise a cake of soap to be given as an inducement with every copy of her book. A. L. A.

WINDHAM, N. H.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.]

"Cenotaph." — We are told that a cenotaph is a monument "in memory of one buried elsewhere" — otherwise, "an empty tomb." A recent number of a popular magazine contains an article on "Memorials of Edgar Allen Poe." When the author asked to be directed to the grave of the poet, the sexton pointed to the cenotaph of white marble in the corner at the intersection of two streets, and we are told that "the remains" were "transferred to this more conspicuous spot from the family lot in the rear of the church." Are not "high-sounding" words too often used without reference to their

suitableness? Mr. Pecksniff called his daughter "a playful warbler," — not that she was, we are told, "at all vocal," but that Mr. Pecksniff was in the habit of using a word that rounded a sentence well. P. MCA. C.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

BOOK REVIEWS.

LETTERS OF CHARLES DICKENS TO WILKIE COLLINS. Edited by Lawrence Hutton. With Portraits and Fac-similes. 171 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

The friendship between Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins began when Dickens was nearly forty, and Collins about twenty-five years of age. Ten years later the marriage of the daughter of Dickens to the brother of Collins cemented the intimacy then begun, and it continued unbroken until the death of Dickens, in 1870. Part of the familiar correspondence between the two men was printed in "The Letters of Charles Dickens"; but many more letters from Dickens were found after the death of Collins, and from these Miss Hogarth selected the specimens that make up the present volume. As Mr. Hutton says in his introduction: "They not only show their writer as he was willing to show himself to the man whom he loved, but they give an excellent idea of his methods of collaboration with the man whom he had selected from all others as an active partner in certain of his creative works." The replies from Collins cannot be printed, since it was Dickens' rule to destroy every letter he received, not on actual business. It is fortunate that his correspondents did not do the same with his letters, so great is the interest of everything that he put on paper: as Mr. Hutton happily puts it: "It is greatly to be regretted that he did not write letters to himself — like his own Mr. Toots — and preserve them all."

The letters included in the present volume are so interesting that the temptation is strong to reprint many extracts from them. They give charming glimpses of Dickens' personality, and illustrate the literary ideas and methods of work of two famous story-writers. Mr. Hutton connects the letters with all necessary explanations, and has performed his work as editor with admirable skill. A good portrait of Dickens, a better one of Collins, and some interesting fac-similes illustrate the book. W. H. H.

EVERYBODY'S WRITING-DESK BOOK. By Charles Nisbet and Don Lemon. Revised and Edited by James Baldwin, Ph. D. 310 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1892.

In this handy little volume are combined instruction regarding composition, English grammar, and punctuation; a list of synonyms and antonyms; a list of forms of addresses; information about writing for the press, proof-reading, writing and printing papers and books; rules for pronunciation and spelling; rates of postage, etc. The book is a compilation rather than an original work, and its chief merit is that it puts together in a single volume a good deal of information of different kinds, not elsewhere to be found in one book. Its spelling list and its list of synonyms and antonyms are the parts most valuable for reference; while the parts devoted to composition and grammar may be studied with profit by those in need of such instruction. The chapter on "Writing for the Press" is short and weak, and the book generally is adapted for use rather by non-professional than by professional writers. W. H. H.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS; AND HOW HE RECEIVED AND IMPARTED THE SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY. By Justin Winsor. 674 pp. Cloth, $4.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1892.

Mr. Winsor's rank as an historian is so high that whatever he writes is read with respectful attention. Especially regarding the early history of America he is an authority, and probably no one in this country is better fitted than he to write the story of Columbus. The view he takes of the life and character of the admiral in this exhaustive study of his career will surprise those who have looked on Columbus as a hero, with ideas far in advance of the age in which he lived, and with no blemishes upon his reputation. Mr. Winsor presents facts, so far as they can be ascertained, rather than the romantic notions of traditions, and his picture of Columbus is not flattering to the explorer. In the opening chapter of the work he gives a review of all the sources of information about the admiral's life, and shows a respect for the investigations of Harisse that is undoubtedly justified. Irving's well-known "Life of Columbus" he treats with scant reverence as an historical work. "The genuine Columbus," he says, "evaporates under the warmth of the writer's genius, and we have nothing left but the refinement of his clay." According to Mr. Winsor's estimate, Columbus was a pitiable man, who deserved his pitiable end. His discovery was a blunder, and he became the despoiler of the new world he had unwittingly found. A rabid seeker of gold and a vice-royalty, he left to the new continent a legacy of devastation and crime. Finding America, he thought he had discovered the Indies, and maintained that belief until his death. Claiming to desire the conversion of the Indians to Christianity, he did what he could to establish a slave trade with Spain. Slitting the noses and tearing off the ears of naked heathen are cruelties with which he is charged. In his early life he deserted his lawful wife and became the father of an illegitimate

son. In his last years his mind weakened, and he became the victim of wild hallucinations. Such is the man as Mr. Winsor describes him, in contrast to the demi-god of whom Prescott says: "Whether we contemplate his character in its public or private relations, in all its features it wears the same noble aspects." As a bold navigator Columbus won the fame of a world-discoverer; but he never knew himself what he had found; and if Mr. Winsor's estimate is just, it is not altogether unfitting that the name of a more clear-sighted voyager than he should be given to the world that he discovered.

W. H. H.

PICTURESQUE HAMPSHIRE. Edited by Charles F. Warner, c 120 pp. Large Quarto. Paper, 75 cents. Northampton, Mass.: Picturesque Publishing Company. 1890.

PICTURESQUE FRANKLIN. Edited by Charles F. Warner. 123 pp. Large Quarto. Paper, 75 cents. Northampton. Mass.: Picturesque Publishing Company. 1891.

At first sight it seems astonishing that such handsome books as these, with their lavish wealth of costly half-tone pictures, can be profitably sold at so low a price. They are exceedingly attractive volumes, and together they make a delightful picture-gallery of New England country life. "Picturesque Hampshire" was published in November, 1890, as a supplement to the quarter-centennial issue of the *Hampshire County Journal*, and its success was so great as to lead to the publication of "Picturesque Franklin," and to the preparation of "Picturesque Hampden," which will be issued in two parts next fall. Not only the residents of the counties illustrated, and of Western Massachusetts generally, but every cultivated person will be interested in these books. The illustrations are so numerous that each volume is really a picture book of New England life. The illustrations have been reproduced from photographs by the half-tone process, and they retain all the accuracy and sharpness of the original photographs. The text explains them sufficiently, and is generally well written.

W. H. H.

IN FOREIGN LANDS. By Barbara N. Galpin. 156 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: New England Publishing Company. 1892.

"In Foreign Lands" is a pleasantly-written volume descriptive of European travel, and tells, in an interesting way, the experiences of a delightful summer journey. W. H. H.

NEW HARVARD SONG-BOOK. Compiled by R. T. Whitehouse, '91, and Frederick Bruegger, '92. Revised Edition. 92 pp. Flexible Covers. Boston: Oliver Ditson Company. 1892.

This new compilation of college songs contains many of the new songs which have been sung by the Harvard Glee Club during the last three years. Many of the songs are the compositions of Harvard undergraduates, and have never before been published. Some of the best-known among them are: "Boreen," "Holsteiner's Band," "The Hoodoo," "Jay Bird," "The Man in the Moon's Ball," "Mrs. Craigin's Daughter," "O'Grady's Goat," "The Party at Odd Fellows' Hall," "The Phantom Band," "Romeo and Juliette," "Schneider's Band," and "The Versatile Baby." The book is full of the rollicking college spirit, and college men and their sweethearts will find it an unfailing source of delight. It is adapted either for glee club or home use, and is exquisitely gotten up. W. H. H.

BRUNHILDE; OR, THE LAST ACT OF NORMA. By Pedro A. De Alarcon. Translated by Mrs. Francis J. A. Darr. With Portrait of the Author. 311 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: A. Lovell & Company. 1891.

Mrs. Darr has translated this work of the Spanish novelist with fidelity and skill. It is an interesting story, with an unusual plot and a dramatic climax, and it is told in a peculiar style, which gives to it a distinctive charm. A good potrait of the author is given as a frontispiece. W. H. H.

TRIFET'S HARMONIZED MELODIES. Arranged by Charles D. Blake. 256 pp. Paper, 60 cents. Boston: F. Trifet. 1892.

Four hundred songs, sacred and secular, comic and sentimental, pathetic and humorous, are given in this collection, so harmonized and arranged that they may be played upon the piano or organ or sung with or without accompaniment. Every variety of song is given, and every one will find in the book something suited to his taste. The arranger has done his work well, and the music printer has made the book an attractive one. The selections range from "Old Folks at Home" and the "Sweet By and By" to "Comrades" and "Annie Rooney," and the price of the book, considering the quantity of music it contains, is remarkably low. It will undoubtedly have an extensive sale.

W. H. H.

A FIRST FAMILY OF TASAJARA. By Bret Harte. 301 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1892.

The charm of Bret Harte's stories lies in their originality of conception, their well-defined local color, and the chaste richness of their literary style. The power to pique one's interest to the last page belongs to Mr. Harte above all other writers of stories of American life. His latest book has all the good qualities of its predecessors. It tells a perfectly natural story of life in California. The hero is a newspaper man; the other characters are a man who makes a big "strike" in land, and becomes suddenly rich, his two daughters, a newspaper proprietor with an axe to grind and a secret love, a beautiful and rich Boston widow, and a civil engineer. The denouement is startling, being none other than the wiping out by a flood of the town which made the rich man's fortune, and the lesson of the story is the suddenness

with which in the West riches have been made, and also lost. L. F.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

PARAGRAPH-WRITING, WITH APPENDICES ON NEWSPAPER STYLE AND PROOF-READING. By Fred N. Scott, Ph. D., and Joseph V. Denney, A. B. 107 pp. Stiff paper. Ann Arbor, Michigan: Register Publishing Company. 1891.

THE PRINCIPLES OF STYLE. By Fred N. Scott, Ph. D. 51 pp. Stiff paper. Ann Arbor, Michigan: Register Publishing Company. 1891.

ÆSTHETICS, ITS PROBLEMS AND LITERATURE. By Fred N. Scott, Ph. D. 32 pp. Paper. Ann Arbor, Michigan: Register Publishing Company. 1891.

HELEN YOUNG. By Paul Lindau Translated from the German by P. J. McFadden. 183 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1892.

THE TREASURE TOWER. A Story of Malta. By Virginia W. Johnson. 223 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1892.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA. By Sir Edwin Arnold. With Notes by Mrs. I. L. Hauser. 309 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1892.

THE BOOK OF RUTH. A novel. By P. L. Gray. 219 pp. Paper. Bendena, Kan.: P. L. Gray. 1892.

THE BLUE SCARAB. By David Graham Adee. 348 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1892.

A LOYAL LOVER. By E. Lovett Cameron. 294 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: John A. Taylor & Company. 1892.

MRS. LYGON. A Domestic Detective Story. By Shirley Brooks. 385 pp. Paper, 50 cents. St. Paul, Minn.: Price, McGill Company. 1892.

A MORAL INHERITANCE. By Lydia Hoyt Farmer. 240 pp. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1890.

HOW TO GET MARRIED, ALTHOUGH A WOMAN. By a Young Widow. 144 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: J. S. Ogilvie. 1892.

CLASSICAL POEMS. By William Entriken Bailey. 108 pp. Cloth. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Company. 1892.

THE PARSON. A Satire. By Charles J. Bayne. Twelfth Edition. 19 pp. Paper. Augusta, Ga.: Chronicle Office. 1892.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Envelope Pigeon-holes. — One of the most useful appliances that I use in daily work is the row of envelopes in the front compartment of the upper left-hand drawer of my desk. The envelopes are made of stout manila paper, almost as high as the drawer is deep, and eight and one-half inches long. They are arranged in the drawer at right angles with the front, so that as I sit at the desk the face of each envelope is toward me. The flaps are turned inside, and each envelope has an inscription on the upper left-hand corner. They are used for filing material wanted for early reference, and they keep such material classified, within immediate reach, and in much smaller space than if pigeon-holes were used. The first twenty-six envelopes are inscribed with the letters of the alphabet, and are used for filing material alphabetically. Those beyond are labelled with subjects, also arranged alphabetically, the subjects being those in which I have an immediate special interest. For instance, if I am preparing an article on "Misprints," any examples noted are filed away in an envelope so marked, and when I get ready to write the article the material is ready at hand. "Bills Unpaid," "Receipted Bills," "Ideas and Suggestions," "Postage Stamps," "Addresses," "Cards and Circulars," may be marked on other envelopes. If a drawer is not available, the envelopes may be kept in a box within easy reach, but the drawer is best. The scheme is easily adapted to any special needs. In the case of a writer collecting material, when an envelope bulges too much, it suggests profitable action.

W. H. H.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the following list, will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

WRITINGS OF W. H. H. MURRAY. George Stewart, Jr. *Belford's Magazine* for March.

REPORTERS AND THEIR TRIALS. *Inland Printer* for March.

THEORY OF THE COMMA. *American Bookmaker* for March.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MAGIC IN EASTERN AND WESTERN LITERATURE. Talcott Williams. *Poet-Lore* for March 15.

WHAT A BIBLIOGRAPHY SHOULD BE. Victor Chauvin. *Library Journal* for March.

SOME NEWSPAPER BAD HABITS. With Portrait of E. W. Howe. E. W. Howe. *Newspaperdom* for March.

THE DANBURY NEWS MAN. George Watson Hallock. *Newspaperdom* for March.

A COMPLETE REFERENCE SYSTEM. I. D. Marshall. *Newspaperdom* for March.

THE COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF A NEWS DESPATCH. Samuel Merrill. *Engraver and Printer* (Boston) for March.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN. *Critic* for March 26.

COUNT LEON TOLSTOI. Madame Dovidoff. *Cosmopolitan* for April.

GOODRIDGE BLISS ROBERTS. With Portrait. Charles G. Abbott. *Dominion Illustrated Monthly* (Montreal) for April.

LITERATURE AND THE MINISTRY. Leverett W. Spring. *Atlantic Monthly* for April.

GEORGE ELIOT AND MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Charles T. Copeland. *North American Review* for April.

CHARLES KEENE, OF PUNCH. George Somes Layard. *Scribner's Magazine* for April.

ISAAC JUDSON POTTER, PUBLISHER OF THE YANKEE BLADE. With Portrait. *Weekly Journalist* (Boston) for March 24.

FICTION IN THE COURT ROOM. George Stewart. *Toronto Week* for March 11.

T. W. HIGGINSON. With Portrait. *Weekly Journalist* (Boston) for March 31.

WHY BOOKS SUCCEED. Duffield Osborne. *American Bookseller* for April 1.

EUGENE FIELD. *Inland Printer* for April.

WHAT IS POETRY. Edmund Clarence Stedman. *Century* for April.

WOLCOTT BALESTIER. Edmund Gosse. *Century* for April.

THE WIFE OF EUGENE FIELD. John Ballantyne. *Ladies' Home Journal* for April.

MISTAKEN LITERARY SUCCESS. Wolstan Dixey. *Ladies' Home Journal* for April.

POETRY AND ELOQUENCE. John Burroughs. *Chautauquan* for April

NEWS AND NOTES.

D. Appleton & Co. announce a Holland Fiction Series, introducing to American readers the best literature of modern Holland. They have been led to do this by the interest shown in Maarten Maartens' "Joost Avelingh," which they published some time ago. A new novel by Maarten Maartens will be included in the series.

Mrs. James T. Field is abroad with Miss Sarah Orne Jewett.

Daniel Lothrop, head of the D. Lothrop Company, of Boston, died February 18. He was born August 11, 1831.

Edward Augustus Freeman, the English historian, died of small-pox February 16, at Alicante, Spain, aged sixty-nine years.

With the issue of March 11 the *Epoch* ceased to exist as a separate publication, having been merged with *Munsey's Magazine*.

Edward Everett Hale will be seventy years old April 3.

Rev. George Thomas Dowling, D. D., who has been pastor of the Madison-avenue Reformed Church in Albany for nearly three years, has offered his resignation, to take effect July 1. It is his intention, he says, to devote himself for a few years to rest and literary pursuits, probably in Boston. Dr. Dowling's salary is $6,500.

In the *New York Herald* for March 13 were printed the opening lines of a story, entitled "The Way Out," which American writers have been invited to complete. The opening lines are by John Habberton. The entire tale, inclusive of the opening, should not exceed eight thousand words, nor contain less than seven thousand words. No limitations are imposed as to scenes, characters, or incidents. The decision will be left to Mr. Charles Ledyard Norton. For the best story offered the *Herald* will pay $100, the story to become the property of the *Herald*, and be published in full Sunday, May 1. Manuscripts must be typewritten, and must reach the *Herald* office not later than Saturday, April 16.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* (New York) for April is an etching by Chauvel from Troyon's "The Watering-place."

The *Chautauquan* (Meadville, Penn.) for April contains an excellent portrait of John Vance Cheney, the popular poet and critic.

Charles Keene, the famous caricaturist of *Punch*, who died about a year ago, is the subject of an article in *Scribner's* for April, illustrated with many pictures from his original drawings.

A portrait of Walt Whitman, from the painting by J. W. Alexander, forms the frontispiece to *Harper's Magazine* for April. Guido Biagi writes of "The Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley."

A society of American authors, on lines similar to the British and French societies of the same name, is proposed by Charles Burr Todd, who has set forth the grievances of American authors in a paper in the March *Forum*. The first meeting is to be held privately in New York on or before May 1, and when one hundred members are enrolled the society will be organized at once. Its objects are extension of copyright, abolition of letter-rate postage on manuscripts, amendment of international copyright law, and the adoption in America of the French statutes in regard to literary property. All persons who have written a book, or are engaged in writing for the press, are eligible to membership.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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COPY-HOLDERS AND PROOF-READERS.

What is a Copy-holder?

What is a Proof-reader?

Such are questions often asked by persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the printer's art.

Copy comes into the newspaper office, and is primarily deposited upon the editor's desk-hook; the editor hurries it on to the composing-room foreman's hook; the foreman slashes through it, and cuts it into legitimate "takes," which he slams on the typos' hook; the typos secure it and arrange it on their frames, put it into metal, and eventually ram it on the hooks over the galley-dump; the traditional imp grabs hold of it, and, after pulling a proof of its printed prototype and rolling it up as tightly as he can in the still wet proof-slip, rushes it into the proof-room; the reader unrolls it and throws it to his companion, the painstaking copy-holder; he smooths it out, and, after it is read, places it upon a heap or files it, according to its class; then, when the paper has gone to press, he does the copy up in neat bundles and stows it away for future reference; at the end of six months it is thrown out, and the paper gatherer carts it away, possibly to become copy again a little later on.

Of all the beings connected with a printing bureau, from the manager-in-chief down to the inky devil, not one requires the commiseration of a reading public more than does the copy-holder. He is the ultimate confluence of every stream of blame and blasphemy which flows through the office — and, heaven knows, these streams are legion.

About 7 P. M., Buffer, the copy-holder, wends his way to begin his nightly routine, and on arrival he finds his chief, Krank, the proof-reader, already chafingly installed.

"Buffer!" exclaims this one; "you're half a minute late!"

"I am sorry, sir; I am sorry," Buffer rejoins mechanically, and takes his seat.

"Grab hold of that, and let us get to work," pursues Krank, in an irritating tone, as he dumps down a roll of manuscript upon the copy-holder's desk.

Quicker than half a wink, Buffer has the

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pages straight; and this is a specimen (Fig. 1) of the chirography upon which he gazes unappalled, because he thinks of it as copperplate compared to some he'll be compelled to solve before the night is done: —

"some way to overcome the impulses of our nature — that should be a semicolon — but, in the absence of such a promise, our expectations must be regulated by the light of experience. — close of quotes —Will the apologists for

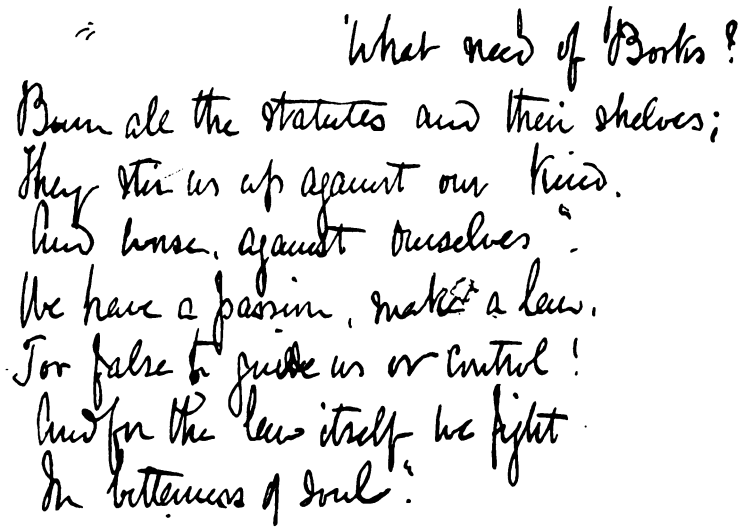
What need of Books?
Burn all the statutes and their shelves;
They stir us up against our kind.
And house against ourselves.
We have a passion, make it a law,
For fear to guide us or control!
And for the law itself we fight
In bitterness of soul.

FIG. 1.

Now the work begins in earnest, and the sweat stands out upon poor Buffer's brow; but not a curve or scratch across the page escapes his closest scrutiny — although the reading automaton tears along from line to line at the rate of three hundred words a minute.

But this reckless gait is not for long; there comes a sudden stop short, punctuated with a vigorous exclamation from out the reader's lips.

"What's this?" he cries.

"M-u-t-a-t-u-r m-u-t-a-n-d-o-s, italics, Krank," Buffer answers, deprecatingly; and Krank makes the correction accordingly. Then the word "is" must be inserted, and away they go again like this: —

"Turns, If God had promised the purity of the Christian state, we would —"

"should —"

"expect Him to find —"

"*surely to find* —"

things as they are accept this logic, and then palliate —"

"thus palliate —"

"the evasion of the injunction —"

"Divine injunction —"

"turns, Keep thyself pure — query, close —"

"Keep thyself pure marked up—paragraph—"

"We are told —"

"palpably told —"

"that believers are one. Blessed truth; they are, more comprehensively so than we in our narrowness conceive —"

"can conceive — paragraph —"

"'Tis, eh?"

"Yep."

"The summing up of all things —"

"all things italic —"

"in Christ, when the fulness —does he spell fulness with two l's there?"

"Nop."

"of the times shall be accomplished, will astonish the bigot — "

"Small cap subhead — "

"What is?"

"will astonish the bigot — "

"and confound the mere theologian. That all things quoted will reveal a reconciliation beyond — "

"away beyond — "

"our utmost dreams; for in Him all fulness shall divide — "

"dwell — "

"and he is eternal love — "

"Eternal Love marked up — "

"But does the acknowledgment of that fact exhaust our duty? Is there nothing made to — "

"more to — "

"strive for? Paul recognized the oneness of turns the Church of God which is at Corinth — "

"Corinth comma close — " etc., etc.

All in a rapid monotone; and here (Fig. 2) is a picturesque result of Buffer's promptings and Krank's markings :—

Krank cannot decipher it; so a guess has to be made, or an appropriate term substituted.

Not the least onerous and exasperating of a proof-reader's multifarious duties is the rectification of periphraseology and tautology — that is, on publications where copy-reading is never primarily done and editing is accomplished in a slovenly manner, for want of sufficient time.

Every compositor who has been so unfortunate as to pull a "take" of obscure copy off the hook invariably meanders into the sanctum of Buffer and Krank for a panacea. If a rush be in progress and proofs are accumulating, woe shall attend that interloping typesetter! Woe be unto him if he persist in harassing Krank and be a less powerful man.

Let hankering Novice pay a visit to a busy news-room any time between eight at night and two in the morning, and, by the species of ejaculations circling in the divers "alleys," he shall readily divine whether the men are "pounding" on "good" or "bad" copy. But, does he desire to

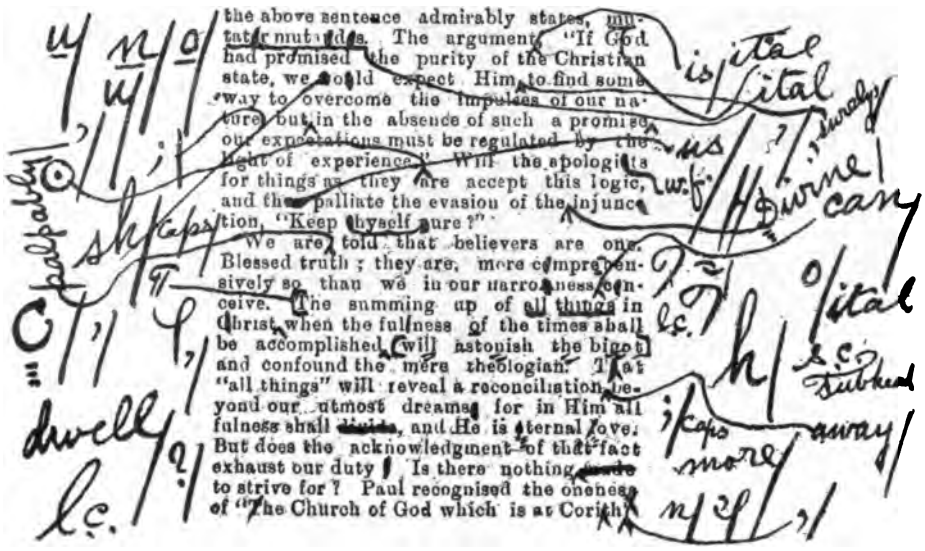

FIG. 2.

Sometimes a word is so execrably not a word, that even the united perspicacity of Buffer and witness the consummation of it all, let him draw nigh to the chief proof-room and listen to the sar-

castic remarks lavished by Krank alternately on Buffer and the copy; while much-enduring Buffer, in his turn, stentoriously and maliciously condemns the reckless originator of the manuscript. Nor is this all! As if to add insult to injury, the editor, should he be at that moment scurrying between the long rows of printer's racks and frames toward the "make-up," who is trying to jam a form and a quarter within the unyielding chase, will have depicted on his face the most asinine and diabolical serenity, which tends in no way to allay the stormy tide or bring order out of the prevailing chaos.

Drop your morning journal if you will, and loathe it as you would an adverse critic, but all the same it shall be built and born environed with strong language, so long as writers doggedly persist in sending in "bad copy"— such as this appended (Fig. 3). And this was concocted by a favored outside occasional contributor — who was also a long professing Christian — at his leisure, as "time" copy: —

An officious reader points it out with derisive laughter to the managing editor.

Like Job's whirlwind, the exasperated scribe leaps from his chair, rushes into the proof-room, and ominously thumps a marked number of the morning's paper down upon Krank's desk.

Krank cringes before the awful presence, and Buffer inwardly rejoices at his discomfiture.

"Who — *read* — THAT?" thunderously demands the journal's power, with applaudable deliberation and accentuation.

"Ah — ah — did we read that, Mr. Buffer?" tremulously queries Mr. Krank, appealing to the copy-holder.

"I think we did, sir."

"Then you should be hanged, both of you! Was that word in copy?"

"Um — ah — really I cannot say, sir," tremulously answers Krank. "Was that according to copy, Mr. Buffer?"

"I think it was, sir."

"Look it up!" roars the editor, disappearing

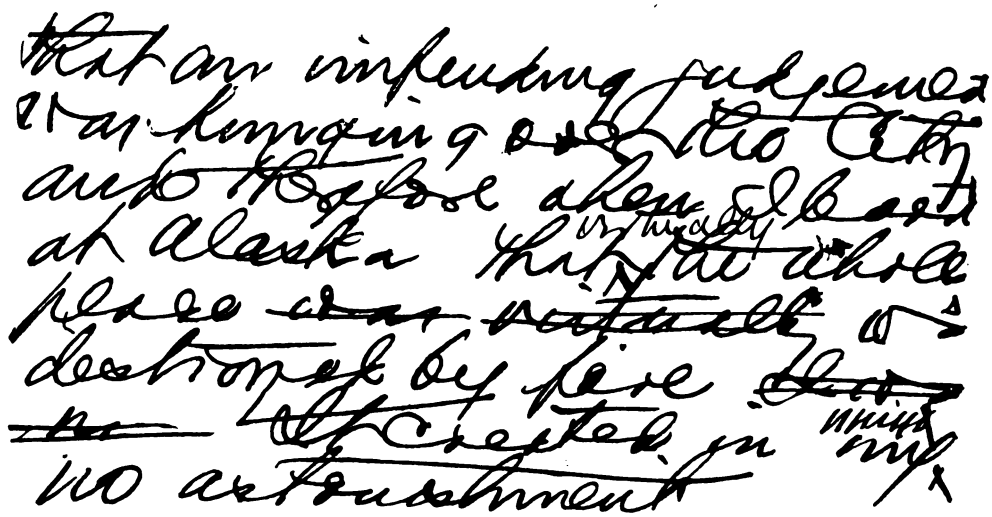

FIG. 3.

Poor abused Copy-holder Buffer! A wretched blunder has gone through and sped before the *scrutiny* of a criticising public in all its glaring *heinousness.*

with a flourish and angrily thumping his heels on the floor as he hurries to his den.

Upon the irate chief's departure, Krank is himself once more; and Buffer begins to ferret

out the desired proof and copy amid many execrations from him. The palpitations of poor Buffer's heart calm down a little coincident with the finding of the objects of his search and the final discovering to a certainty that the error was made on the reporter's desk.

"Again I breathe!" cries Krank, and off he rushes to exhibit the convicting caligraphic evidence. Behold it (Fig. 4): —

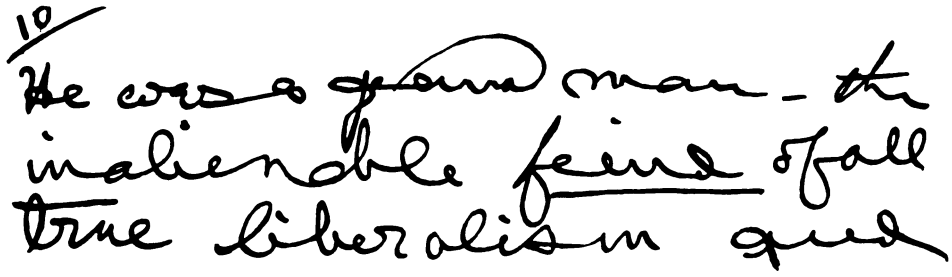

FIG. 4.

The bungled word is made apparent in the fac-simile by an underscore.

"Well?" superciliously queries the editor, as Krank enters.

"It was in copy, sir."

"It was, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see."

He looks, then blurts out: "Any fool should know that word was wrong; 'fiend' is nonsense there! What's the matter with your copy-holder? He is there to notice things like that."

"Ah — yes — sir — really. I shall certainly ask him."

And Krank not only asks Buffer, but blackguards him soundly meanwhile, thereby balming his own injured sensibilities. Sometimes, alas, Buffer retaliates; and then there is a lively scene!

When the morning hours have grown small in designation and are getting big again, then the overwhelming rush begins. Proof after proof is pulled up short and goes into and out of the proof-rooms like dry sheaves through a steam thresher. Buffer's concentration, perspicacity, alertness, and activity are put to the crucial test. He fervently congratulates himself if the copy is as plain as this here presented (Fig. 5): —

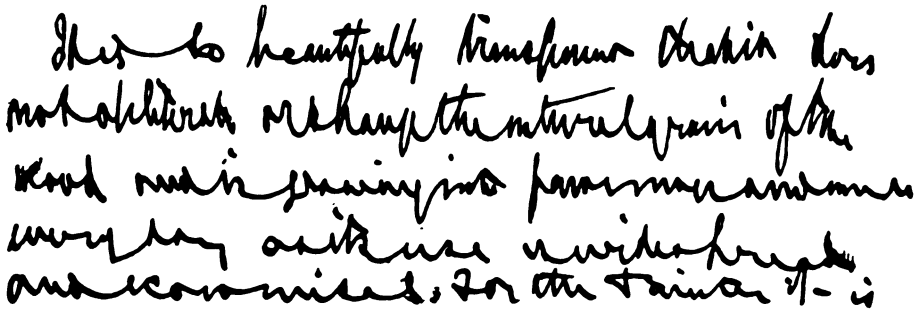

FIG. 5.

In some newspaper offices the theory is current that any fairly erudite parvenu knows

enough to hold copy. Never was an accepted idea more disastrous to the correctness of those sheets. It is not to be wondered at that the proof-reader who has the training of these non-descripts, at the imminent risk of forfeiting his own position, should eventually become a "Krank."

Nothing accelerates proof-reading so much as an alert and reliable copy-holder, and, *vice versa*, it cannot be more retarded than by having a Bohemian slow-coach in the copy-holder's chair.

Generally, on the foremost daily publications, each occupier of the proof-rooms may justifiably affix C. E. to his signature; because he often is a really practical *Corrigeur d'Epreuves*.

What can an innovated copy-holder do when copy is unrolled which even a practised man may not decipher? Why, simply drop it, and get kicked out? Often have there occurred instances where a dozen candidates went through the ordeal before one merely mediocre decipherer was obtained. The predecessor of Buffer could follow, with fair facility, such manuscript as here appears (Fig. 6): —

Another bugbear is the person who writes on both sides of his pages to save paper. Some such still remain as relics of the archaic past, but, thank heaven, they are dying out. These fiends do not indite the matter front and back of the leaves as they go along, but scribble several pages on one face, then turn these over and continue on the reverse side of all until the end is reached. Their wretched economy drives the copy-holder to distraction. The mixing caused by wrong dumping of the set-up type upon the galleys, brought about by the unavoidably eccentric numbering of the "backed" "takes," is oftentimes tremendous, and gets the all-unconscious author time and time again consigned most heartily to regions where he would not care to tread — though through his asinine senility others may have to go there.

Typewriters are gradually, like a mighty glacier, pushing their way onward, and there are few copy-holders and compositors who do not desire that their use shall become more nearly universal. The specimens of copy given in this article, even the worst, are better than the

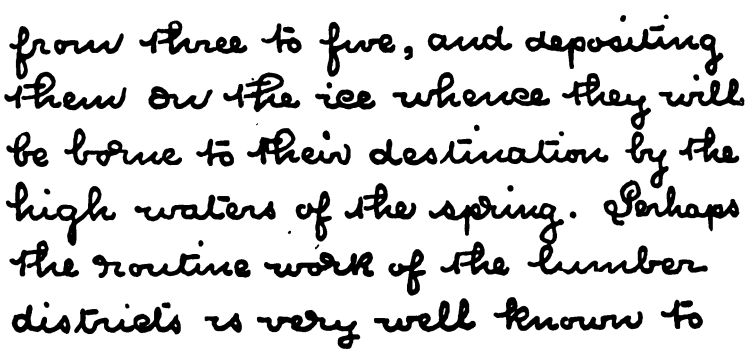
from three to five, and depositing
them on the ice whence they will
be borne to their destination by the
high waters of the spring. Perhaps
the routine work of the lumber
districts is very well known to

FIG. 6.

But copy such as this was a windfall, and came about once in three years. Buffer could take a nap, if so he chose, at the end of each page, without losing the place, when following such perfect chirography. But he was a paragon among copy-holders — he was a thoroughly practical proof-reader.

generality which copy-holders and printers have to struggle with; and they are chosen promiscuously from the material of one night's work when the manuscript averaged better than usual.

Taking into consideration their intense mental strain, copy-holders are miserably paid.

In rare instances, in Canadian offices, does their remuneration exceed nine dollars a week; usually it is seven; and in some places a salary as low as four, five, or six dollars a week is paid to beginners. First-class proof-readers in Canadian offices get from twelve to twenty dollars a week, according to the status of the journal with which they happen to be connected.

John A. Copland.

TORONTO, Can.

METHODS OF AUTHORS.

Aids to Inspiration.

Washington Irving's literary work was generally performed before noon. He said the happiest hours of his life were those passed in the composition of his different books. He wrote most of "The Stout Gentleman" while mounted on a stile, or seated on a stone, in his excursions with Leslie, the painter, 'round about Stratford-on-Avon, — the latter making sketches in the mean time. The artist says that his companion wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript aloud.

Dr. Darwin wrote most of his works on scraps of paper with a pencil as he travelled. But how did he travel? In a worn and battered "sulky," which had a skylight at the top, with an awning to be drawn over it at pleasure; the front of the carriage being occupied by a receptacle for writing-paper and pencils, a knife, fork, and spoon; while on one side was a pile of books reaching from the floor nearly to the front window of the carriage; on the other, by Mrs. Schimmel-penninck's account, a hamper containing fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, — to which the big, burly, keen-eyed, stammering doctor paid attentions as devoted as he ever bestowed on the pile of books.

Alexander Kisfaludy, foremost Hungarian poet of his time, wrote most of his "Himfy" on horseback or in solitary walks; a poem, or collection of poems, that made an unprecedented sensation in Hungary, where, by the same token, Sandor Kisfaludy of that ilk became at once the Great Unknown.

Cujas, the object of Chateaubriand's special admiration, used to write lying flat on his breast, with his books spread about him.

Sir Henry Wotton is our authority for recording of Father Paul Sarpi that, when engaged in writing, his manner was to sit fenced with a castle of paper about his chair, and overhead; "for he was of our Lord of St. Albans' opinion, that 'all air is predatory' and especially hurtful when the spirits are most employed."

Rousseau tells us that he never could compose pen in hand, seated at a table, and duly supplied with paper and ink; it was in his promenades, — the *promenades d'un solitaire*,— amid rocks and woods, and at night, in bed, when he was lying awake, that he wrote in his brain; to use his own phrase, "*J'écris dans mon cerveau.*" Some of his periods he turned and re-turned half a dozen nights in bed before he deemed them fit to be put down on paper. On moving to the Hermitage of Montmorency, he adopted the same plan as in Paris, — devoting, as always, his mornings to the pen-work *de la copie*, and his afternoons to *la promenade*, blank paper, book, and pencil in hand; for, says he, "having never been able to write and think at my ease except in the open air, *sule dio*, I was not tempted to change my method, and I reckoned not a little on the forest of Montmorency becoming — for it was close to my door — my *cabinet de travail.*" In another place he affirms his sheer incapacity for meditation by day, except in the act of walking; the moment he stopped walking, he stopped thinking, too, for his head

worked with, and only with, his feet. "*De jour je ne puis méditer qu'en marchant; sitôt que je m'arrête je ne pense plus, et ma tête ne va qu'avec mes pieds.*" *Salvitur ambulando*, whatever intellectual problem is solved by Jean Jaques. His strength was not to sit still. His Réveries, by the way, were written on scraps of paper of all sorts and sizes, on covers of old letters, and on playing cards — all covered with a small, neat handwriting. He was as economical of material as was "Paper-sparing Pope" himself.

In some points Chateaubriand was intellectually, or, rather, sentimentally, related to Rousseau, but not in his way of using ink and paper.

Chateaubriand sat at a table well supplied with methodically arranged heaps of paper cut in sizes; and as soon as a page was blotted over in the biggest of his big handwriting, — according to M. de Marcullus, with almost as many drops of ink as words, — he tossed it aside, without using paunce or blotting-paper, to blot and be blotted by its accumulating fellows. Now and then he got up from this work, to look out of the window, or to pace the room, as if in quest of new ideas. The chapter finished, he collected all the scattered leaves, and revised them in due form — more frequently adding to than curtailing their fair proportions, and paying very special attention to the punctuation of his sentences.

Lessing's inherent nobility of intellect is said to have been typified in his manner of study. When in the act of composition he walked up and down till his eye was caught by the title of some book. He would open it, his brother tells us, and, if struck by some sentence which pleased him, he would copy it out; in so doing, a train of thought would be suggested, and this would be immediately followed up — providing his mood was just right.

The early morning would lure Jean Paul Richter to take out his ink-flask and write as he walked in the fragrant air. Such compositions as his "Dream of a Madman" he would set about by first seating himself at the harpsichord, and "fantasying" for a while on it, till the ideas, or "imaginings," came — which presently they would do with a rush.

Tradition, as we get it through the historian of the Clapham Sect, informs us that Wilberforce wrote his "Practical View" under the roof of two of his best friends, in so fragmentary and irregular a manner, that one of them, when at length the volume lay complete on the table, professed, on the strength of this experience, to have become a convert to the opinion that a fortuitous concourse of atoms might, by some felicitous chance, combine themselves into the most perfect of forms — a moss-rose or a bird of paradise.

Coleridge told Hazlitt that he liked to compose in walking over uneven ground, or breaking through the straggling branches of a copsewood.

Sheridan composed at night, with a profusion of lights around him, and a bottle of wine by his side. He used to say: "If a thought is slow to come, a glass of good wine encourages it; and when it does come, a glass of good wine rewards it."

Lamartine, in the days of his prosperity, composed in a studio with tropical plants, birds, and every luxury around him to cheer the senses.

Berkeley composed his "Minute Philosopher" under the shade of a rock on Newport Beach.

Burns wove a stanza as he ploughed the field.

Charlotte Brontë had to choose her favorable days for writing, — sometimes weeks, or even months, elapsing before she felt that she had anything to add to that portion of her story which was already written; then some morning she would wake up, and the progress of her tale lay clear and bright before her, says Mrs. Gaskell, in distinct vision; and she set to work to write out what was more present to her mind at such times than her actual life was. She wrote on little scraps of paper, in a minute hand, holding each against a piece of board, such as is used in binding books, for a desk, — a plan found to be necessary for one so short-sighted, — and this sometimes as she sat near the fire by twilight.

While writing "Jane Eyre" she became intensely concerned in the fortunes of her heroine, whose smallness and plainness corresponded with her own. When she had brought the little Jane to Thornfield, her enthusiasm had grown so great that she could not stop. She

went on incessantly for weeks. At the end of this time she had made the minute woman conquer temptation, and in the dawn of the summer morning leave Thornfield. "After Jane left Thornfield, the rest of the book," says Miss Martineau, "was written with less vehemence and with more anxious care" — the world adds, "with less vigor and interest."

"Ouida" (Louise de la Ramée) writes in the early morning. She gets up at five o'clock, and, before she begins, works herself up into a sort of literary trance.

Professor Wilson, the Christopher North of *Blackwood's Magazine*, jotted down in a large ledger "skeletons," from which, when he desired an article, he would select one and clothe it with muscle and nerve. He was a very rapid writer and composer, but worked only when he liked and how he liked. He maintained that any man in good health might write an entire number of *Blackwood's*. He described himself as writing "by screeds" — the fit coming on about ten in the morning, which he encouraged by a caulker ("a mere nut-shell, which my dear friend the English opium-eater would toss off in laudanum"); and as soon as he felt that there was no danger of a relapse, that his demon would be with him the whole day, he ordered dinner at nine, shut himself up within triple doors, and set manfully to work. "No desk! An inclined plane — except in bed — is my abhorrence. All glorious articles must be written on a dead flat." His friend, the Ettrick Shepherd, used a slate.

Dr. Georg Ebers, professor at the University of Leipzig, Saxony, who is known all over the world as the author of novels treating of ancient Egyptian life, and as the writer of learned treatises on the country of the Khedives, prefers to work in the late evening hours until midnight when composing poetry, but favors daylight for labor on scientific topics. He makes a rough draft of his work, has this copied by an amanuensis, and then polishes and files it until it is satisfactory to him, that is, as perfect as he possibly can make it. He finds that tobacco stimulates him to work, and, therefore, he uses it when engaged in literary production. When he writes poetry, he is in the habit of sitting in an arm-chair, supporting a lap-board on his knee, which holds the paper; in this position he pens his lyrics. He imagines that he is more at liberty in this posture than when behind a writing desk. Ordinarily he writes with great ease, but sometimes the composition of a stirring chapter so mercilessly excites him that great beads of sweat appear upon his forehead, and he is compelled to lay down his pen, unable to write another line. He never writes unless he is in a suitable frame of mind, except it be on business matters. Sometimes, when laboring on topics of science, he works from ten to twelve hours at a stretch; he never spends more than three or four hours in succession on poetry.

Charles Reade's habit of working was unique. When he had decided on a new work he plotted out the scheme, situations, facts, and characters on three large sheets of pasteboard. Then he set to work, using very large foolscap to write on, working rapidly, but with frequent references to his storehouse of facts, in the scrap-books, which were ready at his hand. The genial novelist was a great reader of newspapers. Anything that struck him as interesting, or any fact which tended to support one of his humanitarian theories, was cut out, pasted in a large folio scrap-book, and carefully indexed. Facts of any sort were his hobby. From the scrap-books thus collected with great care he used to elaborate the "questions" treated of in his novels.

Like Charles Reade, Miss Anna Katherine Green is a believer in scrap-books, and culls from newspapers accounts of strange events. Out of such material she weaves her stories of crime and its detection.

Emile Zola, the graphic author of realistic fiction, carefully makes studies from life for his sensational works. He writes rapidly, smoking cigarettes the while. He is an inveterate smoker, and, if there is anything he likes better than tobacco, it is his beautiful country-house near Paris, where he receives daily a large circle of admiring friends.

Edward P. Roe, who, if we may rate success by the wide circulation of an author's books, was our most successful novelist, preferred the daytime for literary work, and rarely accomplished much in the evening beyond writing letters, reading, etc. When pressed with work he put

in long hours at night. In the preface to "Without a Home," Rev. Mr. Roe presents some extremely interesting matter in regard to the causes which led to his authorship, and the methods of work by which he turned out so many well-constructed stories in so short a time. "Ten years ago," he says, "I had never written a line of a story, and had scarcely entertained the thought of constructing one. The burning of Chicago impressed me powerfully, and, obedient to an impulse, I spent several days among its smoking ruins. As a result, my first novel, 'Barriers Burned Away,' gradually took possession of my mind. I did not manufacture the story at all, for it grew as naturally as do the plants — weeds, some may suggest — on my farm. In the intervals of a busy and practical life, and also when I ought to have been sleeping, my imagination, unspurred and almost undirected, spun the warp and woof of the tale and wove them together. . . . I merely let the characters do as they pleased, and work out their own destiny. I had no preparation for the work beyond a careful study of the topography of Chicago and the incidents of the fire. For nearly a year my chief recreation was to dwell apart among the shadows created by my fancy, and I wrote when and where I could — on steamboats and railroad cars, as well as in my study. . . . When the book appeared I suppose I looked upon it much as a young father looks upon his first child. His interest in it is intense, but he knows well that its future is very doubtful." Mr. Roe always wrote from a feeling that he had something to say; and never "manufactured" a novel in his life. While writing he was absorbed in his work; and made elaborate studies for his novels. "I have visited," said he, in reference to "Without a Home," "scores of typical tenements. I have sat day after day on the bench with the police judges, and have visited the station-houses repeatedly. There are few large retail shops that I have not entered many times, and I have conversed with both employers and employees."

Mr. Roe did not make "outlines" or "skeletons" to any great extent, and when he did so, he did not follow them closely. Indeed, he often reversed his plan, satisfied that following an arbitrary outline makes both story and characters wooden. He held that the characters should control the author, not he them. He usually received the suggestion of a story unexpectedly, and let it take form in his mind and grow naturally, like a plant, for months, more often for years, before he began to write. He averred that after his characters were introduced he became merely the reporter of what they do, say, and think. He imagined that it was this spontaneity which, chiefly, made his books popular, and said that to reach intelligent people through fiction, the life portrayed must seem to them real and natural, and that this can scarcely be true of his characters if the author is forever imposing his arbitrary will upon them. Mr. Roe wrote in bound blank-books, using but one side of a sheet. This allowed ample space for changes and corrections, and the manuscript was kept in place and order. The novelist used tea, and especially coffee, to some extent as a stimulant, and smoked very mild cigars. But he rarely took coffee at his dinner, at six P. M., as it tended to insomnia. The author of "Barriers Burned Away" worked three or four hours before and two or three hours after lunch. On this point, however, he varied. When wrought up and interested in a scene, he usually completed it. In the after part of the day, when he began to feel weary, he stopped, and, if hard pressed, began work again in the evening. Once, many years ago, he wrote twenty-four hours at a stretch, with the aid of coffee. He did not force himself to work against inclination beyond a certain point. At the same time he fought against a tendency to "moods and tenses."

The German lyric poet, Martin Greif, writes only in the daytime, because he can conceive poetry only when walking in the woods, meadows, and lanes that form the environs of the Bavarian capital — Munich. During his excursions into the surrounding country, he notes down his thoughts, which he elaborates when he reaches his quiet study. He is not a ready versifier, and is compelled to alter a poem repeatedly before it receives his approbation. At work in the afternoon, he loves to smoke moderately; but he never uses stimulants. Generally work is hard to him, but sometimes — that is, rarely — he writes with unusual rapidity.

As a professional writer, he must sometimes force himself to work and must mount the Pegasus in spite of disinclination, as when, for instance, a product of his pen has to be delivered on a certain date.

Emile Mario Vacano composed his writings at all times that gave him the impulse for doing so: at daybreak or in the night. With him it was the "whereabouts," not the hour, that made the essence. There was a mill belonging to a good friend of his, where he found his best inspirations amidst all the hubbub of horses, peasants, poultry, cows, pigeons, and country life. And he asserted that the name of his friend, Harry Salzer, of Stattersdorf, near St. Poelten, Lower Austria, ought to be joined to his. He said that his friend merited a great share of his "glories" by his hospitality as well as on account of his bright ideas. Vacano never made a plan in advance, but penned his novels, stories, essays, etc., as one writes a letter,—*prima vista*, —never perusing again what he had written, be it good or bad. When writing he imbibed a good deal of beer, and was in the habit of using snuff. He did not regard writing as work. For him it was like a chat in pen and ink with friends. As for an inclination to work; as for a feeling that he had something to say, and *must* say it, come what will, — there was nothing of the sort in him. He said he hated romances, tales, and all the like, and only wrote to gain his "*pain quotidien*," and that he detested the humbug with all his heart and despised the mob that would read it. He declared that if he were a millionaire or simply wealthy, "he'd never take a pen in hand for bullying a stupid public with his nonsense."

Emile Richebourg writes his fascinating novels in a plain style, but, despite the absence of flowery language, is capable of expressing much feeling. The novel or drama is completed in his head before he writes a line. As the plot develops, the dialogues and events suggest themselves. When he has got to work he keeps right on, seldom re-reading what he has composed. He makes an outline of his book before beginning. He is in the habit of noting down on a piece of paper the names, ages, lodgings, etc., of the persons who are pictured in his novels, also the title of each chapter. Formerly he worked from eight to twelve hours a day, but never at night. Now he labors only five or six hours at the most, and always in the morning. Richebourg is an early riser, and goes to bed early in the evening. He gets up at six in the morning. At eight o'clock he drinks a bowl of warm milk without sugar, which constitutes his sole nourishment until dinner at noon. With him this is the principal meal of the day; and during its progress, according to his own confession, he finds a bottle of wine very agreeable. He eats but little in the evening. When at work he smokes continuously; always a pipe. He works with difficulty, yet with pleasure, and identifies himself, that is, when composing, with the personages whom he describes. During the afternoon he promenades in his garden, attends to his roses and other flowers, and trims the shrubs.

The study of Maurice Jokai, the great Hungarian romancer, is a perfect museum of valuable souvenirs and rare antiquities. Books, journals, and pamphlets cover tables, chairs, and walls; busts and statuettes, which stand about here and there, give the room the appearance of picturesque disorder. The portrait of his wife, in various sizes, adorns the space on the walls not taken up by the books. The top of his writing-table is full of bric-à-brac, which leaves only sufficient room for the quarto paper upon which he pens his entertaining romances. He writes with little, fine pens, of so good a workmanship that he is enabled to write a four-volume novel with one pen. He always makes use of violet ink, to which he is so accustomed that he becomes perplexed when compelled, outside of his house, to resort to ink of another color. He claims that thoughts are not forthcoming when he writes with any other ink. When violet ink is not within reach, he prefers to write with a lead pencil, but he does so only when composing short stories and essays. For the composition of his romances, which generally fill from one to five volumes when printed, violet ink is indispensable. He rarely corrects his manuscripts, and they generally go to the printer as they were originally composed; they are written in a plain, legible hand; and are what one of the typographic fraternity would call "beautiful copy." One of the corners of his

writing-desk holds a miniature library, consisting of neatly-bound note-books, which contain the outlines of his novels as they originated in his mind. When he has once begun a romance, he keeps right on till he puts down the final period; that is, he writes day by day till the novel is completed. Jokai says: "It often happens that I surround my hero with dangers, that enemies arise on all sides, and escape seems impossible. Then I often say to myself: 'I wonder how the fellow will get out of the scrape?'"

In his home, at Hartford, Conn., Mark Twain's workshop is in his billiard-room, at the top of the house, and when he grows tired of pushing the pen he rises and eases his muscles by doing some scientific strokes with the cue. He is a hard worker, and, like Trollope, believes that there is nothing like a piece of shoemaker's wax on the seat of one's chair to encourage good literary work. Ordinarily he has a fixed amount of writing for each day's duty. He rewrites many of his chapters, and some of them have been scratched out and interlined again and again.

Robert Waldmueller, a leading German novelist, who writes under the pseudonym of "Charles Eduard Duboc," works mostly from eight, nine, or ten o'clock in the morning until two o'clock in the afternoon, but never writes at night. Generally he does not plan his work beforehand. When at work he must be unmolested. In composition, he loves to change off, now producing poetry, now plays and essays, as his mood may direct. He writes with great ease and swiftness; and the many books which he has composed testify that he cannot justly be accused of indolence. He attributes his facility of expression to the discrimination which he has always exercised in the choice of books. In early boyhood he was already disgusted with Florian's sickly "Guillaume Tell," while Washington Irving's "Sketch-book" delighted him very much; he was also deeply impressed by the perusal of Homer's immortal epics. He adopted authorship when twenty-five years of age, and has followed it successfully ever since. Until then he was especially fond of composing music and of drawing and painting, but he lacked the time to perfect himself in these accomplishments. Yet, even to-day, he practices both arts occasionally as a pastime and for recreation.

The evening finds Dr. Johann Fastenrath, the poet, who writes as elegant Spanish as he does German, and who is as well-known in Madrid as he is in Cologne on the Rhine, at the writing-table. He never makes a skeleton beforehand of essays in his mother-tongue; but for compositions in French or Spanish he invariably makes an outline. One peculiarity which he has is to scribble his poems upon little scraps of paper. When writing prose in Spanish he divides the manuscript-paper in halves, so as to be able to make additions and to lengthen any particular sentence, for in the Spanish language artfully long periods are considered especially beautiful. He does not regard literary composition as work, and conceives poems faster than he can write them down. When he is at work absolute quiet must reign about him; he cannot bear noise of any kind. During the winter he works day for day at home, but in the summer he tolerates confinement no longer, and whenever he composes at this time it is always in the open air. From autumn till spring he writes from six to seven hours a day.

Adolf Streckfusz, a German novelist, prefers to write in the afternoon and evening, and attains the greatest speed in composition at night. He makes no plan beforehand, but revises his manuscript at least twice after completion. He often allows the cigar which he smokes when at work to go out, but lights it mechanically from time to time, so that the floor of his study is sometimes covered with dozens of thrown-away lucifers after working hours. When writing, his cigar is as indispensable to him as his pen. He can do without neither. Formerly he could work with extraordinary facility, but now, with increasing age, a few hours' work at times tires him out so much that he must, ot necessity, take a rest. As with many other authors, a sense of duty often impels him to work; but almost always, after a beginning is made, he composes with pleasure. The time which he devotes daily to literary work varies. He never works more than eight hours, but rarely less than three or four hours a day.

The author of "The Lady or the Tiger" and

many other short stories — Frank R. Stockton — always works in the morning, and not at any other time. In writing a short story, such as is published in a single number of a magazine, he usually composes the whole story, description, incident, and even the dialogue, before writing a word of it. In this way the story is finished in his mind before it is begun on paper. While engaged in other writing he has carried in his memory for several months as many as three stories, each ready to be put upon paper as soon as he should have an opportunity. When he is writing a longer story, he makes in his mind a general outline of the plot, etc.; and then he composes three or four chapters before he begins to write; when these are finished, he stops writing until some more are thought out: he never composes at the point of the pen. He does not write any of his manuscripts himself; they are all written from his dictation. Stockton is very fond of working in the summer in the open air, and a great many of his stories have been dictated while lying in a hammock. He usually works from about ten in the morning until one P. M., but he spends no time at the writing-desk, except when he writes letters, which he never does in his working hours. Some years ago he used to work very differently, being occupied all day with editorial work, and in the evening with literary work; but his health would not stand this, and he, therefore, adopted his present methods. He works regularly every day, whether he feels like it or not; but when he has set his mind on a subject, it is generally not long before he does feel like it.

Dr. Leopold Chevalier de Sacher-Masoch generally used to work at night in former years, but now writes by daylight only, preferably in the morning. He is the author of a great many graphic stories about Galicia, and lives at Leipsic, surrounded by a coterie of admiring friends. He makes an accurate outline; then pens his novel word for word till it is finished, whereupon it is handed to the printer as it is, not a word being altered, added, or erased. He is not in the habit of using stimulating drinks or tobacco when at work, and leads altogether a temperate life. He has an innate predilection for fur, and declares that fur worn by a beautiful woman exercises a magic spell over him. Formerly he had a pretty black cat that used to lie on his knees or sleep on his writing-desk when he was at work. Now, when he writes, a red velvet lady's-jacket, with a fur lining of sable and borders of the same material, lies near at hand upon a divan. Although he is ordinarily good-natured, his anger is easily provoked by any disturbance during working hours. Composition is mere play to him after he has begun, but the first lines of a new work always are penned with difficulty. When he writes without an inclination, he is, as a rule, dissatisfied with the result. Generally he spends from three to four hours at the writing-desk and devotes the rest of the day to recreation.

Dr. Julius Stinde, who is responsible for that excellent German satire, "Die Familie Buchholz," never works by lamplight, if he can possibly avoid it. He writes on large sheets of quarto size, and never makes an outline; the compositor gets the manuscript as it was written, with a few, but not many, alterations. Whatever is not satisfactory to the author is thrown into the waste-paper basket, which, in consequence, is pretty large. While at work he takes a pinch of snuff from time to time, which, he asserts, has a beneficial action on the eyes that are taxed by incessant study and composition. When he treats of scientific topics, a few glasses of Rhine wine tend to induce the proper mood; he finds the "Johannisgarten," a wine grown at Musbach in the palatinate of the Rhine, especially valuable for this purpose. He composes humorous work most easily after a very simple breakfast, consisting of tea and bread. He is in the habit of often changing the kinds of paper, pens, pen-holders, ink, and even inkstands, which he uses; and loves to see fresh flowers on his writing-desk. He writes with greater facility in fine, sunny weather than on dark, gloomy days. That is the reason why he prefers, on cloudy days, to write in the evening. He declares that he would rather stop writing for days and weeks than to compose without inclination, and he tells us that whenever he attempts to work "*sans inclination*," as the French say, the result is unsatisfactory, and the effort strains both mind and body. He seldom spends more than eight hours a day at the writing-table.

To the many with whom it is customary to do literary work in the daytime must be added Johannes Nordmann, one of Vienna's most able novelists and newspaper men. He writes more during the winter than in the summer time, most of which he spends in travelling. He never recopies prose. For poems, however, he first makes an outline, and then files the verse till it receives his approbation. While driving the "quill," he smokes cigars. He writes with remarkable speed and ease after the subject in hand has ripened in his thoughts. He often forces himself to do newspaper work, when he would fain do anything else; and is totally unable to compose fiction or poetry when not disposed to.

Moncure D. Conway burns daylight, never the midnight oil, and rarely the evening oil. Generally he works with his pen eight hours a day, tries to take two walks, and in the evening to get some amusement,— billiards or the theatre, of which he is very fond. He smokes as he begins work, but does not keep it up, and uses no other stimulant at work. He loves work, and never has had to force himself to labor. He generally makes some outline of what he means to write, but often leaves it, finding his thoughts developed by stating them. Conway has to be alone when writing, but does not care for noise outside of his study. He is a slow writer, and is always waiting on a nursery of slowly-maturing subjects.

Kate Field, the well-known editor and lecturer, prefers the daytime for literary work, for the reason, she says, that the brain is far clearer in the morning than at any other time. This refers, of course, to a normal brain, independent of stimulants. She thinks that, under pressure, night work in journalism is often more brilliant than any other; but that it is exceptional. She makes no outline in advance; and never uses stimulants, hot water excepted. She has no particular habit when at work, except the habit of sticking to it; and has no specified hours for work. She spends no time at a desk, as she writes in her lap, a habit which was also a peculiarity of Mrs. Browning. Miss Field maintains that it is far easier for her, and prevents round shoulders, and is also better for the lungs. She has forced herself to write at times, and does not believe in waiting for ideas "to turn up."

E. Vely, one of the best of the female novelists of Germany, however, believes in inspirations, and does not take a pen in hand unless disposed to write. Four hours in the forenoon are spent in composition, while the afternoon and evening are given up to pastime, exercise, and study. While at work she hates to be interrupted, and insists upon absolute stillness about her. She always sends her original manuscript to the printer.

And now we come to one who recently joined the great majority, one who, although he has gone the way of all mortals, still lives, whose name is not only found on the long list of the illustrious dead, but is also graven in golden letters on the record of the age: Dr. Alfred Meissner. It was his wont to do the imaginative part of his work in the stillness of the night, either in an easy chair — smoking a cigar — or in bed, in which he used to pass several hours sleepless almost every day. He used to sit down to write in the morning and quit at noon. Early in his literary career this distinguished Austrian novelist discovered that composition in the night-time, that is, the mechanical part of it, would not agree with him, that it was too great a strain on his nervous system, and so wisely concluded to write only by daylight. He was unable to comprehend how anybody could write a novel — a very intricate work — without making alterations and erasures subsequently in the original manuscripts. It appeared to him as if an artist would not make a sketch of his projected picture first, but would begin immediately to paint in oil and make no changes afterward. He cited the example of Raphael and Titian, who, although they were talented artists, made numerous sketches before they began a painting. Dr. Meissner first made a detailed outline of his work, which he elaborated with great care. While copying this second manuscript he was enabled to make a great many alterations, and to strike out everything that was unsuitable. Practically every production of his pen was written three times.

Sometimes Meissner would work with great ease, sometimes with difficulty. The composi-

tion of chapters that were full of stirring incidents, violent passions, or perilous situations used to excite him intensely, and progressed by degrees; whereas other chapters were written with great facility and swiftness. He wrote only when he was compelled to by his creative faculty, that urged him to set down what he had to say. He was a very diligent author, and left many books to keep his memory green and constantly endear him to the hearts of the people.

Dr. A. Glaser, the German novelist, dictates all his stories to a private secretary, a luxury which few Teutonic authors can afford. Ordinarily he writes in the daytime, but when deeply interested in some new work he keeps right on till late at night. Music, especially classic music, exerts a great influence on the products of his pen. When his work progresses slowly, a complication is not easily solved, or a character becomes somewhat indistinct, music, that is, oratorios and symphonies, invariably sets all matters right and dispels all difficulties. He never writes with greater facility or rapidity than when he has heard the music of Handel, Bach, or Beethoven just before sitting down to write.

What little literary work John Burroughs does is entirely contingent upon his health. If he is not feeling absolutely well, with a good appetite for his food, a good appetite for sleep, for the open air, for life generally, there is no literary work for him. If his sleep has been broken or insufficient, the day that follows is lost to his pen. He leads a sane and simple life: goes to bed at nine o'clock and gets up at five in summer and at six in winter; spends half of each day in the open air; avoids tea and coffee, tobacco, and all stimulating drinks; adheres mainly to a fruit and vegetable diet, and always aims to have something to do which he can do with zest. He is fond of the mild excitement of a congenial talk, of a conversation with friends, of a walk in the fields or woods, of a row on the river, of the reading of a good book. During working hours he likes to regale himself with good buttermilk, in which, he avers, there is great virtue. He writes for the most part only in fall and winter: writing best when his chimney draws best. He composes only when writing is play. His working hours, when he does write, are from nine or ten A. M. to two or three P. M. Then he wants his dinner, and after that a brisk walk of four or five miles, rain or shine. In the evening he reads or talks with his friends.

When Charles Deslys, the French novelist, begins to write he has a very indistinct idea of what he is about to compose; but after a while, becoming interested in the work, he writes with increasing pleasure, and the clouds which shut out the subject from view quickly clear away. He never makes an outline beforehand. He does not use stimulating drinks, but smokes much; and seldom works more than four or five hours at a time. At Nice, where he spends his winters now, he writes all the morning, from eight o'clock until noon, at the window, which is opened wide to let in the sunlight. In summer he always works in the open air, preferably at the seashore or in the woods. In this way he composed his first romances, novels, and songs, writing them down first in a note-book, which he always carried with him. Sometimes he dictated to a secretary. He has lost that faculty, and now must write down everything himself, either at his table or his writing-desk.

John Fiske, the evolutionist, describes himself as follows: —

"I am forty-three years old; six feet in height, girth of chest, forty-six inches; waist, forty-four inches; head, twenty-four inches; neck, eighteen inches; arm, sixteen inches; weight, 240 pounds; complexion, florid; hair, auburn; beard, red."

Professor Fiske is a fine specimen of manhood: he is alert and active, possesses a voracious appetite, a perfect digestion, and ability to sleep soundly. He works by day or night indifferently. His method, like General Grant's, is to "keep hammering." Sometimes he makes an outline first; but scarcely ever changes a word once written. He very seldom tastes coffee or wine, or smokes a cigar; but he drinks beer freely, and smokes tobacco in a meerschaum pipe nearly all the time when at work. He has been in the habit of working from twelve to fifteen hours daily since he was twelve years old. John Fiske is one of the healthiest of men, and never has a headache or physical discomfort of any sort. He prefers to work in a cold room,

55° to 60° F., and always sits in a draft when he can find one. He wears the thinnest clothes he can find, both in winter and summer. Despite this absence of precautions, he catches cold only once in three or four years, and then not severely. He never experienced the feeling of disinclination for work, and, therefore, has never had to force himself. If he feels at all dull when at work, he restores himself by a half-hour at the piano.

Ernest Wichert, who, besides being an honored member of the bar of Germany, is a celebrated novelist, courts the muses from eight o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon. After five P. M. he attends to his correspondence and daily professional duties. Only two forenoons in the week are taken up by his duties as judge of the superior court at Koenigsberg, Prussia. He never copies a romance or novel once written, but leaves a margin for alterations and additions. When a sentence — not a judicial one — presents any difficulty, he writes it out hastily on a small piece of paper before he puts it down in the manuscript. He is in the habit of revising and copying dramatic work at least three times before he submits it to a stage-manager. He is very much addicted to the use of tobacco, and smokes a pipe and a cigar alternately. He smokes at all times of the day, even during working-hours. Generally he sits down to write; but cannot bear to have a pen in hand when thinking about the subject of his work. He is accustomed to walk up and down the room until his thoughts have assumed a definite form. He works sometimes from five to six hours successively. He cannot write when anybody is in the room, and, therefore, always locks the doors before he sits down to his work. Literary labor is such a necessity to Wichert that he invariably feels uncomfortable when he has finished one work without beginning another immediately.

Many of the friends of Jules Claretie, the famous novelist, often are at a loss to account for his great fertility, and cannot see how he manages to do all that he succeeds in doing. When this question was once asked of the author, he replied, smilingly: "I am used to working, love to work, and work regularly — without excess, and with constant pleasure. Work is, with certain natures, one of the forms of health." Claretie's pen is put in motion only in the daytime; at night it rests, like the genial man himself. When the author feels indisposed, he does not write except for journals to which matter must be supplied on a certain date; attacks of neuralgia and nervous headache often interfere with his work. When at work he is in the habit of humming various tunes without being conscious of it. When work is easy to him, he sings; but when it is difficult, a dead silence reigns in his study. Sometimes work proves exceedingly hard to be done in the beginning, but the longer he writes the easier it becomes. Claretie notes down all ideas that come to his mind, utilizing them afterward for his novels. He also makes a detailed outline of his romances; but his journalistic articles are composed at the point of the pen. He is a very fast writer, and the ink on one page is often not quite dry before another is begun.

Hermann Rollet, a distinguished Austrian author, writes on scientific topics in the evening as well as in the day-time. With him poetry is evolved, almost without exception, in the dead of night, when he lies awake after having slept a few hours. He invariably makes an outline, and when his manuscript is finished he improves it as much as possible. There must be no noise in the room where he works; outside din, however, does not affect him. When Rollet has a clear conception of the subject in hand, work is mere play to him; otherwise, it is difficult indeed. The author has one great peculiarity, which is seldom met with, and has, I think, never been noted before. When composing poetry, it appears to him as if he only removes by the act of writing the covering from something that has been concealed, and he looks upon the resulting poem as if he had not produced it, as if it had been in existence before, and as if he had but revealed it. Thus generally his best songs are produced. Sometimes he dreams of a poem, verse for verse, line for line. If he happens to wake up at the time, and strikes a light, he is able to write down literally the poem of which he dreamt. Frequently he forgets all about his dream after it is written down, and is then

greatly astonished in the morning to find a finished poem on his writing-table. He says that he could more easily split wood or break stones than to write without inclination. He has to force himself merely to copy what he has written.

Dr. H. Erichsen.

DETROIT, Mich.

TO A BUDDING GENIUS.

Going to be a writer, eh? Laudable ambition, very. Great men, those writers. Ten thousand dollars a story, and more, to say nothing of the fame and the afternoon teas, and the moral elevation consequent on thinking you are pushing the world around.

Yes, great men. Used to think of being a writer myself once, long ago. Field's pretty full nowadays. Always room at the top, you say. Yes, that's the trouble with so many of you young people who have read Emerson; you hitch your wagon to a star, and naturally get jerked off your feet, and after dangling in the air for a while, subside, and take up the clothing business or write for the papers.

You know everybody writes these days, and originality lags behind production. Oh, but you have something new, have you? That is what the publishers want. Sure it's new? you know so little has escaped the sweeping pens of George Eliot, Scott, and Thackeray. But it's new, really and truly new. Well, well, poor Solomon! another proof of human frailty. And you have n't written it yet? Ah, that puts another face on the matter. You know things look so different in print. Yes, indeed, it's queer what a cold and sicklied appearance those fiery imaginings have when they take on a local habitation and a name.

Now, I know a young would-be author who goes about making beautiful plots and finding new characters every day, but when the poor creature gets them to take shape in the manuscript, the blush has faded out of their faces and the litheness from their gait, and they seem like poor decrepit invalids. They need solid food, they're too thin, like the tramp's excuse, "No work."

Thinking is good, and reading is to be recommended, but I would not suggest that in your case, for, of course, you have thought out all your creations.

Now, I know most, if not all, the characters that the young writer (I shan't expose the sex) attempts to portray. Met them before in other books. Nice people they are, too. Of course, I do not expect that every time they visit me they will say the same things, or act just as they did the time previous, but their dear familiar faces do me good.

So your ideas are quite original? That's nice, is n't it? I heard a novelist say he would be glad to get two original ideas a year, but you have ever so many. How pleasant, since coals are so cheap in Newcastle.

You have seen for yourself, you say, the things about which you will write; no hearsay in your case; no empty echoes, no reporting, no compilation, no distribution. You are to be a producer, not a re-producer. I'm very glad. Perhaps you will write "The Great American Novel," and not leave the laurels for the twentieth century.

One cannot see with others' eyes, and you will remember the hard time Herodotus has been having since his death on that point. However, one can write well by simply going to the imagination mill and grinding out one's incidents.

Defoe wrought many a good story out of "whole cloth," and succeeded by his faculty of

"lying like truth." Lord Chatham took his "History of a Cavalier" for a true biography, so like the truth was it.

You are going to put your experiences through the process of change by the imagination, and turn them out new, are you? That's a good idea. Hegel and Lewis recommend that, and, come to think of it, that's what lies at the basis of true art. All great writers have done so; clothed their homely, every-day characters in the garments of imagination, transfigured them, so to speak, and yet kept them within the bounds of probability.

You do not believe in reading what others have written? Well, well. Rather revolutionary, is n't it? Weaken your originality, would it? Yes, I do remember that Bunyan produced the first really original form of English prose fiction, and that he was a man of only one book; but then Cervantes, whom Heine calls the "father of the modern novel," was an omnivorous reader. You recollect what Bacon wrote: "If a man read little, he hath need of much cunning to seem to know that he doth not"? And he also writes: "Reading maketh the full man." That's a fact, and, as you say, full of other people's ideas; and it is our own Ralph Waldo who says: "A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages."

And you think success can be obtained now as in the days of "Adam Bede" and "Waverley"? That's well; aim high, and don't forget those books were founded on principles eternal as the human mind, and their success was no accident. *Auf wiedersehen!*

J. H. Jones.

BOSTON, MASS.

A TRUE LITTLE PEN STORY.

Sometimes I write verses. Very likely they are rather poor verses, yet I confess, in all honesty, that I believe I have read worse. And then the check that often comes in return for these verses leads me to believe that I may rightly count myself among the knitters in the sun, if not one of the dwellers on the summit of Parnassus.

Many months ago I sent some of these humble little verses to a rather leading New York magazine. I sent stamps and the usual few words to the effect that I should like to have my verses returned if they did not prove to be acceptable. This is the response which I received. I copy all but names and titles: —

DEAR SIR: Your poem, "A ——— ———," is not without merit, but we have so much better ones on hand, if you expect compensation, we cannot take it. If you care to see it in the pages of ——— ——— without compensation, will be glad to publish it, and will send you copy of it when it appears.

Yours respectfully,

— — — — —

To this I wrote in reply (and sending more stamps), that while I did not question the propriety of their placing their own estimate upon the merit and value of any and all contributions sent them, I thought it a pity that they should be willing to publish anything that was inferior, even for nothing or for the price of one copy of their most excellent magazine. I also said that I thought that if my verses were worth anything, they were surely worth at least one year's subscription; but if they thought not, to please return them to me. This was answered as follows: —

——— ——— ———, Esq.

DEAR SIR: On ——— ——— we wrote you regarding your poem, saying by mistake that we had so much better on hand. We intended to say that we had so much matter on hand, and could, therefore, only use it without compensation.

Yours respectfully,

— — — — — — —,

Editor-in-Chief.

All this happened many months ago, and

I have not seen or heard of stamps, poem, or magazine. But the "Lounger" of the *Critic* told the story in his or her way, and it was retold in THE WRITER. The "Lounger" calls me Madam, but the editor-in-chief in both instances addressed me as "Esq." and "Sir," and it is really true that the granting me those titles has gone far toward soothing my wounded pride, and causing me much amusement.

I really did not think that the editor was brutal. It really seemed to me that he was simply trying to buy a good thing as cheap as possible, for the old story of having better articles on hand than those brought to one for sale is as familiar as the history of Abraham; and so I trust that the editor-in-chief of ———— will pardon my mistake or misunderstanding, — if there be any,— and that there will be no wounded pride resulting from my interpretation of his editorial courtesy.

Eugenia Chapman Gillett.

EMPORIA, Kan.

PA-PA: PAP-PA—MA-MA: MAM-MA.

One of the most singular and unaccountable of the many idiosyncracies of modern literary style is to be found in the arbitrary and meaningless orthography of the two simple words representing, in all languages, the sweetest and holiest of all human relationships. The puzzle lies in this: That almost without exception the best and most careful writers and publishers of the present day spell "pa-pa" with two "p's," while they insist upon the use of an extra and altogether needless "m" in the word "ma-ma."

An ancient writer says: "Without doubt the word (ma-ma) is formed by Nature herself, since all infants of all nations begin to speak this word, as the most easy of pronunciation, being, in fact, formed solely by the compression of the lips." And he gives two instances of its use by a still older writer (Prior), spelled "ma-ma," in his "Venus Mistaken" and "The Dove."

If, then, the infant, to whose especial use these words are dedicated, unconsciously forms them "by the mere compression of the lips," as "by Nature herself," what authority have we for spelling them differently? If "pa-pa" is correct, why is not "ma-ma"? If the only correct orthography of the latter is "mam-ma," why do we not write and print "pap-pa"?

We can find nothing, apparently, in the different forms of these words in the different languages to account for the variance in the spelling. The following table exhibits as many instances of variation in the spelling of one as of the other: —

Latin:	Pa-pa.	Mam-ma.
Italian:	Pa-pa, pap-pa.	Mam-ma.
Spanish:	Pa-pa.	Ma-ma.
French:	Pa-pa, pape.	Ma-man.
German:	Pa-pa.	
Dutch:	Pa-pa, pap.	
Swedish:	Pap-pa.	
Persian:	Bab.	
Welsh:		Mam.
Armenian:		Ma-men.

In the interest of simpler and more reasonable rules of literary style, it is to be hoped that those writers and publishers to whom we look for examples of purity, and uniformity, and elegance, will take this matter up, trivial as it may seem, and either labor for the adoption of a uniform spelling of pa-pa and ma-ma, or give the profession and the public good reasons for the present difference.

Chas. A. Choate.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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VOL. VI. MAY, 1893. NO. 5.

Owing to the inability of the editor of THE WRITER to attend to his duties at the WRITER office, no numbers of the magazine were issued for the last eight months of 1892, or the first four months of 1893. Volume VI. of THE WRITER, therefore, will include the numbers from January to April, inclusive, 1892, and from May to December, inclusive, 1893. The volume will be paged continuously, and the bound volume, when it is completed, will be marked "Vol. VI., 1892–93."

All subscriptions unexpired May 1, 1892, will *be dated ahead one year.* Subscribers to whom numbers of THE AUTHOR are due will receive THE WRITER for a corresponding term.

***

The price of a complete set of THE WRITER, including five bound volumes and the twelve unbound numbers for 1892–93, is now Eight Dollars, express prepaid. Single bound volumes for any year will be sent prepaid for $1.50, excepting the bound volumes for 1887 and 1889, of which the price, when ordered without the others in the set, is now Two Dollars each. Single back numbers of THE WRITER will be supplied, excepting those that are out of print, for fifteen cents each.

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***

Not infrequently editors receive manuscripts offered for publication accompanied by letters of which one may be quoted as an example. The writer says: —

"Enclosed please find an article. I will be very glad to receive any remuneration you may consider right. I have not seen your publication. If you do not care for the article, you will confer a great favor by informing me where I could send it for publication."

The letter was innocently written, no doubt, and, of course, the author has committed no crime other than a breach of common sense. But what a foolish thing she has done! Postage on the manuscript, which was altogether unsuited to the magazine to which it was submitted, cost her thirty-two cents. For less than that she could have bought at any news-stand a copy of the periodical in question, and a mere glance at it would have shown her that the editor could not possibly accept her manuscript. Why should she waste her money and his time in sending her manuscript to him? Why should she expect him to stop in his work — as he did — and give her advice as to the disposition of her wares? There are literary bureaus that make a business of giving just such information for a proper fee, and authors and editors are making it more and more their custom to refer to them such inquiries as they receive. At all events, every writer may well make it a rule never to send a manuscript to a periodical of which he has

never seen a copy. The manuscript market is governed by the same general laws as other places of exchange, and people do not exercise ordinary prudence when they send their wares blindly to the first buyer whose name they happen to run across.

* * *

Another foolish thing that inexperienced writers in their unwisdom often do is to say to an editor in a letter accompanying a manuscript: "If you cannot use this article, throw it in the waste basket. I don't want to see it again except in print." If the author values the manuscript so cheaply, how can he expect that any editor will care to look at it? His letter seems to say: "I don't think much of this manuscript myself. I send it to you thinking that possibly, in a moment of blindness to your own interests, you may make the blunder of accepting it. If you don't, I don't know of any other editor whose judgment is less likely to be good; and, really, the manuscript isn't worth the cost of return postage to me. So, if you can't use it, don't waste either your money or mine by taking a good two-cent stamp to send it back." Of course, the writer may not mean to say all this, but, whatever he means, that is what his letter substantially implies. Nothing could be more unbusinesslike or more imprudent. Every experienced writer knows that an unquestionably excellent manuscript may be returned a half dozen times, or more, before it is finally accepted, and that an author learns by rejections a great deal that is valuable to him. If he omits to ask for the return of his manuscript, and to enclose sufficient postage, he acts as foolishly as a man would who should waste cartridges firing at a target in the dark, and never taking the trouble afterward to inquire whether he came anywhere near the mark or not. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Won't you tell me the proper use of "was" and "were" after a subjunctive? I have supposed one should say "if it *were*,"—for instance; but in Richard Grant White's "Words and Their Uses" I find he says in the opening sentence of his preface: "If it *was* not at hand"! Would you say: "If no one *was* there," or "*were* there"? I thought I knew grammar, but I don't believe I do! H. H.

[The rule is that where a *future* contingency, or doubt or indecision, or a wish is expressed, the verb should be in the subjunctive mood; but where a conditional circumstance *which is not future* is expressed, the verb should be in the indicative. Thus, it is right to say: "If it were necessary, he would come"; but, "If it it was necessary, he came."—W. H. H.]

Will you kindly tell me how, under the new law of international copyright, an author is to go to work to get a book or story copyrighted in England and the United States at the same time? G. T. K.

[In order to secure copyright in both England and the United States, an author must publish his book in both countries on the same day. The book cannot be copyrighted in the United States unless it is printed from type set in this country. On or before the day of publication, the author must have delivered to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, a printed copy of the title-page (typewriter print will do), a registration fee of fifty cents (if he is a United States citizen, or one dollar, if he is an alien), and two complete copies of the first edition of his book. His letter claiming copyright should read something like this:—

BOSTON, Mass., May 1, 1893.

Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I enclose fee of fifty cents and printed copy of title-page of a book called [here insert name of book], of which I claim copyright as author [or publisher, as the case may be]. I wish to reserve all rights. I reside at [here insert full address].

Yours truly,

JOHN SMITH.

On the front or back of the title-page of each copy of the printed book must appear the words (for instance), "Copyright, 1893, by John Smith." Compliance with these terms will secure copyright in the United States. To secure copyright in England it will be necessary for the author, in addition, to have delivered, on or before the day of publication, to the Registrar of Copyright, Stationer's Hall, London, a copy of the book, with a fee of five shillings, and a letter giving the title of the book, the name of the publisher,

and place of publication, the name and residence of the proprietor of the copyright, and the date of first publication. A copy of the first edition published must be sent, delivery charges prepaid, to the British Museum. There are four other libraries which have a right, on demand, to receive copies of every edition of the book. The words "Entered at Stationer's Hall" must be printed on the front or back of the title-page of the book. These directions cover the subject in a general way. An author intending to copyright a book, however, will do well to send to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, and to the Registrar of Copyright, Stationer's Hall, London, for complete instructions as to the proper way to proceed.—W. H. H.]

Is the expression "as regards" good literary form? I find it is used frequently by writers of excellent repute. C. A. A.

["As regards" certainly has the sanction of good authority, and the phrase does not appear to have have been objected to by writers on the proper use of English.—W. H. H.]

What is the difference in meaning, if there is any, between "bathos" and "pathos"? If "bathos" and "pathos" are interchangeable, why not "bathetic" and "pathetic," and "symbathy" and "sympathy"? R. L. F.

["Bathos" is a term of rhetoric, signifying, as Webster says, "a ludicrous descent from the elevated to the mean, in writing or speech." It is illustrated in the following sentence; "She was a woman of many accomplishments and virtues, graceful in her movements, winning in her address, a kind friend, a faithful and loving wife, a most affectionate mother, and *she played beautifully on the pianoforte.*" Another illustration is: "What pen can describe the tears, the lamentations, the agonies, the *animated remonstrances* of the unfortunate prisoners?" Intentional bathos may be used to produce a humorous effect, as in De Quincey's "Supplementary Paper on Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," where the essayist says: "For, if once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath breaking; and from that to in*civility and procrastination.* Once begin upon this downward path, you never know where you are to stop." "Pathos" is defined by Webster as "that which awakens tender emotions."—W. H. H.]

In the course of my reading I have observed that "each other" and "one another" are rarely used alike. Sometimes I find an author using "each other" when speaking of more than two persons and "one another" when speaking of two. I have also seen both expressions used on successive pages of a famous book in the same application, *i. e.*, with reference to two or more persons. I myself use "each other" in speaking of two persons, and "one another" in speaking of more than two, as I was taught to do years ago at the High School. Recently, in a story of mine published in one of the monthly magazines, I find that the editor has made the expressions interchangeable. Is he justified in so doing by the best usage? D. L. C.

[The expression "each other" must be used if only two subjects are spoken of, "one another" if more than two. The mistakes of well-known writers do not justify disregard of the rule, even though Murray himself in his "Grammar" says, "Two negatives in English destroy *one another*, or are equivalent to an affirmative."—W. H. H.]

Has not the word "segregation" a plural meaning only? In Bret Harte's story, "The Crusade of the Excelsior," page 34, he uses the word in a single sense. P. B. W.

[The true meaning of the verb "to segregate" is "to separate from others and collect together," and, properly speaking, one person cannot be segregated. Bret Harte's sentence is: "That prostrate condition of active humanity, which so irresistibly appeals to the feminine imagination as segregating their victim from the distractions of his own sex, and, as it were, delivering him helpless into their hands, was at once their opportunity and his." "Cutting off" would have been literally correct.—W. H. H.]

What proportion of the expense of publishing a book and binding in a cheap way, muslin and paper, do the stereotype plates embrace, and what is the cost of square duodecimo type per plate? L.

[The cost of typesetting is the chief part of the cost of publishing an ordinary book, so far as the first edition is concerned. There is no

such thing as "square duodecimo type." Roughly speaking, the stereotype plates of an ordinary duodecimo book are likely to cost about $1 a page. — W. H. H.]

Is there any rule, or guide, by which one can know what to omit when writing a short story? Short story writing is my *bête noire*, because I think of so many incidents, descriptions, and conversations, and yet cannot tell whether or not to use them all. They seem equally interesting to me, but I imagine I am too generous with them, as my short stories all come home to me again, while serials and sketches do not. I have read short stories in *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Bazar*, hoping to learn the secret of the art, but, really, I do not see but that they often contain conversations and descriptions as superfluous as mine seem to be. The great mistake which threatens all my writings is too great elaboration, and my great need is to know what to omit. Will you have the goodness to tell me what I can study to assist me? R.

[Unfortunately, no one has ever yet elaborated any rules to guide authors in determining what to leave out of their productions. So far as short stories are concerned, the question is a very delicate one, and each author must answer it according to his own good judgment. Generally speaking, a short story is of necessity a sketch, and detailed descriptions and thorough analysis of character are out of place. The most successful short-story writers are those who individualize one central character or idea, and make everything else in the story subordinate to that, using only details enough to give strength to the picture. The writer who builds a short story according to the old-fashioned Aristotelian plan of building an oration, with exordium, narrative, proof, and peroration all in proper place, is reasonably sure to have his manuscript returned. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Some one has suggested that those who express poetic thoughts in a form more like prose than poetry be called "proets." Emily Dickinson was quoted as an example. Are not the terms too much alike in sound, and, therefore, easily confounded? How would "prosettes" do? Do not the writers of the new style need and deserve a longer name, or something rather Whitmanesque perhaps? Some will not acknowledge a poet unless his work be always done according to the rules governing the fixed forms of verse, and more rave over the formless poet. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? E. C. G.

EMPORIA, Kan.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.

"A Grammatical Error."— Is any one justified in saying "a grammatical mistake" or "error"? Does not the fact of the thing being "*grammatical*" preclude all "error"? Should not I say an "error in grammar" or an "error in English"?

MRS. WM. F. COLTHARP.

MILLIKEN'S BEND, La.

Rendition. — Does the word "rendition" mean anything more than restoring, giving back? Is there not some better way of saying that a certain song was sung, and well sung, than to say that (at a recent Burns festival) "Mr.—— gave a fine rendering of 'Scots Wha Hae'"?

P. MC A. C.

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

BOOK REVIEWS.

AMERICAN GAME FISHES. Their Habits, Habitat, and Peculiarities; How, When, and Where to Angle for Them. By W. A. Perry and nineteen others. 580 pp. Cloth. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1892.

From the beautiful colored plate of trout-flies which makes the frontispiece to the sensible points on camping-out which close the handsome octavo volume, this book is a delight to fishermen and to all lovers of out-door life. As the introduction truthfully says: "The book as a whole is unequalled in the history of angling literature, for the detail with which the various subjects are treated and grouped together, and no other volume presents to its readers so much valuable information by such a galaxy of star writers upon American game fishes." Each man has written about the fish of which he knows the most, and the result is a cyclopædia of fishing lore, such as no one man living could possibly prepare alone. Charles Hallock writes of the salmon; W. A. Perry, of the Pacific salmon; J. G. A. Creighton, of the land-locked salmon; W. N. Haldeman, of the tarpon; Francis Endicott, of the striped bass Dr. J. A. Hew-

shall, of the black bass; Professor G. Brown Goode, of the bluefish; F. H. Thurston, of the brook trout; W. H. H. Murray, of "Trouting on the Nipigon"; Rev. Luther Pardee, of the lake trout, etc., etc.; while chapters on "The Senses of Fishes," by William C. Harris; "Fishing-tackle and How to Make It," by J. Harrington Keene; "Reels, Their Use and Abuse," by B. C. Milan; and "The Angler's Camp Outfit," by G. O. Shields, complete the interest and the usefulness of the book. In addition there are truthful pictures of all the fishes treated in the volume and of lively fishing scenes. Taken all in all, the book comes pretty near perfection. W. H. H.

WALT WHITMAN. By William Clarke, M. A. With a portrait. 132 pp. Cloth, 90 cents. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

The five sections into which this book is divided have reference respectively to Whitman's personality, his relations to and message for America, his art, his belief about the nature of Democracy, and his ultimate spiritual creed. The work is expository, rather than critical, and has an admirable portrait from a photograph taken in 1887. W. H. H.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIA; OR, THE STORY OF A LIFE. By Walt Whitman. Selected from his prose writings. 205 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1892.

The purpose of the editor — Arthur Stedman — in combining these selections from Walt Whitman's prose works has been to give a consecutive account of the poet's life in his own characteristic language. The book is printed in the attractive style of the Fiction, Fact, and Fancy Series, and has a frontispiece picture from a photograph of Whitman's Camden house. W. H. H.

AN AUTHOR'S LOVE. Being the unpublished Letters of Prosper Mérimée's "Inconnue." 339 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Miss Balch's imagined answers to Mérimée's famous "*Lettres à une Inconnue*" are only less interesting than the original much-talked-of book. They are written with grace and spirit, and the whole idea of the book is most attractive. W. H. H.

GREEN FIELDS AND RUNNING BROOKS. By James Whitcomb Riley. 224 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company. 1893.

Mr. Riley's quaint poems have won such wide popularity that the publication of a new volume of his verses is a welcome event, sure to give pleasure to thousands and thousands of his readers everywhere. The variety of the poems in this volume gives to the book an especial charm. Some of the poems, reprinted in periodicals throughout the country, have already come to be counted among modern classics. Others are sure to be as popular, when they are as generally known. As a whole, the book will increase the good reputation of the writer, who must already be accorded a place among the first of living American poets. W. H. H.

WISPS OF WIT AND WISDOM; or, Knowledge in a Nutshell. By Albert P. Southwick, A. M. 285 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: A. Lovell & Co. 1892.

In answers to 601 questions much valuable information is given in Mr. Southwick's book on obscure historical, legendary, and literary subjects, and the origin of many popular words and phrases is explained. An index makes the information of the book accessible. W. H. H.

PADDLES AND POLITICS DOWN THE DANUBE. By Poultney Bigelow. With illustrations by the author. 253 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1892.

No book of travel should ever be published without a map showing the country which the traveller describes. Mr. Bigelow's book is without this useful feature, but it lacks nothing else to make it an amusing and instructive record of interesting experiences in foreign lands. The author's trip down the whole length of the Danube was made in the summer of 1891 in an American sailing canoe, fifteen feet long and thirty inches wide. Besides describing the journey and the scenes along the way, Mr. Bigelow discusses Danubian politics from the point of view of a foreign visitor, and points out the benefits which in his opinion would result if the whole great river highway should come under the control of the German Emperor. The illustrations are reproductions of rough sketches — suggestive rather than satisfactory to the reader. W. H. H.

FROM FINLAND TO GREECE; or, Three Seasons in Eastern Europe. By Harriet Cornelia Hayward. 327 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: John B. Alden. 1892.

Starting from Stockholm and crossing the Gulf of Bothnia into Finland, Mrs. Hayward visits and describes Russia, Poland, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Turkey, and Greece. Her descriptions are interesting, and the text is enlivened by numerous illustrations. W. H. H.

THE GODDESS OF ATVATABAR. By William R. Bradshaw. Illustrated. 318 pp. Cloth, $2.00. New York: J. F. Douthitt. 1892.

"The Goddess of Atvatabar" relates the "history of the discovery of the interior world and the conquest of Atvatabar." As the introduction, by Julian Hawthorne, says, it "is a production of imagination and sentiment, the scene of action being laid in the interior of the earth. It is full of marvellous adventures on land and sea, and in the aerial regions as well. The author has created a complete society, with a complete environment suited to it. Moreover, he has created in conjunction therewith an interior world of the soul, illuminated with the still more dazzling sun of ideal love in all its

passion and beauty." His imagination is daring, and he expresses his romantic conceptions in a style which Mr. Hawthorne praises, and with a semblance of reality which cannot fail to entice the reader. The illustrations of the book, by five or six different artists, are really works of genius, and altogether in keeping with the fanciful nature of the tale. The reader who takes up the story of the adventurous visit to Atvatabar, will be likely to continue reading to the end before he lays it down. It is a weird, imaginative tale of undoubted power, and from first to last it has an ever-growing fascination. W. H. H.

STORIES FROM THE GREEK COMEDIANS. By Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A. With sixteen illustrations after the antique. 344 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

In pursuance of his useful work of popularizing classical literature, Professor Church has prepared these stories from the works of Aristophanes, Philemon, Diphilus, Menander, and Apollodorus, admirably presenting the spirit of the originals, and affording an excellent idea of the comedy of ancient Greece. He has dealt freely with the originals, but his scholarship is so broad and his understanding of his subject is so comprehensive that his authors have lost nothing valuable in modern days by his style of treatment. The antique illustrations of the book are capital. W. H. H.

THE STORY OF NEW MEXICO. By Horatio O. Ladd. 473 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. 1892.

Ten years residence at Santa Fé and extensive travel throughout the neighboring country have given Professor Ladd accurate data and material for a book, which will be read not only for its historic value, but for its vivid pictures of a strange and remote civilization. W. H. H.

THE YOUTH OF FREDERICK THE GREAT. By Ernest Lavisse. Translated by Mary Bushnell Coleman. 445 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1892.

M. Lavisse's history of Frederick the Great is generally agreed to be the best that has yet been written. Mrs. Coleman's translation is clear and facile, and well reproduces the spirit of the original. W. H. H.

DON ORSINO. By Marion Crawford. 448 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

"Don Orsino," the third in the remarkable series of Roman novels of which "Saracinesca" and "Sant' Ilario" were the first two, has been added to the Macmillans' uniform dollar edition of Crawford's novels. The story, like the others of the trilogy, is one of engrossing interest, and the style of the edition leaves nothing to be desired. W. H. H.

RAND, MCNALLY, & CO.'S NEW POCKET ATLAS. 171 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1892.

Colored county maps of all the states and territories of the United States and the provinces of Canada, with descriptive, historical, and statistical matter about each; indexed lists of counties, giving area and population; and colored skeleton maps of the other countries of the world, with statistical matter about the countries and their political cities, are given in this handy volume, which is based on the census of 1890, and which is probably, as the publishers say, "the best and most comprehensive work of its kind." W. H. H.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS. A Boy's Adventures in the Higher Alps. By George Manville Fenn. 415 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SYD BELTON, THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT GO TO SEA. By G. Manville Fenn. With illustrations by Gordon Brown. 348 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Two more exciting books than these boys never read. They are crowded full of life and adventure, and any boy who begins either of them is likely to be very loath to leave it when it is time for him to go to bed, and to dream about it after he gets to sleep. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

THE MASTER OF THE MAGICIANS. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Herbert D. Ward. 324 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Riverside Paper Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1892.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 378 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Riverside Paper Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co 1892.

HILL'S SOUVENIR GUIDE TO CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR. By Thomas E. Hill. 232 pp. Cloth. 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1892.

MASSACHUSETTS OF TO-DAY. A Memorial of the State, Historical and Biographical, Issued for the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Prepared under the direction of Daniel P. Toomey; edited by Thomas C. Quinn. 619 pp. Cloth, $10.00. Boston: Columbia Publishing Co. 1892.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Using Printed Postal Cards. — As the government will not redeem postal cards printed on the back and not addressed, different schemes have been devised to make such cards available. Perhaps the most effective is to cover the printing with bronze, on which a message may be written, or other printing may be put. Another scheme is illustrated by a postal card which I have just received, and on the back of which is pasted a sheet of thin paper, cut to fit the card, and nearly matching it in color. The paper covers the printing on the card and the message is written on the paper. The address

side, of course, is not affected, and only a sharp-eyed postal clerk would notice that the card is extra thick. I doubt, however, if such a "doctored" card can legally be sent through the mails. R. T. F.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Oiling Shears.—If your shears squeak or bind while you are using them, run your finger thoughtfully down the side of your nose, and rub it over the inside of the blades, and the scissors will generally work as easily and noiselessly as any one could desire. There is always a little oil collected in the corners on the outside of one's nostrils, and those who know it can "oil up" squeaky shears without trouble, or without fear of making the scissors greasy. Another simple way to accomplish the same end is to draw the blades of the shears over the hair, on which, when it is healthy, there is always a little oil. B. O. F.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

A Railway Writing Desk.—A pillow held in the lap makes a good basis for a writing tablet, when one is riding on a train, since it lessens the jar of the train and so makes writing easier. Another good device is to have a thin board, large enough for a tablet, sustained from one of the hooks at the top of the car at a convenient angle in front of the traveller, by two cords passing around its upper end. The lower end of the board beneath the arm is held up by a cord passing under it and around the arm. The board so sustained will yield to every motion of the train, and one can write upon it almost as easily as upon a desk at home. L. S. N.

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.

Enclosing a Stamp.—When you buy a sheet of postage stamps, do not tear off the blank edge. Instead, leave it attached, and when you enclose stamps in a letter, turn back a part of the blank paper; moisten it and stick it to the head of your letter. This act will call down blessings upon your head from the editor who is accustomed to receive his stamps loose and fluttering, or what is worse, irrevocably stuck to the letter. R. H.

RED WING, Minn.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

THE ART OF MYSTERY IN FICTION. George Manville Fenn. *North American Review* for April.

ARCHITECTURE AMONG THE POETS. Henry Van Brunt. *Atlantic Monthly* for April.

LITERARY CHAT ABOUT MODERN AUTHORS. *Munsey's Magazine* for April.

DIFFICULTIES AND DELIGHTS OF INTERVIEWING. I. Huldah Fredericks. *American Queen* for April.

PEASANTRY IN LITERATURE. *New Orleans Times-Democrat* for April 2.

MARY J. HOLMES, THE NOVELIST. Sara H. Henton. *Louisville Courier-Journal* for April 2.

OCTAVE THANET'S LIFE-WORK. Lillie B. Chase Wyman. *New Haven Register* for April 2.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM. *Chicago Inter-Ocean* for April 2.

THE NEWSPAPER IN AMERICAN LIFE. I.—The Newspaper and Our Young People. Edward Stanwood. *Boston Commonwealth* for March 25. II.—Journalism and Its Opportunities. Frederic T. Greenhalge. *Boston Commonwealth* for April 1. III.—An Endowed Newspaper. Charles H. Levermore. *Boston Commonwealth* for April 8. IV.—The Newspaper of the Present and of the Future. Charles Dudley Warner. *Boston Commonwealth* for April 15. V.—The Editor and the Public, Alexander K. McClure. *Boston Commonwealth* for April 22. VI.—The Newspaper of Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow. Edward Everett Hale. *Boston Commonwealth* for April 29.

PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER. Historical Number, with Fac-simile of Vol. 1, No. 1. April 24.

BOSTON JOURNAL. Historical Number. April 24.

EDGAR ALLEN POE AND ELIZABETH BARRETT. Kate Vannah. *Kate Field's Washington* for April 5.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DICKENS. Harger Ragan. *Cosmopolitan* for May.

THE PEDAGOGICAL VALUE OF THE NOVEL. M. S. Merwin. *Cosmopolitan* for May.

T. R. SULLIVAN. With portrait. *Book Buyer* for May.

A PLEA FOR THE PURPOSE NOVEL. William D. Moffet. *Critic* for April 15.

THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN CRITICISM. James Buckham. *Critic* for April 29.

SOME REALISM REGARDING STYLE. F. I. Vassault. *Overland Monthly* for May.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. Portrait. *Arena* for May.

SOME CALIFORNIA WRITERS. With portraits of Ambrose Bierce, Gertrude Atherton, W. C. Morrow, John Vance Cheney, Grace Ellery Channing, Edward Rowland Sill, Charles Edwin Markham, Gustav Adolf Danziger, and others. *Californian Illustrated Magazine* for May.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH AT HOME. Reprinted from *Pall Mall Budget* in *Chicago Saturday Evening Herald* for April 22.

DAUDET AT HOME. Illustrated. Jessie Leach. *New York Press* for April 16.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. *Christian Union* for April 8.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. Illustrated. Wallace Putnam Reed. *Memphis Commercial* for April 9.

LITERARY COINCIDENCE. *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* for April 9.

HOWELLS AS A NOVEL-WRITER. L. N. Cooke. *Christian Register* for April 13.

BOSTON'S OLD MAGAZINES. Alpha Child. *Boston Transcript* for April 1.

CHATS WITH OCTAVE THANET. Lillie B. Chace Wyman. *Omaha World-Herald* for April 2.

MR. W. W. ASTOR AS A PUBLISHER. *New York World* for April 2.

THE BUILDING OF "RUDDER GRANGE." Frank R. Stockton. *Youth's Companion* for March 30.

LITERARY MEN IN POLITICS. Frederick S. Schilling. *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* for April 30.

OUR STORY-TELLERS. George Newell Lovejoy. *Chicago Inter-Ocean* for April 30.

THE WORLD'S NEWSPAPERS. W. E. Jarvis. Reprinted from *New York Home Journal* in *Pittsburg Bulletin* for April 8.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Worthington's Illustrated Magazine is a new monthly journal for the family, published at Hartford, Conn. It is essentially a home magazine, and is well printed, well edited, and well planned.

The *Spider's Web*, a new Boston fortnightly paper, will have in each number one short story, book reviews, dramatic criticism, and gossip.

Fetter's Southern Magazine, published at Louisville, Ky., reaches its tenth number with the May issue.

The *Colorado Magazine* is a new Denver monthly, the first issue being that for April.

Storiettes is the name of a new short story magazine to be published monthly in New York.

There will be general regret that the publication of the well-conducted Boston weekly, *Two Tales*, has been suspended.

Lucy Larcom died in Boston April 19.

John Addington Symonds died in Rome, Italy, April 19.

The *Critic* for April 29 contains portraits of John Addington Symonds and Lucy Larcom. Hereafter, at the beginning of each month, the *Critic* will publish a review of the new magazines, filling several pages.

Professor A. S. Hardy will continue to be associate editor of the *Cosmopolitan* for at least another year.

An elegant publication is the *Knight-Errant*, "a quarter-yearly review of the liberal arts," of which the first three numbers have been published in Boston. Its conductors entitle it "a magazine of appreciation," and certainly its typographical beauty and the loftiness of its purpose will be appreciated by all cultivated readers. The frontispiece of the first number was a fine photogravure reproduction of "La Columbine," by Bernardino Luini, from a photograph by Braun. Poems by Louise Imogen Guiney, Agnes Lee, and Herbert E. Clarke, and prose contributions from Charles Eliot Norton Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue, Ralph Adams Cram, Brander Matthews, Bliss Carman, Fred Holland Day, and others made the number attractive. To the bibliophile the *Knight-Errant* must be a delight. During the first year only five hundred sets are being printed, and the magazine is to be delivered only in unbroken numbered volumes at the subscription price of three dollars a year.

Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York, has in his possession a relic which most literary people would give a great deal to possess. At first sight the plain blackthorn walking-stick does not seem to be of any great value, but a closer scrutiny reveals a small silver plate, bearing the name and address, "Charles Dickens, Gad's Hill, London." In one corner of the plate are the initials "C. D. to J. T. F." The stick, which is now carefully cherished, has evidently seen good service, and one cannot help feeling honored at being allowed to touch the handle which was so often grasped by the hand which penned the pathetic story of "Little Nell," the sad love affairs of Tracy Tupman, and the delightfully humorous utterances of "Samivel Veller." When Dickens visited America he found most congenial friends at the home of James T. Fields, of Boston, and when he returned to his native land, he left his English walking-stick with Mr. Fields for a remembrance, chronicling the gift by having inscribed on the plate the initials of himself and friend. When Mr. Fields died the stick was given to Dr. Collyer. There are many relics of more intrinsic value at the doctor's home, but any one of them could be purchased for less money than this plain stick, which is made doubly valuable by its association with an illustrious fellow-countryman and a well-remembered dearly-loved friend.

The success of the *Review of Reviews* is due to the merit both of the idea conceived by Mr. Stead and of its execution. Two editions of the magazine are published now, one in London and one, better suited to the needs of American readers, in New York. The *Review of Reviews* gives each month a complete view of current periodical literature.

McClure's Magazine, which is to be started in New York about May 15 by S. S. McClure, the head of one of the largest of the newspaper syndicate agencies, is to be more journalistic than most magazines, and to be sold at only fifteen cents a copy.

In the May *Atlantic* Professor James J. Greenough, of Harvard College, treats of the poor English at the command of schoolboys' pens, and suggests a plan for bettering it.

Sir Edwin Arnold is going back to Japan.

It is said that in connection with the writing of his "Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner," Hon. E. L. Pierce has read almost forty thousand letters written to or received by Mr. Sumner.

Hamlin Garland had a strong paper on "The Future of Fiction" in the April *Arena*.

In the *Idler* for May H. Rider Haggard tells how he came to adopt literature, and about his first book, "Dawn."

In the *North American Review* for May Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has an article expressing or explaining her present views of the future life, as compared with those she held twenty-five years ago, when "The Gates Ajar" was written.

The *Critic* says that John H. Scribner, who, for fifteen years has been identified with the firm of Charles Scribner & Sons as a literary adviser, has resigned that position to accept a similar one with the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia, where certain business responsibilities will be coupled with his literary cares. Mr. Scribner is a Princeton man, and a nephew of the late Charles Scribner, who founded the Scribner firm. E. W. Morse succeeds Mr. Scribner, without, however, resigning the post he has filled so acceptably for several years — that of editor of the *Book Buyer*.

The Cassell Publishing Co. has issued a new portrait catalogue, in which nearly forty full-page portraits of authors are included.

The publishing firm of Macmillan & Co. puts forward a monthly called *Book Reviews*, after the manner of the Scribners' *Book Buyer*. The May number is the first, and it is devoted to literary notes, reviews, and special articles.

Success is a new Baltimore magazine, edited by Eugene L. Didier.

"Laura Dearborn," the name on the title-page of "At the Threshold," is the pseudonym of Nina Pictou.

Jules Verne is about to publish his seventy-fourth novel.

The best magazine for children under eight years old is *Our Little Ones and the Nursery*, published by the Russell Publishing Co., Boston. "Oliver Optic" is the editor, and his taste in selecting matter which is interesting to children, as well as wholesome for them to read, seems to be almost infallible.

In the Exposition Number of *Scribner's Magazine* — that for May — W. D. Howells has an illustrated autobiographical sketch, "The Country Printer," which embodies recollections of his youth. This number of *Scribner's*, by the way, contains one-third more reading matter than the usual issue, and the illustrations are unusually numerous.

In *Harper's Magazine* for May Professor Charles Eliot Norton writes of the life of James Russell Lowell in its private relations.

April 15 was the anniversary of the publication, in 1755, of Dr. Samuel Johnson's great "Dictionary of the English Language." The fact is recalled that when Andrew Millar, the publisher of that long-delayed work, received the last proof-sheet from Dr. Johnson, he wrote him this brusque note: "Andrew Miller sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the 'Dictionary,' and thanks God he has done with him." To this the doctor replied: "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr. Andrew Millar, and is very glad to find, as he does by this note, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

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IMPROVEMENTS IN RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

In no department of literary work have there been more changes and improvements than in religious journalism. The old-time religious newspaper was rather a dreary affair. It was unhandy in form, and conventional and stilted in style. The contributors were mostly voluntary and unpaid. Any one who had a "piece" or a "poem" sent it along. The reading matter consisted largely of sermons, didactic and doctrinal, obituary notices, "extracts" from standard theological works, and original contributions written in an artificial and heavy manner.

That this picture is not overdrawn, witness the following titles of articles taken from some religious magazines published in the early part of this century: "Evidences of the Truth of the Christian Religion; Extracted from the New Edinburgh Encyclopædia." This was continued from month to month. "A Short and Candid View of Popery, in a Sermon Preached at the Old Jewry, November 3, 1754." The magazine in which this appeared was published in 1819. "Memoir of Mr. John Man, Missionary in Nova Scotia." "Extracts from Arminius' First Oration on Theology." These extracts ran through several numbers. "Memoir of Archbishop Cranmer." This was copied from the "New Edinburgh Encyclopædia." "Extracts from 'Clark's Commentary.'" Of original contributions there were very few. The poetry, however, was chiefly original, and much of it was "fearfully and wonderfully made." "Miranda" was a favorite writer. Upon the death of an infant she writes: —

> "By faith we trace thy shining way,
> Thro' liquid telescopes of tears;
> Where angel minds their charms display,
> Susan's celestial form appears."

A marked peculiarity of the old-time writers is the amount of italicizing they did. Some of them put so many words in italics that the reader must have been like Mark Twain's horse. This horse, he says, was so nervous that he shied at every telegraph pole, but as there was a telegraph line running along each side of the road, it kept him exactly in the middle.

The religious press of to-day is alert, enterprising, and abreast of the times. The best contributors are sought out and liberally paid. Considerable attention is given to secular news.

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There are medical, legal, home, and agricultural departments, and in some cases, even a "funny" column. The editorials are upon timely topics, and compare favorably with those of the ablest secular papers. Nor are the children forgotten. There is an attractive department for them, filled with stories, puzzles, and other good things. Some of the religious weeklies are handsomely illustrated.

Religious newspapers are of two sorts, the denominational and the undenominational. The denominational papers have the most reliable patronage; the undenominational have more freedom in the selection of material, not being expected to give so much merely local church news, and not being required to give so much space to matters of interest to only one sect. Tact and talent are necessary to make a good writer of religious articles. They should not be lengthy. Many articles are rejected simply because they are too long. If not written by special request, or as editorials, they should be of permanent, rather than passing, interest. He who would succeed in this line of literary work must be pious, without being prosy; orthodox, but not dull; and original, but not eccentric, in his thinking. The sermonic style will not do. People like to hear sermons better than they do to read them. Controversial articles are not in demand. There is little taste in these days for theological debate. Articles upon dry and recondite doctrinal points will find a poor market. Mummies are not very attractive anyhow, and theological mummies are the least attractive of all. A crisp, bright, and direct style is required. The field of subjects is well-nigh without limit. Articles for the children's department are about the most difficult to write. They must contain moral and religious truth, and yet be interesting and entertaining for the children to read. Such articles are always in demand.

Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert.

MIDLAND PARK, N. J.

SOME THINGS THAT A BEGINNER LEARNS.

The beginner in "ways that are literary" learns many lessons which, although sometimes disagreeable, are, nevertheless, generally valuable and always interesting.

In the first place, he discovers that American editors, as a rule, are a very respectable set of men and women, and that they are "given to hospitality," if the seeker for admission conducts himself properly. Truly, sometimes the house is full and the applicant for quarters must be turned away, but the disagreeable duty is done in such a kind manner that the refusal seems almost agreeable.

He learns that when an article is sent to an editor, that functionary examines it with reference solely to what use may be made of it, and that there is no personal animus toward the author if it is not found available. Authors soon learn the truth of the couplet: —

> "Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why."

In process of time the beginner becomes aware that it is not always necessary for the editor to wade through a long paper to determine its disposal. Send an article on "The Great Wall of China" to the editor of *Childhood*, and only a glance at the title is required ere the verdict is rendered and the judge has delivered the manuscript to the executioner, who forthwith seals the enclosing envelope and at the same time its doom.

The beginner also finds that there is much philosophy in the old phrase, "the persever-

ance of the saints," and he does well if he keeps on trying, though his manuscripts come back to him like the return balls which amuse the children.

He mournfully is convinced, that poetry does not seem to be particularly appetizing to hungry editors or to the public either; and that the only apparent reason for accepting most poems is the use they serve in making a printed page look beautiful.

He perceives that phrases like "Her cheeks were wet with the dews of morning, fresh from the limpid hand of Night," are apt to assist in the return of an article.

One of the hardest tasks that falls to the lot of the beginner is to learn that he should expend all possible care upon the preparation of his work, but after sending it off, forget all about the matter for a season. Nothing is worse than worrying about the condition of an absent manuscript. It is usually in good hands and carefully nurtured. It is not, however, in a hospital, and if it is defective, it will not be doctored; but by and by it will return for repairs.

One provoking annoyance that the beginner sometimes encounters is the habit of a few editors who allow the amount of return postage to be marked in ink on the first page of the manuscript, thereby rendering the article more agreeable to the eyes of the next editor to whom it may be sent.

Wilbur M. Vansant.

PHILADELPHIA, Penn.

METHODS OF AUTHORS.

Favorite Habits of Work.

John G. Whittier, our noble Quaker poet, used to say that he never had any method. "When I felt like it," he said once, "I wrote, and I neither had the health nor the patience to work afterward over what I had written. It usually went as it was originally completed."

Whittier preferred the daytime — and the morning, in fact — for writing, and used no stimulants whatever for literary labor. He made no outline or skeleton of his work — and claimed that his verses were made as the Irishman made his chimney — by holding up one brick and putting another under. He was subject to nervous headache all his life, and for this reason often had to force himself to work when he would rather have rested, especially while he was associate editor of the *National Era* and other papers.

Philipp Galen, the German novelist, composes during the daytime, and sometimes labors till ten o'clock in the evening. He makes an outline of his story before he prepares the "copy" for the press. He requires no stimulants at work, but when he is through he relishes a glass of wine. He has a habit of perambulating the room when engaged in meditation about a new book, and he writes with remarkable rapidity. He never puts pen to paper without inclination, because, as he says, he always feels disposed to do literary work. Formerly he worked daily from twelve to fourteen hours; now he spends only from six to eight hours at the writing-desk every day.

W. D. Howells always keeps his manuscript six or seven months ahead of the time for publication. Being of a nervous disposition, he could not rely on himself to furnish matter at short notice. When it is possible, he completes a book before giving a page of it to a magazine. He finds the morning to be the best time for brain-labor. He asserts that the first half of the day is the best part of a man's life, and always selects it for his working hours. He usually begins at nine and stops at one, and manages in that time to write about a dozen manuscript pages. After that he enjoys his

leisure; that is, he reads, corrects proof, walks about, and pays visits. When he went to Venice as the United States consul he soon threw off the late-hour habits to which he was accustomed as a journalist. There was so little to keep him employed, and the neighborhood was so quiet and delightful, that he began doing his work in the morning, and he has continued the habit ever since. He does not generally make a "skeleton" of his work; in fact, he almost never does. He says that he leans toward indolence, and always forces himself more or less to work, keeping from it as long as he can invent any excuse. He often works when he is dull or heavy from a bad night, and finds that the indisposition wears off. Howells rarely misses a day from any cause, and, for a lazy man, as he calls himself, is extremely industrious.

Georgiana M. Craik never, except on the rarest occasions, wrote at night. She did not always make an outline of her books beforehand, but generally did so. She wrote from nine A. M. until two P. M. in winter, and in summer she seldom wrote at all. When she once began to write a book, she worked at it steadily four or five hours every day, without any regard to inclination.

Dr. Alfred Friedmann, a witty Austrian journalist, writes his brilliant articles at one sitting. He makes few corrections, and, sometimes, before the ink is dry on the "copy," off it goes to the printer. Whenever he feels in need of refreshment, he gets up from his writing-desk and has recourse to a wine-bottle near by. He never performs literary labor unless he is inclined to work. Sometimes he does not write for weeks, and then again he writes half a book at a time.

J. Scherr, the noted professor of the University of Zürich, Switzerland, who is a novelist as well as an historian, spends his forenoon at his writing-desk. He works standing, and writes, when in good health, with wonderful facility. Formerly, he often used to work as long as ten hours, but now he devotes only three or four hours a day to literary work.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson composes always in the daytime, never at night. He sometimes makes an outline. He uses no stimulants while at work, or at any time. He writes for from three to five hours a day. He sometimes forces himself to "drive the quill," but rarely, generally enjoying literary work very much.

Ludwig Auzengruber, the Austrian story-teller, never writes at night. He always makes an outline of his work at the beginning, and is addicted to tobacco, which he consumes when at work. He is in the habit of walking up and down the room when elaborating a new story, and never writes down a sentence before he has pronounced it aloud. Auzengruber is a very industrious man, and sometimes writes for as many as eleven hours a day.

Gerhard von Amyntor, who is one of the best known of German authors, is also a very diligent writer. He composes for from three to four hours every morning, but rarely in the evening, and never at night. The afternoon and evening are spent in reading or conversation, or in revising that which he has written in the forenoon. He never makes a skeleton of his work, but his manuscripts are copied before they reach the printer. Tobacco is indispensable to him when he is producing poetry. He works standing, and in solitude. The production, in the mind, of novels and fiction generally is easy to him, but the mechanical labor of writing down the product of his imagination he deems sad drudgery, because he is affected by writers' cramp, and he never sets pen to paper unless he feels disposed to.

Walt Whitman closely adhered to his home and rooms. His income was just sufficient to make both ends meet, but he used to say it was adequate to the wants of a poet. He declared that wealth and luxury would destroy his working force. The poet once wrote: "Twelve years ago I came to Camden to die; but every day I went into the country, and, naked, bathed in sunshine, lived with the birds and the squirrels, and played in the water with the fishes. I recovered my health from Nature. Strange how she carries us through periods of infirmity, into the realms of freedom and health."

In contradistinction to the majority of authors, Hermann Herberg, German novelist and journalist, drives the pen at night. He invariably makes an outline of his work to start with, and

when he is engaged in writing, he sips coffee and smokes. To him literary work is a holiday task; yet he never writes unless he is in the proper frame of mind, spending on the average three hours a day at the writing table.

The method of Louisa May Alcott was a very simple one. She never had a study; and an old atlas on her knee was all the desk she cared for. Any pen, any paper, any ink, and any quiet place contented her. Years ago, when necessity drove her hard, she used to sit for fourteen hours at her work, doing about thirty pages a day, and scarcely tasting food until her daily task was done. She never copied. When the idea was in her head, it flowed into words faster than she could write them down, and she seldom altered a line. She had the wonderful power of carrying a dozen plots for months in her mind, thinking them over whenever she was in the mood, to be developed at the proper time. Sometimes she carried a plan thus for years. Often, in the dead of night, she lay awake and planned whole chapters, word for word, and when daylight came she had only to write them down. She never composed in the evening. She maintained that work in the early hours gives morning freshness to both brain and pen, and that rest at night is a necessity for all who do brain work. She never used stimulants of any kind. She ate sparingly when writing, and only the simplest food, holding that one cannot preach temperance if one does not practice it. Miss Alcott affirmed that the quality of an author's work depends much on his habits, and that sane, wholesome, happy, and wise books must come from clean lives, well-balanced minds, spiritual insight, and a desire to do good.

Very few of the stories of the author of "Little Women" were written in Concord, her home. This peaceful, pleasant place, the fields of which are classic ground, utterly lacked inspiration for Miss Alcott. She called it "this dull town," and when she had a story to write she went to Boston, where she shut herself up in a room, and emerged only when she could show a completed work.

August Niemann, the German novelist, devotes the forenoon to literary work, but never burns midnight-oil on his writing-desk. He prepares his manuscript at the outset for the press, never making a plan beforehand. He writes with great facility, but only when he feels like it; when disinclined, he does not touch a pen — sometimes he will not write for weeks. When he is especially interested in a topic, he is apt to write for from four to six hours at a stretch; ordinarily he spends two, or, at the most, three, hours a day at the writing-table.

Victor Blüthgen, one of the most noted German authors, prefers the daytime, especially the early morning, for literary labor; and whenever he is compelled to work at night, in order to meet engagements, he does so after ten o'clock. He never makes a skeleton of his work, but when the manuscript is completed, he files away at it, and even makes alterations in the proof-sheets. While at work he smokes incessantly, and is so accustomed to the stimulating effects of tobacco that he cannot get along without it. He walks up and down the room while meditating on the plots of his stories. When he elaborates them everything must be quiet about him, for every loud noise, especially music, agitates him, and renders work impossible. Blüthgen is a ready writer, and conception and composition are both easy to him. He always forces himself to write. When he is beginning, he struggles hard to overcome his repugnance, until he is interested in the work, when he composes with increasing pleasure and rapidity. On the average, he writes for from three to six hours daily, but never more than three hours at a time. When he sits down to the desk he has but a faint idea of the novel which he is about to write, being incapable of working out the details of a story in his mind, as some authors are able to do; but with the ink the thoughts begin to flow, and all difficulties are surmounted.

Lucy Larcom declared that she never thought of herself as an author, and during most of her life her occupation was that of a teacher. She wrote always before she taught, and in the intervals of leisure she had, — she used to say because her head and pen would not keep still. She always wished for more leisure to write, but was obliged to do something that insured an immediate return in money, — in fact, she had always to "work for a living." So, it was

her habit to take a book or a portfolio in her lap, and write when and where she could. She did not write at night, because, she said, she had learned that she must sleep. She often forced herself to write, sometimes through an entire day, although the result was not usually so satisfactory to herself. She used to keep writing, even if she felt a little ill and tired, because of the imperative "must," and because she could forget her bad feelings in her subject. She began to write as a little child, — verses chiefly, — and always preferred writing to doing anything else. Most of the things she wrote seemed to her to come of themselves, poems especially.

To the large number of those who prefer the daytime to the artificial light of the evening or the night must be added Rudolf von Gottschall, German historian, novelist, and essayist. While at work he is in the habit — that is at times — of chewing paper. He writes with ease and great speed. He often composes when disinclined to work, compelled by his occupation as a critic and journalist. Only when he is writing poetry he must be in good spirits. He devotes about five hours a day to literary work, exclusive of letter-writing and the discharge of his editorial duties.

Before committing her manuscripts to the press, the novelist, Marian Tenger (a pseudonym which stands for the name of a lady of the highest German aristocracy), reads them over repeatedly, and makes many alterations. It seems incredible to her that any author, who is attached to his profession, should write fair copy at once, making no skeleton of his work whatever. She invents dialogues most easily when she is perambulating the room. When disinclined to write, she refrains from touching a pen. Sometimes weeks elapse before she resumes her usual occupation — writing; but when she does so, it is with delight. She never writes for more than five hours daily.

Oliver Wendell Holmes prefers the morning from nine o'clock until noon for work. He used to write evenings, but of late he has not done so. He sometimes plans his work beforehand, but is apt to deviate more or less from the outline he has laid down. He uses no stimulants at his work, unless his cup of coffee is so considered. He spends sometimes two or three, sometimes four or five, hours a day at his writing-table. He very often forces himself to write when he has an uncompleted task before him. He must have a pen in his hand when he is composing in prose or verse — it seems a kind of conductor, without which his thoughts will not flow continuously in proper order.

Julius Wolffe, the German poet, belongs to those who never work at night. He writes from early in the morning until the late hours of the afternoon. He makes an outline, which, however, is almost equivalent to fair copy, since very few additions and alterations are ever made. While at work he moderately smokes cigars. When he is absorbed in cogitation on a subject in hand, he often walks up and down his room. He writes with great facility, for he never treats of topics that are not congenial to him. He is a very industrious man; every day finds him at his writing-desk, where he spends from eight to nine hours out of the twenty-four.

The work of Edmund Gosse being multiform and very pressing, he has no choice between the daytime and the night, and must use both. The central hours of the day being given up to his official business for the government, which consists of translation from the various European languages, only the morning and the evening remain for literary work. His books have mainly been written between eight and eleven P. M., and corrected for the press between nine and ten A. M. He finds the afternoon almost a useless time. In his estimation, the physical clockwork of the twenty-four hours seems to run down about four P. M., — at least, such is his experience. He makes no written skeleton or first draft. His first draft is what goes to the printers, and commonly with very few alterations. He rounds off his sentences in his head before committing them to paper. He uses no stimulant at work. He drinks wine twice a day, but after dinner he neither eats nor drinks. He has found this habit essential to his health and power of work. The only exception he makes is that, as he is closing for the night, — a little before eleven o'clock, — he takes several cups of very strong tea, which he has proved by experience to be by far the best sedative for his nerves. If he goes to bed immediately after

this strong tea, at the close of a hard day's work, he generally sleeps soundly almost as soon as his head is on the pillow. Coffee keeps him awake, and so does alcohol. He has tried doing without wine, but has always returned to it with benefit. He has entirely given up tobacco, which never suited him. He can work anywhere, if he is not distracted. He has no difficulty in writing in unfamiliar places — the waiting-room of a railway station or a rock on the seashore suits him as well (except for the absence of books of reference) as the desk in his study. He cannot do literary or any other brain-work for more than three hours on a stretch, and believes that a man who will work three hours of every working-day will ultimately appear to have achieved a stupendous result in bulk, if this is an advantage. But, then, he must be rapid while he is at work, and must not fritter away his resources on starts in vain directions. Gosse is utterly unable to write to order, — that is to say, on every occasion. He can generally write, but there are occasions when for weeks together he is conscious of an invincible disinclination, and this he never opposes. Consequently, he is by temperament unfitted for journalism, in which he has, he thinks, happily, never been obliged to take any part. As for Mr. Gosse's verse, it gets itself written at odd times, wholly without rule or precedent, and, of course, cannot be submitted to rule. But his experience is that the habit of regular application is beneficial to the production of prose.

Felix Dahn, whose fertile fancy conjures up romances of life in ancient Rome, always writes by the light of day. He writes with great facility and rapidity; and devotes nine hours a day to literary work. His manuscript goes to the printer as it is originally composed, and he seldom alters a line after it is once committed to paper.

Albert Traeger, a celebrated German poet, writes in the afternoon, — after three o'clock, by preference. When composing prose, he writes fair copy at once; for poems, however, he makes an outline, which is hardly ever altered, since he completes every line in his head before he writes it down. While at work he constantly smokes very strong cigars, and is in the habit of sipping black coffee from time to time. The poet is a ready writer, but never pens a single sentence unless he feels disposed to work. Sometimes months pass before he takes up the neglected pen again.

That excellent writer of short stories, Sarah Orne Jewett, composes in the afternoon. She does not make a formal outline of her work, but has a rough plan of it in her own head, depending most upon a knowledge of the chief characters. She writes for about four hours a day, and often finds the first ten or fifteen minutes' work an effort, but after that she can almost always go on easily.

Thomas Hardy prefers the night for working, but finds the use of daytime advisable, as a rule. He follows no plan as to outline, and uses no stimulant excepting tea. His habit is to remove boots or slippers as a preliminary to work. He has no definite hours for writing, and only occasionally works against his will.

W. H. Riehl, who, besides being a professor at the University of Munich, is a famous novelist, always writes by daylight. He carefully outlines his work beforehand, and repeatedly revises it before it is printed. When engaged in the labor of composition, he smokes one cigar — no more. He invents easily, but is very painstaking when writing down his thoughts, mercilessly erasing whatever does not suit him. He takes a pen to hand whenever he has a leisure moment, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon, as circumstances permit.

The renowned divine, Karl Gersk, who is the author of by far the best German religious poems, as a rule makes an outline before composing poetry, but writes down prose at once. When his attention is taken up by an interesting topic, he is in the habit of curling, absent-mindedly, one of his occipital locks about the left index finger. He rarely writes for more than six hours a day, and then only when he feels especially disposed to work.

The author of "St. Olave" always writes in the daytime; namely, from nine A. M. to one P. M.; and does not make any outline first, but only two copies, which are improved afterward, the first copy being written in pencil, and the second in ink. The second manuscript is re-

vised and corrected. Day by day, this knight of the pen writes during the stated time, unless prevented by illness or unexpected engagements, and does not wait for "feeling disposed," but goes steadily on.

R. E. Francillon prefers working at night, when both ideas and words come most fluently. He always works at night, and sometimes all night, when he works against time. He has not then to conquer an unwillingness to work which besets him at other hours. Next to the night-time, he prefers the afternoon, to which circumstances practically confine him. This refers to imaginative work. With regard to journalistic and critical work and study, it is just the reverse, and he prefers the morning. He never makes a skeleton of his work. He has tried the skeleton method, but found it useless, and broke away from it soon after starting. He finds that incident suggests incident, and characters develop themselves. Of course, he starts with a motive (in the technical sense), and a general drift and color, and the salient points of leading characters. He uses no stimulant when at work, except tobacco in the form of cigarettes, which he smokes all the time, whatever he is doing, even when writing a letter. Pen and cigarette are inseparable; but he smokes very little when not working, and next to nothing when taking a holiday. His hours of work depend very much on necessity. He is engaged on a newspaper from nine A. M. till one P. M. The afternoon and evening are devoted to fiction or whatever other work he has on hand. Practically he is at his desk all day, an industry which is rendered possible by frequent change of work. He constantly forces himself to work, dead against inclination; and, though it may seem strange, it constantly happens that the less the original inclination, the better the result, and *vice versa*. Francillon has no faith whatever in writing upon inclination, and maintains that even if little comes of working when disinclined, the little is something and prevents the want of inclination lasting, besides preventing one from yielding easily. He is perfectly indifferent to outside noise, and, indeed, to almost everything that most people find a trial to the nerves — except conversation in the same room. He has worked with music playing in the same room, and has not even noticed it.

Hubert H. Bancroft, the historian of the Pacific coast, works day and evening, with little interruption, except as he takes a walk or rides for exercise occasionally in the afternoon. He determines that a certain amount of work shall be accomplished within so many hours, days, and weeks, and so is always stimulated and successfully accomplishes the allotted task. He frequently writes when not disposed to work.

Richard Schmidt Cabanis, the German humorist, has often spent whole nights at the writing-desk. When composing poetry he makes an outline beforehand, otherwise not. Before his manuscript goes to press he carefully revises it and strikes out a great deal. He is very fond of French red wine, which he imbibes occasionally when writing, but which he must often forego in obedience to the advice of his physicians. The only peculiarity of which he is possessed is that he cannot compose unless he is alone, and he scorns even dumb company during working hours.

Margaret Eytinge very much prefers the morning for writing, and generally spends from eight o'clock until eleven or twelve at her desk. Of course, she often works in the afternoon, and sometimes, though very rarely, at night. But at those times she only revises and copies. She makes a slight sketch of her poem or story first — a sketch written so hastily that it would be impossible for anybody but herself to decipher it. and she has found trouble in making it out herself at times. Then she proceeds to clothe this skeleton, an operation which is never completed satisfactorily until after at least three times trying. She always makes it a point to produce clean manuscripts. She cannot write at all with people about her, or in an unfamiliar place, and must be in her own room, at her own desk, and secure from interruption.

That astute author of innumerable novels, Charlotte M. Yonge, never works at night. She does not write any outline of her tales. She has such an outline in her mind, but is guided by the way the characters shape themselves. She generally composes from about 10.30 A. M. to 1.30 P. M., taking odd times later in the day

for proofs and letters. Having good health, she is seldom indisposed for work; if she is, she takes something mechanical, such as translating or copying.

Dr. Karl Frenzel, editor of one of the leading Berlin newpapers, has to struggle hard at first to overcome his unwillingness to compose, but after he has written for some time any aversion which he may have experienced disappears. He rarely works at night, never after midnight, but prefers the evening to the afternoon for literary production. He sometimes rewrites whole pages of his novels two or three times, but never makes a plan beforehand. He has the queer habit of making bread pellets while at work; that is, whenever he is absorbed in thought. He writes with facility and swiftness, devoting from three to four hours a day to literary labor.

Dr. Otto Franz Gensichen, German dramatist, poet, and essayist, always writes in the daytime, almost exclusively in the forenoon, from eight till twelve o'clock. He makes an exception in the case of lyrical poems, which, of course, must be written down whenever they occur to the mind. After his manuscript is done, he polishes it here and there, and then copies it; for while slowly transcribing he can most easily detect mistakes. While at work in the morning he smokes a mild cigar, which is, however, sometimes omitted. When writing, he likes to have as much light and silence about him as he can possibly attain. While the manuscript lies on the writing table, and the author is meditating on the subject in hand, he is in the habit of pacing up and down the room. At first he repeats the words aloud to test their euphonism and smoothness; he then commits the spoken words to paper. He can boast of himself that he has never written a line "*invita Musa*," without being fully inclined to composition. Sometimes he does not write for months, but when the proper mood takes possession of him, he is very industrious. Even then, however, he does most of his work before midday, and, exceptionally, from five till eight in the afternoon. As he is a bachelor and given up altogether to authorship, he is governed entirely by his moods.

Paul Burani, the brilliant Parisian journalist and dramatist, is forty years of age, married, father of one daughter,— Michelette,— owner of the house he lives in, and, take it all in all, the perfect type of a successful literarian. Before writing a play, he makes a very elaborate outline, which is developed afterward. Ordinarily he rewrites a play three times, but being both a ready and a rapid writer, the task is quickly accomplished. When compelled to stop writing in consequence of fatigue or a lack of interest, he takes up something else, promenades in his garden, or smokes a cigar. He is indifferent to noise, and can compose almost anywhere. The great number of books which he has written has given him the reputation of being one of the most productive authors of the times, but he does not write for more than five or six hours a day.

Ludwig Habicht, a German novelist, loves to write by the light of the sun, and invariably works in the daytime, never at night. When his manuscript is finished and corrected, he has it copied by a professional copyist, whereupon it goes to the compositor. Habicht prefers to write in the open air, and does not use a writing-desk. The duration of his working hours depends entirely upon his health and moods, but he never writes for more than four or five hours a day; and sometimes does not pen a line for months.

Formerly, when the world — that is to say, the German world — used to know Karl Stelter, the poet, as a merchant, he was in the habit of spending his leisure hours in the evening in the production of poetry, and, strange though it may seem, his best poems were made after a hard day's work. Now, since he has retired from business and is in prosperous circumstances, he versifies whenever and wherever he wants to, in the evening as well as in the daytime. He writes his poems with a lead pencil, and polishes them for weeks before they are published. He works with great ease, and is a ready improviser; but he never writes against his inclination.

Brander Matthews does his work between breakfast and lunch, as a rule; and works at night only occasionally. He makes elaborate notes, and then writes at white heat, revising at his leisure.

André Theuriet, the Parisian novelist, makes an outline of his work first; he delineates each chapter of his novel, indicating the situations, personages, dialogues, and so on. Thereupon the novel soon assumes a definite form. Theuriet spends six hours a day at his writing-desk, but always in the morning. He does not believe in night work. In the afternoon he revises the work of the previous day. During working hours the author drinks two cups of tea and smokes one or two pipes of tobacco. Theuriet retires early in the evening, between ten and eleven o'clock, and rises in the morning at a quarter before six. This regular mode of life explains why the novelist is able to write so much, and is a key to the productiveness which has astonished his contemporaries.

Paul Lindau, another German novelist, critic, and journalist, dictates a great deal, sometimes without inclination, and sometimes after hasty lead-pencil sketches. When he writes himself only one manuscript is made. He incessantly smokes cigarettes while at work. Only when he has labored uninterruptedly a long time does he refresh himself with coffee, tea, wine, and water. As a rule, Lindau writes with ease. He declares that dictating tires him out more than if he should write himself, but by dictation he is enabled to do twice as much work as he could otherwise accomplish. Generally, he writes for from four to five hours a day, but sometimes he has spent ten or even eleven hours in literary work.

A. v. Winterfeld, the German humorist, devotes the day only to literary work. His original manuscript is committed to the press, for he never copies what he has written. He composes with great ease and swiftness, and spends four hours a day at the writing-desk.

Hector Malot, the Parisian novelist, makes an outline of his romances beforehand, faintly indicating all important incidents of his work. He does not take stimulating drinks, either when at work or when at rest; with him the work itself acts as a stimulant. He rises at five o'clock in the morning, and writes till eleven. After breakfast he takes a walk. At two o'clock in the afternoon he resumes work and keeps at it until seven o'clock in the evening; *but he never composes* at night. Nine months of the year are devoted to literary labor, but the remaining three months he spends in travel, study, and recreation.

Victorien Sardou, the dramatist, writes his play twice; first on little scraps of paper, then on foolscap. The first draft, when it is finished, is a maze of alterations and delineations.

Mezerai, the famous historian, used to study and write by candle-light, even at noonday in summer, and, as if there had been no sun in the world, always waited upon his company to the door with a candle in his hand.

"The method of Buckle, the historian," so says his biographer, "was chiefly remarkable for careful, systematic industry, and punctilious accuracy. His memory appeared to be almost faultless, yet he took as much precaution against failure as if he dared not trust it. He invariably read with "paper and pencil in his hand, making copious references for future consideration. How laboriously this system was acted upon can be appreciated only by those who have seen his note-books, in which the passages so marked during his reading were either copied or referred to under proper heads. Volume after volume was thus filled, everything being written with the same precise neatness that characterizes his manuscript for the press, and indexed with care, so that immediate reference might be made to any topic. But, carefully as these extracts and references were made, there was not a quotation in one of the copious notes that accompanied his work that was not verified by collation with the original from which it was taken."

Joaquin Miller says that he has always been so poor, or, rather, has had so many depending on his work, that he has "never been able to indulge the luxury of habits," and that he has worked in a sort of "catch-as-catch-can" way. Having been mostly on the wing since he began writing, he has done his work in all kinds of ways, and hours, and houses. However, now, since he has a little home, his life has become regulated. He rises at daylight, so as to save candles, and never works at night. After he has made and imbibed his coffee, he digs or pulls weeds, and cultivates his flowers, or works in some way about the greens, for an hour or so, and at length, when he feels compelled to literary work, and can no longer keep from it, he

writes whatever he feels that he must set down; and then he writes only as long as he feels impelled. Holding, as he does, that all modern authors think too little and write too much, he never writes as long as he can keep from it. He looks forward with hope and pleasure to the day when he shall be able to stop writing entirely. As for stimulants, he never takes them. Yet he often smokes a cigar about the greens before beginning work. But he would be ill if he attempted to drink while writing. As for making an outline of his work, he generally jots down a lot of sketches or pictures, one each day; then he puts these together, and the play, poem, or novel is finished. He works for from three to five hours every day, then goes out till dinner time. He once lived in a rude log cabin, built on an eminence overlooking the city of Washington, D. C. There his latch-string was always out. He now lives near Oakland, Calif., not in one cabin, but in three, each as rude as that of any settler in the Sierras.

George Manville Fenn, during a period of some eighteen years, has tried a good many plans, with the result of settling down for the last twelve or fourteen years to one only. He prefers the daytime decidedly for mental work, because the brain is fresh and vigorous from the rest of the past few hours, and because the work produced is lighter and better and can be sustained longer; and the writer is not exhausted when he leaves his table. Brilliant work has often been done at night; but when Fenn has made the trial he has found the results of a month's day-work better, and there has been more in quantity. He invariably makes an outline or skeleton of his work, and often with his story first in a dramatic form, which, he thinks, adds much to the vigor and effect of a tale. He is in the habit of using tobacco, but has never looked upon it as a stimulus, regarding it rather as a soothing aid to reflection. He dines early, so as to have the evenings free. The afternoon is spent in work, a visit to town, or a chat with friends; he takes tea early, — at six, — and afterward often writes for two or three hours. For years Mr. Fenn has been trying to solve this problem: Why can one write easily and fairly well one day, and have the next be almost a blank? After long study and much musing, he has come to the detemination that he knows nothing whatever about it, and that the only thing to do is to lead as quiet and temperate a life as one can. Of course, the stimulated and excited brain will produce a few weird and powerful bits of work; but, judging from what Mr. Fenn has seen, the loaded mind soon breaks down.

Dr. H. Erichsen.

DETROIT, Mich.

THE PROOF-READER'S EQUIPMENT.

To a young man who asked me how much one would have to know to be a reader, and in what lines, I was obliged to answer: "As much as you can possibly absorb and remember about everything. Very little that you hear or read but will come into use at some time, if you follow the vocation of corrector of the press."

A crushing rejoinder this would have been to many; but he had pluck, a strong desire to enter journalism, and a willingness to begin in a humble position. He went to work on a country paper: did errands, worked at the case, learned press-work, informed himself fully as to the shire town, its inhabitants, matters of local geography, reported a little, — then got a chance as proof-reader on a city paper not far away, filled up with more information, till "the force"

began to think him omniscient, and is now a shining light in New York journalism.

Not the less in a book office is wide and miscellaneous knowledge desirable, but to it must be added a thorough study of grammar and rhetoric, and a freshening of one's remembrance as to Latin, German, and French, and, if possible, the acquirement of Greek. The present writer finds a half hour in each day to devote to a steadily pursued theme; time taken sometimes from business, sometimes from pleasure, but unfailingly bestowed. The question of capitals must be reviewed occasionally: not for the old hackneyed rules, of course, but for newer usages, exceptional cases, and present-day authors' individual peculiarities. The plague o' printers, the hyphen, might be the burden of one's cogitations for years, at the rate of thirty minutes per diem, and still be a bane, and not a blessing; and as to syllabication, — life is all too short.

Punctuation, after the first anxious year or two, settles into routine: you will recognize the collocation of words intuitively, and put in a stop as lightly as the master organist draws one out; even the rhetorical dashes, "exclaims," and parentheses fall into line and troop readily at call. Once in a while a peculiar case will arise, but it will generally succumb to a keen and thorough analysis.

There is another need, the careful study of words, new and old. A prevailing fad among literary people at the present time is to revive quaint, obsolete, and forgotten words, or words that are derived from scientific terms. A poet uses "mezereon" for our familiar "Daphne"; "vair" (borrowed from heraldry) for variegation; the other day I had "purfle" for embroider; Dr. Holmes says, in one of his later poems, —

> "The frail muse shall 'imp' her crippled wing."

Certain words, too, bother the reader by deceptiveness at first glance: "impassable" and "impassible," "immanent" and "imminent," "gauge" and "gage," will serve for examples."

A vexed question often is as to putting foreign or semi-foreign words in italic or roman. "Via," and "versus," and "alias," etc., used *con*versationally, are often seen italicized. Taste is one's only guide here, unless it is thought best to follow blindly our dictionaries, and consider the words they adopt as anglicized. The proper place of the adverb in a sentence is another troublesome thing; I may say, though, the *place* is not so trying as the overplus of adverbs. The following combination occurs in a recent work: "Presumably, however, Mr. Wilson was trying to save his store, and *therewith, also, not impossibly*, the whole city of Utopia, from destruction." Comment upon this sentence is needless; for writers cannot read their productions in the critical, almost hostile, spirit of the corrector, who is paid for slaughter, and whose queries, even, win the commendation of his employer. Another writer attempts to give currency to the phrases "received it back again"; "they could all co-operate together"; "a continuous river," etc., and is confronted by the tireless blue pencil of interrogation.

The reader's equipment is not complete, indeed, with the possession of the armor of the best use of language. He must have the triple mail: good English, thorough mechanical knowledge, practicality. Of the first I have treated, somewhat slightly; in the next division may be placed first a close watch of all fonts of type, so that a spurious letter will be detected at a casual glance upon the page. It is easy to do this; but not without a knowledge of specimen books and cases of type. After this come leading and spacing, and again I may say, though hard for the tyro, these are minor matters to the veteran. Other things are the size of page, running titles and folios, sinkages, captions, gaining and losing lines (to avoid long pages), indentation of poetry, style of foot-notes, and scores of other minutiæ.

On the last point, "practicality," a whole chapter might be written; but I have already spent much time on a dull subject, and will sum it briefly. It consists in so steering your course, while marking everything open to objection, that your corrections will not cost the employer any money, the foreman any trouble and perplexity, the compositor any time; changes must not interfere with the author's pet prejudices, or tread upon any corn of your chief reader, though the two be as contradictory and inflammable as powder and a spark. You must not

adhere slavishly to old forms, nor be too radical; you must mark all broken letters, yet not too many; must not overrun type, but must have good spacing; — in short, you must use *good common sense;* and that's the end of it.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. *Douglas Dane.*

THE LITERARY HOUSEKEEPER.

Not to become absorbed in trivialities nor addicted to woman's besetting sin, *worry*, it is wise for the home-stayer of to-day to ride a hobby; to have many "irons in the fire"; to be so occupied as neither to notice slights nor magnify physical infirmities.

Among many diversions, none proves such a veritable treasure-trove to the housewife with journalistic tendencies as the preparation of manuscripts for unsolicitous editors. Nothing is handier than a blank book and pencil, and the noise of her children is not disturbing. To drive her work rather than be driven, and yet snatch the coveted moments for her specialty, a woman must use judicious forethought. If she serve as housekeeper, she learns to "dovetail one affair into another," and hence becomes a more efficient worker. Disagreeable drudgery is despatched with unruffled brow and patient hand, when accompanied by ideas for an essay in prospect. Common sense is cultivated by exercise. Less unnecessary toil is done in the house, less "pottering"; consequently, fewer golden minutes are wasted.

The would-be littérateur finds, unconsciously, that her choice of books assumes a higher standard because of her ambitions. She can spare no time for desultory skimming or for the latest popular novel. Discretion in her own reading extends to care in the selection of her children's literature. Soon *they* aspire to scrap-books, "clippings," and bits of choice verses, "like mamma's." In pursuit of knowledge, a writer becomes more careful and critical of the subject in hand; she notes style, phrase, and delicacy of suggestion. Patience, perseverance, the power to do a deal of uncongenial labor, and withal the satisfying pleasures of honest hard work, find growth in her nature.

Consulting the dictionary for all unknown words met in her reading, she adds to her vocabulary, as well as to her conversational powers. Courtesy to all often throws in her way "material" for her sketches; the universal "bore" is more easily tolerated. The author exerts her powers of observation; an increased love of nature follows, and this in turn bears fruit in the delight of her children.

In this avocation are found "resources" for the rainy day and the days of convalescence Since one *must* think, why not indulge to some purpose?

Nourishing her "one talent," its possessor has no tormenting conscience to accuse her during the "wee gray hours." She will never degenerate into the proverbial "Hannah Jane." She has a lively interest in the education of her family; she keeps abreast of her husband and children, and postpones that day of rude awakening which comes to all young people when they discover that their parents are not infallible. The mother with an aspiration teaches her boys and girls to be helpful, and thus is avoided that thoughtless selfishness which characterizes the offspring of indulgent parents. Might we not go farther, and assert that the writer *gossips* less at the neighbors'? Aside from all pecuniary returns, the benefits of this penchant remain the same, whether or not the manuscripts ever see the light.

Mona Fargher Purdy.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

*** All drafts and money orders should be made payable to William H. Hills. Stamps, or local checks, should not be sent in payment for subscriptions.

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*** No sample copies of THE WRITER will be sent free.

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*** THE WRITER is kept on sale by Damrell & Upham (Old Corner Bookstore), Boston; Brentano Bros., New York, Washington, and Chicago; George F. Wharton, New Orleans; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; and the principal newsdealers in other cities.

*** Everything printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Address: —

THE WRITER,

(P. O. Box 1905.) BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VI. JUNE, 1893. NO. 6.

Those who desire to complete their files of THE WRITER or THE AUTHOR will do well to send at once for the numbers they desire, since the supply of back numbers for some months is very small. The supply of bound volumes available is also limited.

***

The price of a complete set of THE WRITER, including five bound volumes and the twelve unbound numbers for 1892–93, is now Eight Dollars, express prepaid. Single bound volumes for any year will be sent prepaid for $1.50, excepting the bound volumes for 1887 and 1889, of which the price, when ordered without the others in the set, is now Two Dollars each. Single back numbers of THE WRITER will be supplied, excepting those that are out of print, for fifteen cents each.

The price of a complete set of THE AUTHOR — three bound volumes — is now Four Dollars. Single volumes for 1889, 1890, or 1891 will be sent prepaid for Two Dollars each.

***

One useful purpose that THE WRITER serves is to keep its readers informed of the establishment of new periodicals with which they may find a market for their productions, or the suspension of unsuccessful publications, thus preventing the loss of manuscripts and the annoyance and waste of postage consequent upon mailing contributions to publications which are "no more." For this service alone, THE WRITER is worth more to any literary worker than its subscription price. In its news and advertising columns, too, it gives information constantly of prize contests and special offers, of which its readers are thus enabled to take advantage. Editors in want of special manuscripts are beginning to learn that an advertisement in THE WRITER is the easiest and most effective means for securing what they want, and regular readers of the magazine get the benefit of their announcements. In this way, the magazine is useful to all writers, — to old and young alike.

***

Those who like THE WRITER and desire to see it a permanent success can help attain this object, if they will, by doing a little missionary work among possible subscribers for the magazine. It has always been the policy of the publisher of THE WRITER to put into the magazine the entire income from it, thus giving his subscribers the whole benefit of any helpful influence they may have exerted in its behalf. A magazine of this kind needs the hearty co-operation of its readers, not only in the way of contributed articles and suggestions regarding good methods of literary work, but in the securing of subscriptions, as well. Almost any reader of the magazine could send to the pub-

lisher from one to a dozen subscriptions, besides his own, if he would only take the pains. If all the present subscribers for THE WRITER would do this, they would get a direct reward, for the increased income would enable the publisher to make a better and a larger magazine, and to introduce desirable features which cannot be afforded now. Will not the friends of THE WRITER, besides being prompt in sending their own subscriptions and renewals, help, as they can, by sending in as many other subscriptions as they can secure among their friends?

***

The editor of THE WRITER is always pleased to receive from writers announcements regarding any important literary work they have in hand. The publication of such information interests readers, and may benefit the writers by bringing their work to the attention of publishers who are likely to be interested.

***

If any one has missed any numbers of THE WRITER to which he is entitled, they will be sent at once on receipt of a postal card request addressed to the publisher.

***

The padding of cable despatches is frequently carried to a ridiculous extent. Every one knows that cable rates are high, and even the most enterprising of newspapers instruct their foreign correspondents to keep their despatches down to skeleton facts, and make them as brief as possible. In spite of this, the daily papers frequently print long and wordy despatches purporting to come by cable, but palpably written on this side of the ocean from the brief data cabled from London or elsewhere. A ridiculous example of this was a "copyright cable," printed in some of the big dailies some time ago, describing, in what the newspapers call a "graphic" style, a collision in which a steamship cut a bark in two. The "despatch" read: —

"There was no wild crying, no fainting of women, none of the scenes we have always been told go with intense excitement.

"Every man and woman of them all was too genuinely frightened to make a noise.

"Men's voices would n't talk; they would only whisper. Women only stared.

"And through it all the hoarse roar of the officers' voices ordering the lowering of the boats, the shrill and continuous call of the boatswain's whistle, the rattle of the block and tackle letting go the boats, the quick tramp of heavy-booted sailors on the deck, the throb of the pumping engines as the steamer lay to, — a new sound to the passengers, — and the first booming of the foghorn, all made up a painful though quiet scene.

"One does n't make a noise when he thinks he is shaking hands with death."

All this is "graphic" enough, no doubt, but if any one believes that any newspaper ever paid cable tolls on that matter, he is welcome to the comfort he gets from his credulity. The chief objection to the practice is that it makes intelligent readers discredit even the facts given in such despatches. The writer who begins by "faking" what he regards as unimportant details is likely to end, unless he is restrained, by "faking" facts. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

When an author wishes to have the copyright of a story which he sends to a periodical, is it customary to write "All rights reserved" on the manuscript? R. R.

[If an author wishes to retain the copyright of an article submitted to any periodical, he should copyright the title in his own name before submitting the manuscript, and explain to the editor to whom he sends it that he has copyrighted the manuscript and desires to sell only the periodical right. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

I don't think I have read during many years of much reading a book of considerable length in which I have failed to find the mistakes contained in this clause, and I don't believe one of a dozen readers or writers ever stops to make note of how disjointed they sound, but will even allow to pass unnoticed the mistakes in

this and the preceding clause also. Let the readers of THE WRITER and the writers to the readers thereof discuss them. W. H. M.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A LITERARY COURTSHIP. By Anna Fuller. 184 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

"A Literary Courtship" is an attractive little story, based upon the authorship of a book by a man who sought to prove that it is rather an advantage to a book to have been written by a woman, and who used for a pseudonym an invented name, which proved to be the real name of a real young woman, resident in Denver. Incidentally, the reader is given glimpses of scenery around Pike's Peak, but the descriptive part of the book is always subordinated to the story. Each chapter heading has an appropriate illustration, and the book is made with all the artistic skill for which the Knickerbocker Press is famous. In such a dainty volume the constant use of "as though," and the use of "onto," "round" (for around), "nickle," and "Hollo!" seem particularly grievous faults.

W. H. H.

THE STORY OF OUR POST-OFFICE. The greatest government department in all its phases. By Marshall Cushing. Illustrated. 1,034 pp. Cloth, $3.75. Boston: A. M. Thayer & Co. 1893.

Marshall Cushing, as the private secretary of ex-Postmaster-General Wanamaker, has been next to the head of the most interesting department of the United States government for four years. He has kept his eyes wide open, and he has mastered the postal service in all its intricate details. None of its popular or interesting features have escaped his notice, and the result of all his observations is one of the most interesting books written in a decade. Not only is the text interesting; hundreds of fine half-tone pictures, made from photographs taken in the postal service throughout the country, make this one of the best illustrated books ever published. The story of "Our Post-office" is written with the skill of the trained newspaper man, and describes just the things the people are interested to know about. There is nothing dull about the book, although it is packed full of information from the beginning to the end. Seldom is useful knowledge made such a sugar-coated pill. W. H. H.

STORIES FROM THE RABBIS. By Abram S. Isaacs, Ph. D. 201 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1893.

Dr. Isaacs has made excellent use of the rich material for story-telling in the Talmud and Midrash, and has retold, in attractive style, a number of the most interesting anecdotes, parables, and legends of the rabbis. The stories are non-sectarian, and some of them have appeared originally in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Sunday School Times*, *Harper's Bazar*, and other periodicals. The rabbis are shown in this genial collection in a different character from that usually assigned them, and the general reader will find the book an attractive one.

W. H. H.

NAPOLEON. A Drama. By Richmond Sheffield Dement. Reading edition, with appendix. Illustrated. 183 pp. Cloth. Chicago: Knight, Leonard, & Co. 1893.

A number of full-page illustrations and portraits add to the value of this historical drama by an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. The appendix gives Napoleon's conversation with General Bertrand, giving reasons for his belief in the divinity of Christ. W. H. H.

ARE MEN GAY DECEIVERS? By Mrs. Frank Leslie. 304 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1893.

Mrs. Leslie's book is made up of about thirty ten-page essays on such subjects as "Are Men Gay Deceivers?" "Men Women Admire," "Love and Marriage," "May a Woman Propose?" "Art in Kissing," "Beaux," "The Whims of Women," etc., etc. Such a book is always sure of readers, but the readers are not always sure to be rewa·ded for their pains.

W. H. H.

NANON. By George Sand. With introduction and English Notes by B. D. Woodward, Ph.D., Tutor in Romance Languages at Columbia College. No. 21, Romans Choisis. 431 pp. Paper, 60 cents; cloth, 85 cents. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1893.

"Nanon," one of George Sand's latest works, was written only four or five years before her death, which occurred June 8, 1876. The simply-told novel has more than fictional interest, since interwoven with the plot are countless details of the story of the French revolution. The edition, like all French works published with the imprint of William R. Jenkins, is a most satisfactory one. W. H. H.

COSMOS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Anna Hubbard Mercur. 215 pp. Cloth. Buffalo, N. Y.: Peter Paul & Bro. 1893.

This attractive volume, in its dainty binding of blue and white, contains poems classified under the headings "Nature — Flowers and Changes," "Moods," "Love," "Occasions," "Devotional," and "Threnetic Songs." The author has delicate poetic taste and a manifest love of nature that inspires all her work.

W. H. H.

POEMS. By Robert Loveman. 82 pp. Flexible cloth. Tuscaloosa, Ala.: Burton. 1893.

Unlike most books of "Poems" by authors whose names are not generally known, Mr. Loveman's little brochure contains many verses that are really worth attention. His poems are all short, many of them quatrains, and there is not one in the book that does not contain a

thought. Mr. Loveman's name has been growing familiar in recent years, in consequence of his poetical contributions to the *Youth's Companion* and other good periodicals, and the collection of his work in this volume gives promise that it may be known more widely still some day.

W. H. H.

THE SHADOW OF DESIRE. By Irene Osgood. 282 pp. Cloth. New York: Cleveland Publishing Co. 1893.

"The Shadow of Desire" is most attractively printed on antique paper with rough edges, but its pink cover, with silver embossed design, is more artistic to read about than it is to look at. The book itself is a novel of the semi-erotic school; and while it is rather well written, its publication will not benefit the world.

W. H. H.

DR. PERDUE. By Stinson Jarvis. 397 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1893.

This novel was awarded the prize of $1,000 offered by the publishers for the best original American novel submitted to them between May 2, 1892, and September 30, 1892. The author had previously written "Geoffrey Hempstead."

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

PRÈS DU BONHEUR. By Henri Ardel. With English Notes by Professor E. Rigal, B. S., B. L. No. 18, Contes Choisis. 117 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1893.

BOUDERIE. Short Comedy, in one act, for private acting. By Maurice LeComte. Second edition. 19 pp. Paper, 25 cents. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1893.

MAJOR MATTERSON OF KENTUCKY. By St. George Rathborne. 365 pp. Paper, 50 cents. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company. 1893.

A MEDICUS IN LOVE. A Novel of Student Life. By. G. von Taube. 260 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York: W. D. Rowland. 1893.

A WASHINGTON SYMPHONY. By Mrs. William Lamont Wheeler. 194 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY. By Henry Newbolt. 240 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1893.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS. A Book of Nursery Logic. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. 235 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Company. 1892.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF EDWARD RANDALL KNOWLES, LL. D. 43 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Boston: J. Stillman Smith & Company. 1893.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Cleaning an Inkstand. — A good way to clean the inside of a glass inkstand, where the ink has dried on, and even long-continued soaking will not remove the stain, is to tear a piece of newspaper into small bits, and put them into the inkstand when it is half full of warm water. Hard shaking will agitate the bits of paper against the glass and scour off the ink without danger of breaking anything. A thin-blown bottle may be cleansed in the same way. Fine shot or coarse sand is good for scouring the inside of heavier bottles, but, unless care is used, shot is likely to break through the glass. The bits of newspaper will do the work just as well.

L. O. F.

CHICAGO, Ills.

Red and Black Ink. — Having occasion to use both red and black ink, take two fountain pens, turn them back to back, and thrust them inside a piece of rubber tube, cut to the length of the pen-barrel and fitting the two rather tightly. If the tube fits too tightly, you cannot get it off in warm weather. This double-barrelled contrivance can be rolled over so as to bring either pen into use instantly, without employing the left hand. If the pens are not exactly on top of each other, but one is a little to the right, it will bother the eyes less. If the red ink is used only occasionally, it would better be in a stylographic pen, for on a nib pen it is likely to dry; but the fountain pen which I use for reference figures and letters works fairly well, though it cost but ten cents.

L. H. R.

BROOKLINE, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the price given in parenthesis following the name. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

OCEAN PRINTING OFFICE AND LIBRARIES *American Art Printer* (20c.) for May.

A PLEA FOR THE VILLAIN. M. R. Freel. *American Art Printer* (20c.) for May.

THE AUTHOR OF MY MARYLAND. Eugene L. Didier. *Blue and Gray* (25c.) for June.

HOW MEN WRITE. (With Portraits.) Frank A. Burr. *Lippincott's Magazine* (25c.) for June.

THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT. (Journalistic series.) Theodore Stanton. *Lippincott's Magazine* (25c.) for June.

A GLANCE INTO WALT WHITMAN. John Burroughs. *Lippincott's Magazine* (25c.) for June.

THE FUTURE OF LOCAL LIBRARIES. Justin Winsor. *Atlantic Monthly* (35c.) for June.

SOME SPANISH AUTHORS. (With Portraits.) Arthur B. Simonds. *Californian* (25c.) for June.

TITLES WON BY THE PEN. Arthur Inkersley. *Californian* (25c.) for June.

SOROSIS, THE PIONEER WOMAN'S CLUB. Hester M. Poole. *Worthington's Magazine* (25c.) for June.

AMERICAN LITERARY CRITICISM AND ITS VALUE. H. H. Boyesen. *Forum* (50c.) for June.

INSANITY AND GENIUS. Arthur McDonald. *Arena* (50c.) for June.

REAL CONVERSATIONS. A dialogue between W. D. Howells and H. H. Boyesen, recorded by Mr. Boyesen. *McClure's Magazine* (15c.) for June.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WHITTIER. Charlotte Foster Grimke. *New England Magazine* (25c.) for June.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, LL.D. (With Portrait.) *Book News* (5c.) for June.

JOHN RUSKIN. (With Portrait.) *Book Buyer* (10c.) for June.

DISAPPEARING DICKENSLAND. Charles Dickens. *North American Review* (50c.) for June.

EVOLUTION OF A LIBRARY. Herbert Howe Bancroft. *Belford's Monthly* (25c.) for June.

IRISH WRITERS IN LONDON. Eugene Davis. *Donahoe's Magazine* (25c.) for June.

SOROSIS. (Illustrated.) Margaret M. Merrill. *Cosmopolitan* 25c.) for June.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The *Literary Century*, Ann Arbor, Mich., is not now offering prizes for either short stories or answers to prize questions, but does give cash prizes for clubs and prize scholarships. The short story and prize question contest closed December 31, 1892.

Tusculum is the name of a new monthly periodical issued by the Philadelphia Societas-Rugbiana Colloquii Latini Græcique, which purposes to teach Latin and Greek colloquially.

Deputy Sheriff Mulvaney has taken possession of the office of the Home Maker Company at 99 Fourth avenue, New York, on an attachment for $53,219 in favor of John Carnrick, who has been the president, for money loaned for publishing the *Home Maker* magazine. The company began business in 1888, and was formally incorporated under New York laws. About eighteen months ago it was incorporated under New Jersey laws, with a capital stock of $100,000.

The history of Waterbury, Conn., prepared by Sarah J. Pritchard and Anna L. Ward, is now in press and will be issued soon.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin sailed for Europe May 2.

The marriage of Thomas Nelson Page and Mrs. Henry Fields, of Chicago, will take place June 8. The wedding will be at Elmhurst, the bride's residence, a few miles from Chicago.

Bell Gray Taylor, author of "The Sardonyx Seal," is at work on a book which will probably be published in the fall.

Edmund Gosse has in the June number of the *Century* a paper of literary criticism on Christina Rossetti, who among literary people has been much talked of for the laureateship. It is preceded by a consideration of the position of woman in the history of poetry. The paper contains a portrait of Miss Rossetti by her brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

New Occasions is "a magazine of social and industrial progress," edited by B. F. Underwood, just started by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. "Vol. I., No. 1," is dated June, 1893.

The publication of the *Spider's Web*, the first number of which was mentioned in the May WRITER, has been discontinued for a time.

The May number of the *Literary Century* (Ann Arbor, Mich.) is a Columbian souvenir number, with portraits and biographies of many women writers.

The *American Art Printer* (New York) for May is exquisitely printed, and contains much matter of interest to all who are connected with printing, book-making, or the kindred arts. Handsome half-tone pictures increase the attractiveness of the magazine, which is well-edited, and, in every way, well planned.

The article on "Disappearing Dickensland," in the *North American Review* for June, is by Charles Dickens, the son of the great novelist.

C. M. Flandrau, of Harvard, wins the $50.00 prize offered by *Short Stories* for the best story of college life. The prizes to be announced in the July number of *Short Stories* offered by the Current Literature Publishing Company are: For a story constructed from a plot given by the editor, $50.00; for a story having Chicago and the World's Fair for its scene, $50.00; and for the "Best Story," without restriction as to theme or treatment, $50.00.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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ENTERED AT THE BOSTON POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

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"DOWNRIGHT ENGLISH."

It is "devoutly to be wished" that our critics, guides, philosophers, and friends shared the feeling of the "Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst." "A ballad," said he, "against all the *ocs* and *ouis* of France. Downright English am I, sir knight,—downright English alone shall be sung in this cell."

Why cannot an American writer say what he has to say in plain English? "The charm of a quotation is lost in a translation"; that is true. Then give a quotation in the original, by all means. But in common, every-day phrases why must French words be so frequently called into service?

A New England reader asks, Why cannot a certain novelist refer to the slender figure of her heroine without the use of the word *svelte?* why cannot another mention the tender expression of the heroine's large blue eyes without calling them "her *grands yeux bleus*"? does a mention of a nose of upward tendency require the word *retroussé?* If originality is at fault, has not the poet given us

"tip-tilted like a flower"?

Is it of necessity that a certain proposition known to all men "goes without saying"? The use of such words, too often, is not the result of a familiarity with a foreign tongue so much as a lack of knowledge of the resources of our own.

Old English phrases are sometimes far more graceful and expressive than any foreign equivalent. Our grandmothers placed among the garments laid away in their "chests of drawers" a little bag filled with some fragrant powder. This was called a "sweet-bag"; a pretty name and easily understood. The article presents itself to the present generation as a "*sachet.*" In the speech of many who know only the French of "the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe," the consonants are often made to change places, and bewildered listeners ask why a scent-bag should be called "chassez." "What has it to do with taking steps?"

Others call it a "sachet bag." Perhaps this was the habit of the editor of a well-known "home" magazine, who, giving counsel concerning that perplexing subject, "giving Christmas presents to gentlemen," mentions one who received a "mouchoir-case." A reader asked, "Why not a handkerchief-case?" and was further surprised to learn that the article "smelt very strong of sachet"!!

Homely New England speakers have been heard to complain that their "forethought

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comes afterwards." Other nationalities suffer from this affliction, for which the French have an expressive name,—*l'esprit d'escalier*," — the wit of the staircase, the bright thought, the happy phrase which come to the luckless guest when, visit over and opportunity gone, he descends the stair to leave the house. Ah! how the belated wit raves then over the wisdom so long in coming.

"It is a mood of mind we all have felt."

But what is meant by the phrase in the following passage from "On Both Sides," page 26, ninth edition? "Mr. Heathcote had contracted a moral squint, which showed itself in some ugly little ways, and this Jenny, with the *esprit d'escalier* of her sex, had at once divined and resented." *Pamela McArthur Cole.*

EAST BRIDGEWATER, Mass.

THE NEW YORK FIELD FOR NEWSPAPER WOMEN.

There are hundreds of newspaper women in the United States who are looking toward New York as their journalistic Mecca, a paradise, where a maximum of wages is paid for a minimum of work. There are no plums for the unknown writer anywhere, and, whatever may be the impression to the contrary, no women in the country work so hard as the New York newspaper women. Neither are their salaries so large as is popularly believed. The woman who, a year ago, did the best work on a leading, if not the leading, metropolitan journal, and whose matter was more widely copied than that of any other active newspaper writer in the United States, was paid a salary of forty dollars a week. Since then she has been compelled to give up writing on account of nervous prostration, brought on by overwork. Most of the New York newspapers pay space rates ranging from five to eight dollars a column. In an expensive city like New York, forty dollars a week is not much more than equivalent to twenty dollars in inland cities.

I, too, once had the New York fever. I was just past my majority, had had two years' journalistic experience in a city of 400,000 people, and, spoiled by the well-meant, but mistaken, praises of friends, sighed for new worlds to conquer. So last summer I packed my trunk and went on a visit to New York, but with the ulterior motive of looking up a position. I had letters of introduction, among others one to the editor of a New York paper whose name is known from Dan to Bathsheba. He gave me some advice which I have found so good that other dissatisfied women may profit by it: —

"So you want to come to New York as a newspaper writer," said he. "Well, let me give you some advice. Can you afford to come here and work six months without earning enough to support you, and then, in case of failure, have you something to fall back on, friends to whom you can return, or a position open to you? No, I don't know that you will fail; but only one woman out of a thousand succeeds. If you have an assured income behind you, I might say, Come; otherwise I could not conscientiously do otherwise than warn you. Why? Because you are a stranger in the city. It would take six months for you to learn the city, the people, and the ways of doing business. There are hundreds of clever women, born and bred in New York, who are clamoring for just such a chance as you want. Do you know that there is, and has been for several years, a great contest going on between the papers of this city? The competition is something fearful. You might be engaged and work satisfactorily for weeks, months, or a year. Some day a woman might come along asking for your position, a woman with more experience, reputa-

tion, or influence than yourself, and you would be discharged without a moment's warning. Go back to your own paper. It may be distasteful work writing society items, but persuade your managing editor to give you occasional chances at something else, and prove to him you can do it better than any one else on the force. Get him to send you to the state capital, if you are fond of excitement and politics, then aim for Washington.

"You can write for the syndicates as well at home as here. Cultivate a clear, breezy style and avoid gush. Watch the public mind, and make your articles timely and to the public taste. Don't turn yourself into a literary modiste or a cosmetic quack; enough women are writing such trash now, and it is not the road to reputation.

"Most women's departments are libels on the intellect of their readers. If you run a woman's column, always try to remember that you are writing for intelligent, self-respecting beings. Women like to read about women; there is a great field in women's work and progress that is still untouched. Somebody is going to make a fortune some day out of a model women's newspaper.

"To my mind, Kate Field is the model news paper woman, and, if you recollect, her talent found recognition without her coming to New York to market it." *Beatrice Campbell.*

CLEVELAND, O.

METHODS OF AUTHORS.

Goethe, Dickens, Schiller, and Scott.

Goethe was a believer in the pleasant doctrine that the highest and freest work can be done under the healthiest conditions of fresh air, early hours, daylight, and temperance — which does not mean abstinence. He and Balzac are at precisely opposite pales in their method of working. Here is the account of Goethe's days at Weimar, according to G. H. Lewes: He rose at seven. Till eleven he worked without interruption. A cup of chocolate was then brought, and he worked on again till one. At two he dined. His appetite was immense. Even on the days when he complained of not being hungry, he ate much more than most men. He sat a long while over his wine, chatting gayly; for he never dined alone. He was fond of wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles. There was no dessert — Balzac's principal meal — nor coffee. Then he went to the theatre, where a glass of punch was brought to him at six, or else he received friends at home. By ten o'clock he was in bed, where he slept soundly. Like Thorwaldsen, he had a talent for sleeping.

No man of business or dictionary maker could make a more healthy arrangement of his hours. The five or six hours of regular morning work, which left the rest of the day open for society and recreation, the early habits, the full allowance of sleep, and the rational use of food are in glaring contrast to Balzac's short and broken slumbers, his night work, and his bodily starvation. Goethe differed from almost every other great poet in not doing his greatest work at a white heat; and not only so, but he differed also in constantly balancing his reasoning against his creative faculties. Those long mornings of early work were not always spent in the fever of creation. He was a physiologist, a botanist, a critic; and the longer he lived, the more of a savant he became, if not less of a poet. His imagination was most fertile before he settled down into these regular ways, but not before he settled down into a full appreciation of wine. Balzac would write the draft of a whole novel at a sitting, and then develop it on the margins of proofs, revises, and re-revises. Goethe acted as if while art is long, life were long also. Till the contrary is proved,

we must consistently hold that Goethe was the philosopher before dinner-time, and the poet in the theatre, or during those long after-dinner hours over his two or three bottles of wine. That these later hours were often spent socially proves nothing, one way or the other. Some men need such active influences as their form of mental stimulus. Alfieri found, or made, his ideas while listening to music or galloping on horseback. Instances are common in every-day life of men who cannot think to good purpose when shut up in a room with a pen, and who find their best inspiration in wandering about the streets and hearing what they want in the rattle of cabs and the seething of life around them, like the scholar of Padua, whose conditions of work are given by Montaigne as a curiosity: "I lately found one of the most learned men in France studying in the corner of a room, cut off by a screen, surrounded by a lot of riotous servants. He told me — and Seneca says much the same himself — that he worked all the better for this uproar, as, if overpowered by noise, he was obliged to withdraw all the more closely into himself for contemplation, while the storm of voices drove his thoughts inward. When at Padua he had lodged so long over the clattering of the traffic and the tumult of the streets, that he had been trained not only to be indifferent to noise, but even to require it for the prosecution of his studies."

Goethe abominated smoking, though he was a German. Bayard Taylor says that he tolerated the use of the pipe by Schiller and his sovereign, Carl August, but otherwise he was very severe in denouncing it. Goethe himself somewhere says that "with tobacco, garlic, bed-bugs, and hypocrites he should wage perpetual war."

We learn from Mr. Forster that "method in everything was Dickens' peculiarity, and between breakfast and luncheon, with rare exceptions, was his time of work. But his daily walks were less of rule than of enjoyment and necessity. In the midst of his writing they were indispensable, and especially, as it has been shown, at night." When he had work on hand he walked all over the town furiously, and in all weathers, to the injury of his health; and his walks, be it observed, were frequently what Balzac's always were — at night; so that, in the matter of hours, he must be taken as having conformed in some important respects to Balzac's hygiene. Now, Goethe was also an essentially out-of-doors man by nature — not one to let his pen do his imagining for him. He was no slave of the ink-bottle, as some are, who cannot think without the feather of a goose in their hands, by way of a sometimes appropriate talisman. There is a well-known passage in one of the Roman elegies to the effect that inspiration is to be sought more directly than within the four walls of a study, and that the rhythm of the hexameter is not best drummed with the fingers on a wooden table; and if it is true, as the author tells, that "youth is drunkenness without wine," it seems to follow, according to his experience, that those two or three bottles of wine are not altogether needless as an aid to inspiration when youth is gone by.

Schiller could never leave off talking about his poetical projects, and thus he discussed with Goethe all his best pieces, scene after scene. On the other hand, it was contrary to Goethe's nature, as he told Eckermann, to talk over his poetic plans with anybody — even with Schiller. He carried everything about with him in silence, and usually nothing of what he was doing was known to any one until the whole was completed.

Sir Walter Scott was one of the most industrious of writers. He rose early, and accomplished a good day's literary work before half the world was out of bed. Even when he was busiest, he seldom worked as late as noon. His romances were composed with amazing rapidity; and it is an astonishing fact, that in less than two weeks after his bankruptcy, Scott wrote an entire volume of "Woodstock." His literary labors yielded him $50,000 a year. Two thousand copies of "The Lady of the Lake" were sold within a few months.

Many of the more energetic descriptions in "Marmion," and particularly that of the battle of Flodden, were struck off, according to Mr. Skene's account, while Scott was out with his cavalry, in the autumn of 1807. In the intervals of drilling, we are told, Scott used to delight "in walking his powerful black steed up

and down by himself upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs, and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me, to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise."

In after years, Mr. Cadell, then a guest at Abbotsford, observing how his host was harrassed by lion-hunters, and what a number of hours he spent daily in the company of his work-people, expressed his wonder that Scott should ever be able to work at all while in the country. "Oh," said Sir Walter, "I lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up; and there's the time I'm dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*, and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily. Besides, I often take a doze in the plantations, and while Tom [Purdie] marks out a dyke or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain rigs in some other world."

By far the greater portion of "The Bride of Lammermoor," the whole of "The Legend of Montrose," and almost the whole of "Ivanhoe" were dictated under the terrible stimulus of physical pain, which wrung groans from the author between the words. The very two novels wherein the creative power of the archmaster of romance shows itself most strongly were composed in the midst of literal birth-throes. Laidlaw would often beseech Sir Walter affectionately to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. It was then he made that grimmest of all bad puns: "Nay, Willie," addressing Laidlaw, who wrote for him and implored him to rest, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry, as well as all the wool, to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can be done only when I am in woollen." John Ballantyne, his other faithful amanuensis, after the first day, took care to have always a dozen of pens made before he seated himself opposite the sofa on which Scott lay, the sufferer usually continuing his sentence in the same breath, though he often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of anguish. "But when a dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter: he arose from his couch and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts."

In this last particular we are reminded of the celebrated Russian author, Gogol, whose practice it is said to have been in composing a dialogue to recite all the different speeches in character before committing them to paper, to assure himself of their being in complete consonance with what the character and situation required.

So far from affording any argument to the contrary, the history of the years during which Sir Walter's hand was losing its cunning seems to illustrate the penalty of trying to reconcile two irreconcilable things — the exercise of the imagination to its fullest extent, and the observance of conditions that are too healthy to nourish a fever. Apropos of his review of Ritson's "Caledonian Annals," he himself says: "No one that has not labored as I have done on imaginary topics can judge of the comfort afforded by walking on all-fours, and being grave and dull." There spoke the man who habitually, and without artificial help, drew upon his imagination at the hours when instinct has told others they should be employing, not their fancy, but their reason. The privilege of being healthily dull before breakfast must have been an intense relief to one who compelled himself to do unhealthy or abnormal work without the congenial help of abnormal conditions. Herder, in like manner, is accused by De Quincey, in direct terms, of having broken down prematurely because he "led a life of most exemplary temperance. Surely, if he had been a drunkard or an opium-eater, he might have contrived to weather the point of sixty years." This is putting things pretty strongly; but it is said of a man of great imaginative power by a man of great imaginative power, and may, therefore, be taken as the opinion of an expert, all the more honest because he is prejudiced. A need must be strongly felt to be expressed with such daring contempt for popular axioms.

The true working-life of Scott, who helped nature by no artificial means, lasted for no

more than twelve years, from the publication of "Waverley" until the year in which his genius was put into harness; so that, of the two men, Scott and Balzac, who both began a literary life at nearly the same age, and were both remarkable for splendid constitutions, the man who lived abnormally surpassed the man who lived healthily by fully eight years of good work, and kept his imagination in full vigor to the end.

It is amusing to read Sir Walter's candid avowal, when beginning the third volume of "Woodstock," "that he had not the slightest idea how the story was to be wound up to a catastrophe." He declares he never could lay down a plan — or that, if he had laid one down, he never could stick to it. "I tried only to make that which I was writing diverting and interesting, leaving the rest to fate. This habnab at a venture is a perilous style, I grant, but I cannot help it."

Burning Midnight Oil.

That night, and not morning, is most appropriate to imaginative work is supported by a general consent among those who have followed instinct in this matter. Upon this question, which can scarcely be called vexed, Charles Lamb is the classical authority: "No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. The mild, internal light, that reveals the fine shapings of poetry, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Milton's 'Morning Hymn in Paradise,' we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight, and Taylor's rich description of a sunrise smells decidedly of a taper." "This view of evening and candle-light," to quote his commentator, De Quincey, once more, "as involved in the full delight of literature," may seem no more than a pleasant extravaganza, and no doubt it is in the nature of such gayeties to travel a little into exaggeration; but substantially it is certain that Lamb's sincere feelings pointed habitually in the direction here indicated. His literary studies, whether taking the color of tasks or diversions, courted the aid of evening, which, by means of physical weariness, produces a more luxurious state of repose than belongs to the labor hours of day; they courted the aid of lamp-light, which, as Lord Bacon remarked, "gives a gorgeouness to human pomps and pleasures, such as would be vainly sought from the homeliness of day-light." Those words, "physical weariness," if they do not contain the whole philosophy of the matter, are very near it, and are, at all events, more to the point than the quotation from Lord Bacon. They almost exactly define that unnatural condition of the body which, on other grounds, appears to be proper to the unnatural exercise of the mind. It will be remembered that Balzac recommended the night for the artist's work, the day for the author's drudgery. Southey, who knew as well as anybody who ever put pen to paper how to work, and how to get the best and the most out of himself, and who pursued the same daily routine through his whole literary life, performed his tasks in the following order: From breakfast till dinner, history, transcription for the press, and, in general, all the work that Scott calls "walking on all-fours." From dinner till tea, reading, letter-writing, the newspapers, and frequently a siesta — he, also, was a heroic sleeper, and slept whenever he had the chance. After tea, poetry, or whatever else his fancy chose — whatever work called upon the creative power. It is true that he went to bed regularly at half-past ten, so that his actual consumption of midnight oil was not extravagant. But such of it as he did consume served as a stimulant for the purely imaginative part of his work, when the labor that required no stimulant was over and done.

Blake was a painter by day and a poet by night; he often got out of bed at midnight and wrote for hours, following by instinct the deliberate practice of less impulsive workers.

Schiller evolved his finest plays in a summer-house, which he built for himself, with a single chamber, on the top of an acclivity near Jena, commanding a beautiful prospect of the valley of the Saal and the fir mountains of the neighboring forest. On sitting down to his desk at night, says Döring, he was wont to keep some strong coffee or wine chocolate, but more frequently a flask of old Rhenish or champagne, standing by him: often the neighbors would hear him earnestly declaiming in the

silence of the night, and he might be seen walking swiftly to and fro in his chamber, then suddenly throwing himself down into his chair and writing, drinking at intervals from the glass that stood near him. In winter he continued at his desk till four, or even five, o'clock in the morning; in summer, till toward three. The "pernicious expedient of stimulants" served only to waste the more speedily and surely, as Mr. Carlyle says, his already wasted fund of physical strength. Schiller used an artificial stimulus altogether peculiar to himself: he found it impossible, according to the well-known anecdote, to work except in a room filled with the scent of rotten apples, which he kept in a drawer of his writing-table, in order to keep up his necessary mental atmosphere.

In the park at Weimar we have other glimpses of Schiller; frequently he was to be seen there, wandering among the groves and remote avenues, — for he loved solitary walks, — with a note-book in his hand; now loitering along, now moving rapidly on; "if any one appeared in sight, he would dart into another alley, that his dream might not be broken." In Joerden's Lexicon we read that whatever Schiller intended to write, he first composed in his head, before putting down a line of it on paper; and he used to call a work "ready" so soon as its existence in his spirit was complete: hence, there were often reports current of his having finished such and such a work, when, in the common sense, it was not even begun.

Lord Byron was a late riser. He often saw the sun rise before he went to bed. In his journals we frequently find such entries as these: "Got up at two P. M., spent the morning," etc. He always wrote at night. While he was the most brilliant star in London society, he was in the habit of returning from balls, routs, the theatre, and opera, and then writing for two or three hours before going to bed. In this way "The Corsair," "Lara," "The Giaour," and "The Siege of Corinth" were composed. Byron affords an illustration of a tendency to put himself out of working condition in order to work the better. "At Disdati," says Moore, "his life was passed in the same regular round of habits into which he naturally fell." These habits included very late hours and semi-starvation, the excessive smoking of cigars and chewing of tobacco, and the drinking of green tea, without milk or sugar, in the evening. Like Balzac, Byron avoided meat and wine, and so gave less natural brain-food room for active play.

The experience of P. K. Rosegger, the greatest novelist of Styria, whose popular works are read not only in the palace, but also in the hut, is contrary to that of most writers; he finds that with him lamp-light and night-work are most conducive to literary fertility, and that he can work with greater ease on dark, gloomy days than in fine weather. His manuscripts are generally committed to the press as they were originally composed, except for additions that fill the margins which the author leaves for that purpose when writing. Poetry comes to him spontaneously when he takes his exercise in the field or garden, so that all he has to do when he gets home is to write it down; but he can compose prose only at the writing-desk. After a rest of several days he writes with great ease and velocity; in fact, writing is a necessity to him. On the average, he writes three hours a day. He often is forced to write while disinclined, to provide for the maintenance of a large family.

George Parsons Lathrop thus speaks of the habits of work of Dr. William A. Hammond, one of the more recent additions to our novel-writers: "Dr. Hammond's habits of work are something which should interest all brain laborers. At a moderately early hour in the morning he seats himself in his consulting-room to receive patients, and he remains indoors until two in the afternoon. Then he drives out and walks. On certain days he has medical lectures to deliver. His spare time in the afternoon is devoted to taking the air, reading, or diverting himself. After dinner and any social recreation that may be in hand he sits down at his desk again by ten or eleven o'clock, and writes until two in the morning. 'I do it,' he says, 'because I like it. It amuses and refreshes me.' How he manages to endure this constant sitting up is something of a marvel, considering that so much of his energies must be consumed by professional work. He seems to be always at leisure and unharassed, and

lives comfortably, not denying himself a reasonable portion of stimulants and tobacco."

Literary Partnership.

Literary partnerships are common in France, but in England they are confined almost exclusively to dramatists. The one well-known exception was that of Messrs. Besant and Rice. Mr. Rice's partnership with Mr. Besant began in 1871, and ended with the death of Mr. Rice. "It arose," explains Mr. Besant, "out of some slight articles which I contributed to his magazine, and began with the novel called 'Ready-Money Mortiboy.' Of this eleven years' fellowship and intimate, almost daily, intercourse, I can say only that it was carried on throughout without a single shadow of dispute or difference. James Rice was eminently a large-minded man, and things which might have proved great rocks of offence to some, he knew how to treat as the trifles they generally are."

In France, the best example of literary partnership is found in that of M. Erckmann and M. Chatrian. How these men work in concert has been described by the author of "Men of the Third Republic." "M. Chatrian is credited with being the more imaginative of the two. The first outlines of the plots are generally his, as also the love scenes, and all the descriptions of Phalsbourg and the country around. M. Erckmann puts in the political reflections, furnishes the soldier types, and elaborates those plain speeches which fit so quaintly, but well, into the mouths of his honest peasants, sergeants, watchmakers, and schoolmasters. A clever critic remarked that Erckmann-Chatrian's characters are always hungry and eating. The blame, if any, must lie on M. Chatrian's shoulders, to whose fancy belong the steaming tureens of soup, the dishes of browned sausages and sauer-kraut, and the mounds of flowery potatoes, bursting plethorically through their skins. All that M. Erckmann adds to the ménu is the black coffee, of which he insists, with some energy, on being a connoisseur. Habitually the co-authors meet to sketch out their plots and talk them over amid much tobacco smoking. Then, when the story has taken clear shape in their minds, one or the other of the pair writes the first chapter, leaving blanks for the dialogues or descriptions which are best suited to the competency of the other. Every chapter thus passes through both writers' hands, is revised, recopied, and, as occasion requires, either shortened or lengthened in the process. When the whole book is written, both authors revise it again, and always with a view to curtailment. Novelists who dash off six volumes of diluted fiction in a year, and affect to think naught of the feat, would grow pensive at seeing the labor bestowed by MM. Erckmann and Chatrian on the least of their works, as well as their patient research in assuring themselves that their historical episodes are correct, and their descriptions of existing localities true to nature. But this careful industry will have its reward, for the novels of MM. Erckmann and Chatrian will live. The signs of vitality were discovered in them as soon as the two authors, nerved by their first success, settled down and produced one tale after another, all too slowly for the public demand. 'The Story of a Conscript,' 'Waterloo,' 'The History of a Man of the People,' and, above all, 'The History of a Peasant,' were read with wonder as well as interest."

Anonymity in Authorship.

The question of the authorship of certain popular works has given rise to a great deal of speculation. A few years ago, it will be remembered, we were puzzling our brains to discover the name of the author of "The Breadwinners." Among other stinging charges against him, to induce him to break the silence, was the fling that it was a base and craven thing to publish a book anonymously. "My motive in withholding my name is simple enough," said the unknown author to his furious critics. "I am engaged in business in which my standing would be seriously compromised were it known that I had written a novel. I am sure that my practical efficiency is not lessened by this act, but I am equally sure that I could never recover from the injury it would occasion me if known among my own colleagues. For that positive reason, and for the negative one that I do not care for publicity, I resolved to keep the knowledge of my little venture in authorship restricted to as small a circle as pos-

sible. Only two persons besides myself know who wrote 'The Breadwinners.'"

A far more serious dispute followed the publication of the "Vestiges of Creation," forty years ago. The theologians of Scotland were wild with rage at the audacity of the author, who would have been torn to pieces almost had he been discovered. In scientific circles Robert Chambers was credited with the authorship; and Henri Greville seems to have had no doubt upon the matter. In "Leaves from the Diary of Henri Greville" there is an entry under the date December 28, 1847, as follows: "I have been reading a novel called 'Jane Eyre,' which is just now making a great sensation, and which absorbed and interested me more than any novel I can recollect having read. The author is unknown. Mrs. Butler,—Miss Fannie Kemble,—who is greatly struck by the talent of the book, fancies it is written by Chambers, who is the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' because she thinks that whoever wrote it must, from its language, be a Scotchman, and from its sentiments be a Unitarian; and Chambers, besides answering to all these peculiarities, has an intimate friend who believes in supernatural agencies, such as are described in the last volume of the book." Thackeray also had the credit of the work. Nobody knew Charlotte Brontë; but she was unable to keep the secret very long. The late R. H. Horne was present at that first dinner party given by George Smith, the publisher, when Currer Bell, then in the first flush of her fame, made her earliest appearance in a London dining-room. She was anxious to preserve the anonymity of her literary character, and was introduced by her true name. Horne, however, who sat next to her, was so fortunate as to discover her identity. Just previously he had sent to the new author, under cover of her publisher, a copy of his "Orion." In an unguarded moment, Charlotte Brontë turned to him and said:—

"I was so much obliged to you, Mr. Horne, for sending me your—" But she checked herself with an inward start, having thus betrayed her Currer Bell secret, by identifying herself with the author of "Jane Eyre."

"Ah, Miss Brontë," whispered the innocent cause of the misfortune, "you would never do for treasons and stratagems!"

The late John Blackwood corresponded with George Eliot for some time before he knew that she was a woman. He called her "Dear George," he says, and often used expressions which a man commonly uses only to a man. After he found out who "Dear George" was, he was naturally a little anxious to recall some of the expressions he had used. Charles Dickens, however, detected what escaped the observation of most people. Writing to a correspondent in January, 1858, he said: "Will you, by such roundabout ways and methods as may present themselves, convey this note of thanks to the author of 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' whose two first stories I can never say enough of, I think them so truly admirable. But, if those two volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a woman, then shall I begin to believe that I am a woman myself."

Dr. H. Erichsen.

DETROIT, Mich.

SLIPS, INSTEAD OF CARDS, FOR NOTES.

In taking notes from books and periodicals for reference, my first method was to make records in note-books. This plan had its difficulties. It was inconvenient a keep a separate note-book for every definite subject, and it was scarcely feasible to sub-divide a book so as to give needful space to the leading departments of a comprehensive theme, such as American history. A good many minor subjects, too, could be made accessible in note-books only by constant labor in indexing.

Borrowing the idea of a library card cata-

logue, I have discarded note-books, and use instead slips of good, stout paper, such as can be bought in blocks or pads at low cost. A few slips in one's pocket can be much more easily carried than a note-book, and their presence is often an incitement to taking a memorandum of value. Each slip can have its heading, "History," "Electricity," "Photography," "Railroads," or what not. Kept in alphabetical order in a shallow tray or box-lid, they are always self-indexed, and an additional slip, duly numbered, falls into its place at once. This method of note-taking puts a premium on the abbreviations which readily suggest themselves in dealing with a specific trade, art, science, or branch of literature. The extension of such abbreviations can be carried further by adopting the Phillips Telegraphic Code. Best of all, however, is shorthand, when thoroughly mastered.

The use of movable and indefinitely extensible slips or cards has passed from its original field in library cataloguing to wide application in the sphere of business. The names of customers of banks, of policy-holders in insurance companies, of lot-owners in cemeteries and municipalities are now indexed by this system. It enables charity-organization societies to find the name of any applicant for relief, worthy or unworthy, on their records. The lengthy list of names at police offices and prisons could with advantage be treated in the same way. In pleasanter circumstances, in the offices of lawyers, architects, engineers, and merchants, the card catalogue is replacing by perfect order the confusion of an ordinary index. To make deeds, plans, specifications, and merchandise more available is to make them more valuable. 'Twas a happy thought of the Dutch inventor when he saw that the leaves of an index gained in accuracy and accessibility by being reduced to the size of mere slips, and left unbound.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *George Iles.*

THE HONESTY OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

I do not question the honesty of the religious press. It is because I would have it the very pink of perfection that I note here a few exceptions to the general rule among religious editors of fair dealing and Christian courtesy.

To my knowledge, there is but one so-called religious periodical in the land which systematically and persistently defrauds contributors of their dues. I refer to an illustrated religious weekly, which has several times been complained of through the press for encouraging writers to submit manuscripts, and then pleading financial embarrassments for delaying payment for them beyond a reasonable period. I know writers who have been solicited to contribute to certain departments of this paper, and then, after waiting for months and months for payment for their articles, have been put off with the excuse above mentioned. Nor to my knowledge has the financial outlook of the paper ever brightened enough to enable it to make good its promises.

But such an exception as this is no justification for the slurs that are sometimes cast on the honesty of the religious press. Indeed, the only question that can fairly be raised would be, Are editors of religious papers business-like in their handling of manuscripts? Some instances which have come under my observation would point to a negative answer, applying not to the entire class spoken of, but to many individuals.

One instance, in which a story was published in a religious weekly but the remuneration was not sent for months afterwards, was explained by the statement that the editor had lost the writer's address, and recovered it only on re-

ceiving another manuscript. A business man's letter-file in that editor's office would have obviated any such state of things.

In another case, a serial story, worth hundreds of dollars, was submitted to the editor of a prosperous church weekly. For nearly a year the owner of the manuscript had no tidings of it, but he possessed his soul in patience, thinking this must be one of the overworked editors who had not time even to drop him a postal card. But at last his anxiety for his property got the better of his fear of making trouble, and he despatched an inquiry for his story, which brought back the acknowledgment, fully a year after the date of sending, that it had been duly received and filed for examination. Think of a business man receiving a consignment of goods, and making no acknowledgment for a year! *J. F. Cowan.*

PITTSBURG, Penn.

PUNCTUATION THAT INFORMS.

The public libraries of the United States exceed six thousand in number, and are estimated to contain some twenty-five million books. It can be readily understood that the work of cataloguing and of keeping accounts in these libraries is, in the aggregate, very great. In these, as in other departments of the librarian's duty, much ingenuity has been exercised in saving time and labor. In the work of cataloguing it was long ago noticed that in writing out Christian names in full there were many more Johns than other names beginning with "J." This suggested to C. A. Cutter, librarian of the Athenæum Library, Boston, a very simple way of showing when "J." means John. He wrote a colon instead of a period after the initial; thus, J: Ascertaining which men's Christian names beginning with other letters of the alphabet were commonest, he made a list of them to be treated in the same way as "J." This list is adopted by the American Library Association, not only in its catalogues, but in everything else that its members — the leading librarians of the country — write or print. The list is: —

A: Augustus.	E: Edward.
B: Benjamin.	F: Frederick.
C: Charles.	G: George.
D: David.	H: Henry.
I: Isaac.	P: Peter.
J: John.	R: Richard.
K: Karl.	S: Samuel.
L: Louis.	T: Thomas.
M: Mark.	U: Ulrich.
N: Nicholas.	V: Victor.
O: Otto.	W: William.

For the commonest names of women, two periods in a horizontal line are placed after the initials. This list is: —

A.. Anna.	L.. Louisa.
B.. Beatrice.	M.. Mary.
C.. Charlotte.	N.. Nancy.
D.. Delia.	O.. Olivia.
E.. Elizabeth.	P.. Pauline.
F.. Fanny.	R.. Rebecca.
G.. Grace.	S.. Sarah.
H.. Helen.	T.. Theresa.
I.. Isabella.	U.. Ursula.
J.. Jane.	V.. Victoria.
K.. Kate.	W.. Wilhelmina.

Punctuation is thus obliged "a double debt to pay." Why cannot so sensible a labor-saving plan find general acceptance? To abridge in an intelligent way the tasks of the writer and the printer is certainly as desirable outside the library as within it.

G: Iles.

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The kindred ideas. that journalism cannot be taught in a school and that the literary art cannot be acquired or improved under the guidance of a master, are combatted by the experience of Guy de Maupassant. First employed as a government clerk, de Maupassant studied literature under Gustave Flaubert, at the Lyceum of Rouen, as an apprentice learns his trade from a master mechanic. "Talent," Flaubert used to say, paraphrasing Buffon's epigram, "is merely long patience," and so he kept his pupil steadily at work. "For seven years," says de Maupassant, in the preface to "Pierre et Jean," "I wrote verses, I wrote stories, I wrote novels, I even wrote a detestable play. Of these nothing survives. The master read them all, and then, on the following Sunday at breakfast, he would give me his criticism, and inculcate, little by little, two or three principles that sum up his long and patient lessons. 'If one has any originality, the first thing requisite is to bring it out; if one has none, the first thing to be done is to acquire it.'"

***

There is no question that the marvellous excellence of literary skill which de Maupassant attained was due to his training as the pupil of the author of "Salambbô." That a young author cannot learn from the experience, or under the tuition, of an old one is an assertion too unreasonable for belief. Flaubert and his pupil believed that originality can be taught — originality in style, at least, that shall serve the purpose of originality in thought. The way to become original, according to the master, is described in the preface of "Pierre et Jean": "Everything which one desires to express," says de Maupassant, "must be looked at with sufficient attention, and during a sufficiently long time, to discover in it some aspect which no one has as yet seen or described. In everything there is still some spot unexplored, because we are accustomed only to use our eyes with the recollection of what others before us have thought on the subject which we contemplate. The smallest object contains something unknown. Find it. To describe a fire that flames and a tree on a plain, look, keep looking, at that flame and that tree till, in your eyes, they have lost all resemblance to any other tree or any other fire. This is the way to become original.

"Having, besides, laid down this truth, that there are not in the whole world two grains of sand, two specks, two hands, or two noses exactly alike," de Maupassant goes on, "he compelled me to describe, in a few phrases, a being or an object in such a manner as to particularize it clearly, and to distinguish it from all the other beings or all the same objects of the same race or the same species.

"'When you pass,' he used to say, 'a grocer

seated at his shop-door, a janitor smoking his pipe, a stand of hackney coaches, show me that grocer and that janitor, their attitude, their whole physical appearance, embracing likewise, as indicated by the skilfulness of the picture, their whole moral nature, so that I cannot confound them with any other grocer or any other janitor; make me see, in one word, that a certain cab-horse does not resemble the fifty others that follow or precede it.'

***

"I have stated elsewhere his ideas of style," continues de Maupassant. "They are closely connected with the theory of observation which I have just explained. Whatever be the thing one wishes to say, there is only one noun to express it, only one verb to give it life, only one adjective to qualify it. Search, then, till that noun, that verb, that adjective, are discovered: never be content with 'very nearly'; never have recourse to tricks, however happy, or to buffooneries of language, to avoid a difficulty. There is no need of the strange, complicated, illimitable, Chinese vocabulary, which is imposed on us to-day under the name of artistic writing, in order to fix every shade of thought; but it is necessary to discern with the utmost lucidity all the modifications of the value of a word, according to the place it occupies. Let us have fewer nouns, verbs, and adjectives with almost incomprehensible meanings, and more varied phrases, differently constructed, ingeniously turned, full of sonority. and skilful rhythms. Let us endeavor to be excellent stylists rather than collectors of rare forms. It is, in fact, more difficult to handle the phrase at pleasure, to make it say everything (even that which it does not express), and to fill it with hidden meanings, and with secret suggestions which are not formulated, than to invent new expressions, or to search in the depths of old forgotten books all those which have passed out of use, and which, having lost all significance, are for us only dead words."

***

That Guy de Maupassant was something more than a skilful word-carpenter, the verdict of the literary world concedes. That the excellence of his style is the chief merit of his work, however, cannot be denied, and there can hardly be any question that that excellence of style is due to the long and careful training which the young man was given by Flaubert. In his case, instruction in literary art improved native talents which might otherwise have failed to attract the attention of the world. There is no reason why any young writer should not benefit us much by instruction given by any competent master of the literary art.

***

As for journalism, it is absurd to say that the newspaper office must be the only successful school for would-be newspaper writers. Modern journalism has well-defined practices and principles that can be taught by one who knows them as well in a school of journalism as in the office of a daily paper. The trouble with the schools of journalism that have come into existence up to the present time is that they have not been practical, and that their conductors have not been themselves adequately trained in the methods of the modern newspaper world. It may be true that no amount of instruction can make a first-class author or journalist of one who has not natural talent for literary work; but, granting the possession of such talent, in some degree, instruction in literary art or in the principles of journalistic work cannot fail to benefit the pupil, and to give him a marked advantage over one whose talent has been developed only by experience without a guide.

***

If the teacher and critic can do no more for the student, he can, at least, correct the pet faults of language which every writer's work displays. There is no author living whose work would not be better if it were "edited" by some possibly commonplace literary hack, whose instruction has trained him to detect blemishes in literary style. The proof-reader, much-maligned as he is, fulfils a useful function in correcting glaring faults that authors, even though they may be famous, overlook; but the proof-reader, as a rule, is cautious and over-modest, and many improvements that his good judgment would suggest he hesitates to make, or even to advise. Nearly every author has some persistent fault in style which mars the perfection of his work, and which any skilful editor

would correct. Most common of all errors in style, probably, is the use of "as though" for "as if." There is hardly a well-known writer of modern times who does not err in this respect. Other blunders are nearly as common. They need never get into print if books were edited, as they should be, before the copy is given to the printer, or if proof-readers should give to authors the unreserved benefit of all the expert and useful knowledge they possess.

W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics may be asked and answered in this department. Both questions and answers must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Should a story suitable only for some given time (as winter, summer, Christmas, etc.) be submitted to editors during, or near, the season only for which it is intended? Would not a winter story sent in April or July stand a small chance of acceptance, especially as some editors accept articles for but six months ahead? On the other hand, should it be necessary to send manuscript to six or eight editors, each requiring an average of a month to give his decision, the season would be over before the manuscript would be sold. A. W.

[Ordinarily, there is no objection to sending a "timely" story or article to magazine editors when it is completed, regardless of the time of year. A magazine editor is as likely to accept a Christmas story in January as at any other time, provided it suits his purpose. The only rule to be observed is not to send a "timely" story to a magazine editor two or three weeks, or even two or three months, before the season to which the manuscript applies, with the expectation of having it published the same year. Nearly all of the popular magazines are made up months in advance. With weekly journals and newspapers, precisely the same rule will not apply. Weekly papers are not made up so far in advance, and a "timely" manuscript sent in two or three months before the time when it should properly appear has some chance of publication then. As for daily papers, it is not usually wise to submit a "timely" manuscript *till within a month or two* of the day when it should be published. Newspaper editors delay making up special issues as long as possible, and their systems of handling manuscripts are often so defective that it is not prudent to leave articles long in their hands unless they are accepted. —W. H. H.]

(1.) When the manuscript of a book has been finished and is ready for the press, and it is desired that some noted person shall write an introduction to be embodied in the volume, is it better to print a single copy and ask him to read it and write his introduction, or to expect him to take the extra trouble of reading the manuscript?

(2.) When a writer sends an article to a publisher with whom he has no acquaintance and has had no dealings, does he set his price on the article, or leave the publisher to determine its value? H. E.

[(1.) If an author desires somebody to write an introduction to his book, his best plan will be to have the printer pull a set of galley proofs, as soon as the book is set in type, and send them to the person who is to write the introduction.

(2.) Unless an author is able to dictate his own terms to publishers, he will do better, in dealing with a reputable publication, to let the editor fix the price to be paid for his contribution. — W. H. H.]

Is there any redress for a writer in case of a manuscript being returned a year after acceptance, the reason being "lack of space"?

P. MCA. C.

[If an editor has once accepted a manuscript offered for sale, particularly if it is a "timely" one, it ought to be possible always to make him pay for it, whether he uses it or not; but whether it is possible or not is quite another question. If, as is often understood, he accepts the manuscript "to be paid for on publication," he is not, of course, bound to pay for it until he publishes it, and that may never be The whole matter is one which might profitably be brought for definite settlement before the courts. The difficulty has always been that since the supply of manuscript exceeds the demand, authors are in the position of suppliants with editors, and if they are badly treated, they are unable, or do not think it wise, to sue. — W. H. H.]

How and where can I obtain a position as

translator of German and French novels and short stories? C. D.

[The only way to obtain work as a translator of French and German novels and short stories is to write to publishers and ask for it, at the same time submitting either references or samples of work, or both. As a rule, there is little chance of securing work even in this way. Translators are abundant, and work for them is scarce and poorly paid. An advertisement in papers that reach publishers might possibly secure such work, but there would be only a small chance of it. — W. H. H.]

Cannot a writer's preference for certain spelling (as, for instance, among the different forms of Shakespeare's name) be respected? Can some style of punctuation be preserved in the printing of an article? How far have different publishers rules in those matters? And are those rules to be invariably followed? C.

[Different publishers have different rules, making up what is called the office style, and, in each case, manuscripts are changed to conform in matters of spelling and punctuation with the style of the office in which they are being printed. The only way an author can preserve in print his pet peculiarities of style is by arranging with his editor that the printers shall follow copy exactly — and in the case of most authors that would not be safe. Sometimes it is possible for an author to have certain words — like Shakespeare's name, for instance — spelled in his article as he thinks best, even if his ideas and the style of the office do not at all agree. A circle around a word or punctuation mark and a line leading to the injunction, "Follow copy," written in the margin, will sometimes be regarded. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

While reading in THE WRITER for April, 1892, the article entitled "Shall Writers Combine," by John Bancroft, I determined to tell you my "tale of woe." In November, 1890, seeing the advertisement of the Welch-Fracker Company, I determined to put a book manuscript of humorous sketches, entitled "Mirandy and Dan'el," into their hands. If they thought it worth publication, I would see what arrangements could be made. I had written quite a number of these sketches for the *Burlington Hawkeye*. After the very flattering comments of the Welch-Fracker reader, I decided to allow publication. J. L. Waite, of the *Hawkeye*, wrote an able introduction for the forthcoming book. The proof was sent to me for correction, and the contract between us was that the book was to be out May 1, 1891, I to send check for the $300 — one-half of the expense of publishing — that day. I fulfilled my part of the agreement, but, alas for the honor of that firm! the firm, money, manuscript — all have disappeared, and I am left without either. I took every precaution, and was referred to Hon Francis Sessions, of Ohio, and he wrote me that he had found the Welch-Fracker Company all right. But since his decease, I have been informed that before his death, he, too, found them unreliable. Yes, it *is* quite time there was some plan by which an author may save his money and manuscripts from such misfortune.

Maria M. Van Derveer.

LONG BRANCH CITY, N. J.

May I venture to point out an error in your May number? One can so seldom correct the WRITER that one cannot forego the pleasure of doing so when it is possible. In explaining the difference between "pathos" and "bathos" you quote Webster's definition of the latter as "a ludicrous descent from the elevated to the mean in writing or speech." Now, that is one of Webster's unaccountable blunders — of which he has not a few. Bathos is *not* a "descent from the elevated to the mean"; it is rather the *use* of the mean where the elevated should be expected. This is apparent when it is considered that a composition may be nothing but one piece of bathos from beginning to end, without being "elevated" in any part. The classical reader will at once recall the famous line of Furius Bibaculus satirized by Horace, —

Jupiter hibernas cana nive conspuit Alpes, —

where Jove is represented as "spitting snow upon the wintry Alps." That is an instance of bathos without a descent from anything elevated, and all readers who may wish to learn what true bathos is should consult the very

remarkable essay of Pope and Arbuthnot, "Martinus Scriblerus peri Bathous." I fancy that this is but little known in America, — why, I cannot see, for it would repay any one's reading it many times, for its wit and metaphysical sublety. *Edward Sterling.*

SAN FRANCISCO, Calif.

BOOK REVIEWS.

DARKNESS AND DAYLIGHT; OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE. By Mrs. Helen Campbell, with an introduction by Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D. Supplemented by chapters by Colonel Thomas W. Knox and Inspector Thomas Byrnes. Illustrated with 250 engravings from flash-light photographs. 740 pp. Cloth, $3.25. Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington & Co. 1892.

The aim of this remarkable book, as described in the preface, is "to give scrupulously exact descriptions of life and scenes in the great metropolis under three different aspects: First, "As Seen by a Woman"; second, "As Seen by a Journalist"; third, "As Seen and Known by the Chief of the New York Detective Bureau." No better or more competent writers could have been secured than Mrs. Campbell, Colonel Knox, and Inspector Byrnes. The result of their work is a book of startling interest, sensational, graphic, and in every way true to life, describing in vivid language "the other side" of the great city of New York, picturing life by day and night in tenement houses, missions, underground resorts, haunts of criminals and training schools of crime, and in nooks and corners known only to the police among outsiders, and rarely visited by any one else. The dark side of life is presented without any attempt to tone it down, and foul places are described just as they exist. Yet, so cleanly is the book written, that no one can think of it for a moment as pandering to a prurient curiosity. Its moral purpose is high and pure, and it shows at once the necessity and the benefits of philanthropic and Christian work among the people of the slums.

Graphic and vivid as the text is, however, it is secondary in interest to the illustrations. No more remarkable pictures have ever been published than those which are scattered so profusely through the pages of this book. They are not imaginative sketches. The engravings are made from photographs, taken often at midnight by flash-light in underground dens where the lives of those who made them were in danger, and depicting slum-life in New York, not as an artist might imagine it to be, but as it actually is. The fascinating interest of these pictures cannot be described. They tell their story to every one who looks at them, and they tell it without exaggeration, with an accuracy that cannot be impeached.

Altogether, "Darkness and Daylight in New York" is a book that appeals to every one, and a book that wherever it is seen must excite admiration and surprise. The publishers have accomplished a remarkable work. The volume, which is sold by subscription, is a sumptuous one, and, unlike many subscription books, it is made with a conscience, and not merely put together in such a way as to make the most attractive show. The book is worth its price in all respects; for the ordinary reader it will have a fascinating interest, and as an addition to the literature of sociology, it is a most important work. W. H. H.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value]

Ironing Manuscript. — After the iron has entered your soul, try it on your manuscript. In other words, when an unappreciative editor has returned your contribution with the paper creased by folding so that it has a worn and weary look, take it to the kitchen, get Mary to give you a hot flatiron, and iron the offending creases out. Then send the manuscript out again. You will need to have enough iron in your blood to stand rejections cheerfully if you are going to pick plums from the top of the dizzy ladder of literary fame. H.

BOSTON, Mass.

Finding the Page. — I lately made the discovery that by tearing a bit off one corner of my note-book, I could put my thumb nail on the corner of the first page on which I wanted to write, and open to it at once without fingering to separate that page and the cover. It followed as a corollary that when the first page was written full, the exposed corner of that page could be torn off in the same manner, and the second page opened to with equal readiness — and so on. I think this idea may be found use-

ful where one turns several times to one page before writing on the next, as on note-books, account books, etc. A gentleman to whom I explained the idea suggested that books might be made with perforations across one corner, so that the tear might be easier and neater. Pleased with this amendment, I proposed that we be equal partners in the ownership and exploitation of our joint invention. He replied, "All right, and I give you my half." I give the public my half, and his, too — especially his.

C. S. B.

CAMP POINT, Ill.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the price given in parenthesis following the name. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

THE REALISTIC TREND OF MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE. Emil Blum, Ph. D. *Arena* (50 c.) for July.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CASE: THE VERDICT. Alfred Russell Wallace, D. C. L., The Marquis of Lorne, Rev. C. A. Bartol, Henry George, O. B. Frothingham, G. Kruell, Appleton Morgan, Franklin H. Head, Frances E. Willard. *Arena* (50 c.) for July.

REPORTING WITH MARK TWAIN. Dan de Quille. *Californian* (25 c.) for July.

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY. With Portrait. Ruth Ashmore. *Ladies' Home Journal* (10 c.) for July.

THE WOMEN WRITERS OF TEXAS. *Galveston News* for June 18.

HOW MAGAZINE EDITORS HANDLE MANUSCRIPTS. S. H. Coon. *Boston Advertiser* for May 29.

DAVID M. STONE'S REMINISCENCES. *New York Herald* for June 18.

ALPHONSE DAUDET AT HOME. Robert H. Sherard. *Pittsburg Leader, Chicago Times* for June 11; *St. Paul Pioneer-Press* for June 12.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE. With Portrait. *Woman's Journal* for June 17.

JULES VERNE'S HOME. Robert H. Sherard. *Denver Republican, Toledo Commercial* for June 25.

WALTER BESANT INTERVIEWED. Foster Coates. *St. Louis Republic* for June 18.

AN AFTERNOON WITH DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Edward Everett Hale. *McClure's Magazine* (15 c.) for July.

WORKING UNDER DICKENS. G. A. Sala. Reprinted from *London Telegraph* in *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* for June 18.

"PANSY" (Mrs. Isabella M. Alden.) Adelaide Samson. *New York Observer* for June 8.

M. BARTHELEMY SAINT HILAIRE. *New York Tribune* for June 4.

GOLDWIN SMITH. *Boston Herald* for June 3.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S WASHINGTON HOME. *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* for June 4.

CHARLES GOUNOD AT HOME. M. de. S. *New York Sun* for June 11.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Edward Everett Hale. *Boston Commonwealth* for June 3.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES. *New York Advertiser* for June 4.

FAMOUS NEWSPAPER HOAXES. *New York Sunday News* for June 4.

CHICAGO NEWSPAPERS. *Chicago Evening Journal* for June 3.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The *New England Magazine* with the current July issue passes into the hands of Warren F. Kellogg, who has purchased the assets of the old company and will continue the publication of the magazine from its new offices at 5 Park square, Boston. Edwin D. Mead and Walter Blackburn Harte will continue their connection with the magazine.

The name of the *Christian Union* has been changed to the *Outlook*.

The price of the *Cosmopolitan* has been reduced to twelve and one-half cents a copy. The size and quality of the magazine will remain unchanged.

The juvenile magazine, *Wide Awake*, published by the D. Lothrop Company, has been merged with *St. Nicholas*.

Youth is the name of a new juvenile weekly just started in New York, each number of which will have four pages of pictures in colors, and illustrated articles by good writers.

The August number of *Short Stories* will contain the announcement of several prizes offered for original tales, as follows: For a story of about 4,000 words, with Chicago and the World's Fair as a setting, $50; for the best story of between 3,000 and 5,000 words, without other restriction, $50; and, in anticipation of the coming winter, prizes of $50 and $25 for the first and second awards in a competition for Christmas tales.

Walter Besant reached New York June 17, on his way to the literary conference at Chicago, July 10–17.

George Meredith is at work on a book called "The Journalist," in which Mr. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, and Frederick Greenwood are said to figure.

Professor Howard N. Ogden, of the University of West Virginia, has in preparation "The Literature of the Virginians," in two volumes. More than 200 Virginian writers are included in the work.

Blanche Willis Howard has organized an American Literary Society in Berlin.

Miss Olive Schreiner, the young author of the "Story of an African Farm," is a little woman, with short curly hair, and a clear pale complexion. She is now in England superintending the publication of a new novel.

"The Story of My Life," by Dr. Georg Ebers, is announced by D. Appleton & Co.

Another volume of Madison J. Cawein's poems will be brought out in the fall by G. P. Putnam's Sons, under the title of "Poems of Nature and Love." The poems of this volume have been selected from two earlier volumes published in Louisville several years ago, the same poems which Mr. Howells praised so enthusiastically in *Harper's Magazine*. All of the poems have been retouched considerably, and several of them have been wholly rewritten, among the latter being "Accolon of Gaul."

George Meredith has been elected president of the London Society of Authors.

Lee & Shepard have nearly ready "The Builders of American Literature," by F. H. Underwood. The first volume contains short and carefully studied notices of leading authors, from Jonathan Edwards down to Richard H. Stoddard. It ends with authors born in 1825. The next volume will take up the long list from that year to the present time.

The *Quarterly Register of Current History*, hitherto published at Detroit, has been purchased by Garrettson, Cox, & Co., 357 Seventh street, Buffalo. The editorial management will remain with Dr. Alfred S. Johnson, and the distinctive features will be preserved, the name being changed to *Cyclopedic Review of Current History*.

Arlo Bates, the Boston novelist, has been elected professor of English literature in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Bates is not only a writer of books, but an experienced journalist as well, having been editor of the *Boston Courier* for several years.

Happenchance, which is described as "a magazine by amateurs for amateurs," and is published at Mamaroneck, has for one of its aims the printing of manuscripts which have been rejected by publishers. The young poets of France are happy in the possession of *La Plume*, a magazine specially devoted to the publication of their ambitious efforts.

The *Critic's* "Lounger" says that he (or she) knows "a man who married a woman believing her to be Saxe Holme, and, though he has been married a number of years, he believes so still," and the "Lounger's" note implies that this man resides in a sort of fool's paradise. The "Lounger" was in the secret of the authorship of the Saxe Holme stories from the start, and heard them talked over between the author and publisher before they were printed.

Dr. Edward Eggleston is at work upon a new novel, the first he has written for some time. He works about three hours every morning.

Mrs. Deland has finished a new novel, and, under the title of "Philip and His Wife," it is to be published serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mrs. Robert Reid tells the literary editor of the *Montreal Gazette* that the author of "Geraldine: A Souvenir of the St. Lawrence," is A. A. Hopkins, of Harriman, East Tennessee, editor of the *Weekly Advance*. The same authority says: "The author is a clever musician, as well as a physician. The heroine is a lady of Albany, N. Y."

W. Clark Russell says in *Scribner's* for July that he went to sea when he was thirteen and a few months, and followed the calling for nearly eight years, so that he claims knowledge of it on every merit of service and suffering.

Edward Lyman Bill, editor and proprietor of the *Music Trade Review*, New York, has purchased the *Keynote*, an important musical monthly, founded by Frederick Archer. The scope of the paper will be greatly enlarged, and it will be essentially a home paper, devoted to art, music, drama, and literature. The first number under the new proprietorship, that for July, is presented in an enlarged and improved form. The offices of publication will be at 3 East 14th street, New York.

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A WRITER'S WASTED SUNDAY.

[*Taken from the diary of a young and enterprising author.*]

"During the morning service I sat where I could see the choir, and I was particularly attracted by a fan in the hands of the contralto. It was pale brown — well, that does n't seem to hit the color exactly — it was something pale, anyhow, and I'll swear it was n't fawn-color. Its interest in my eyes was its perfect plainness, no unusual birds or rare flowers on the satin, no ornament or carving on the sticks.

"Now, if you've any sympathy in you, you'll understand the suggestiveness of an expanse of — pale-colored — satin to one who always thinks of triolets at sight of a blank slip of paper. One could n't write triolets on a fan, — not literally, — but if one painted instead of wrote?

"Here, I am sorry to say, I lost the thread of the sermon, and began to festoon a story around that fan. The contralto did n't go in as heroine, because there are limitations to one's imagination in the case of an actual girl. No, the heroine was three shades fairer than the contralto, and six inches taller — they're always tall in my stories. She would have soft gray eyes, and wear pale gray, I thought (the fan insisted on surrounding itself with pale colors), and she would be sweet-mannered and friendly to — say, a poor protégé of her wealthy father's, a struggling artist (I knew that was unoriginal, but I promised myself to make his hair short, and to refuse to give him a velvet coat). They would have been brought up together — not all the time, but just enough together to make it piquant. Then they would both come back to the old home after completing their respective educations, and then I'd bring in the sweet, grave friendliness, in the garden plucking roses, or on the back veranda shelling peas, in a cool pink morning-dress and blue flannel blazer, respectively.

"Just here, I would introduce the incident I'd been working up to. One day she would show him a fan she had bought, 'to go with my gown for the party next Thursday,' and being a plain fan, — gray, I thought, since I did n't want to waste a page describing the other color, — it would suggest decoration to his artist soul, and he would mention it to her, and she would take up the offer with pretty graciousness — 'Yes, and when you are a great painter, I shall have a famous souvenir; and when I am an old woman, I shall write a picturesque article about it, with

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illustrations, for a high-class magazine.' So they go upstairs to his studio, and she stands in the window overlooking the garden, while he gets out his brushes, and she wanders around the room, and watches him at work, and asks such innocent yet intelligent questions about the technique of his art. And he will say — doing something artistically characteristic the while (must get the local color from Kanvaspoyler) — 'Suppose Fame kicks me out of her way, and I am never any greater than now, then I shall merely have spoiled your fan.' 'As if you could spoil it,' — no, that's rather too artless and heedless for the sweet, grave, slow-spoken girl. She would say something clannish, and gracious, and encouraging — artistically — in answer. I must think that over.

"I broke off here, and went home. After dinner I began to think of writing. Our boarding-house is n't perfection, and any literary effort on the part of any one therein is usually preceded by a long and enthusiastic search for the inkstand. I avoided this by retiring at once to my room, where the hunt for wherewithal to record elevated sentiments is not usually lengthy. I fished out some paper and sharpened a lead-pencil, and sat down to write. The story would n't crystallize properly, so I lit a pipe, put my feet on the bureau among the other bric-à-brac, and thought it over. There was no need for haste, I thought, as I watched the gray-clad girl floating on the smoke-wreaths. The story would take shape in time.

* * * * * * *

"That evening I went to church again, and again sat near the choir. When the contralto sat down after the anthem and opened her fan, I experienced a sudden sensation of cold — for there was a delicate spray of daisies painted on it. For one badly-tangled moment I felt responsible for their presence there, and thought uneasily that the contralto would be annoyed, for she was a sober-clad, serious-looking little person. Then I recovered the use of such intelligence as Providence had vouchsafed to me, and, noting that the sticks also were decorated with gold tracing, I realized that the contralto had two sides to her fan, and that she had held the wrong side toward me in the morning. But my story was gone — vanished out of reach — nothing left of it but a gray memory, tangled up with a sense of injustice and disappointment.

"It is a case in which the law offers no redress, I well know, — but that girl in the choir owes me a story." *Katharine L. Johnston.*

TORONTO, ONT.

METHODS OF AUTHORS.

System in Novel Writing.

Anthony Trollope was the most systematic of all the English novelists. Sitting down at his desk, he would take out his watch and time himself. His system is well known, but a singular explanation of his fertility may be quoted: "When I have commenced a new book," he says, "I have always prepared a diary divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered day by day the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there staring me in the face and demanding of me increased labor, so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time, whether any other business might be then heavy or light, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed, I have allotted myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about forty. It has been placed as low as twenty and has risen to one hundred and twelve. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain two hundred

and fifty words, and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went."

Under the title of "A Walk in a Wood," Anthony Trollope thus describes his method of plot-making and the difficulty the novelist experiences in making the "tricksy Ariel" of the imagination do his bidding: "I have to confess that my incidents are fabricated to fit my story as it goes on, and not my story to fit my incidents. I wrote a novel once in which a lady forged a will, but I had not myself decided that she had forged it till the chapter before that in which she confesses her guilt. In another a lady is made to steal her own diamonds, a grand *tour de force*, as I thought; but the brilliant idea struck me only when I was writing the page in which the theft is described. I once heard an unknown critic abuse my workmanship because a certain lady had been made to appear too frequently in my pages. I went home and killed her immediately. I say this to show that the process of thinking to which I am alluding has not generally been applied to any great effort of construction. It has expended itself on the minute ramifications of tale-telling: how this young lady should be made to behave herself with that young gentleman; how this mother or that father would be affected by the ill conduct or the good of a son or a daughter; how these words or those other would be most appropriate or true to nature if used on some special occasion. Such plottings as these with a fabricator of fiction are infinite in number, but not one of them can be done fitly without thinking. My little effort will miss its wished-for result unless I be true to nature; and to be true to nature I must think what nature would produce. Where shall I go to find my thoughts with the greatest ease and most perfect freedom?

"I have found that I can best command my thoughts on foot, and can do so with the most perfect mastery when wandering through a wood. To be alone is, of course, essential. Companionship requires conversation, for which, indeed, the spot is most fit; but conversation is not now the object in view. I have found it best even to reject the society of a dog, who, if he be a dog of manners, will make some attempt at talking; and though he should be silent, the sight of him provokes words and caresses and sport. It is best to be away from cottages, away from children, away as far as may be from chance wanderers. So much easier is it to speak than to think, that any slightest temptation suffices to carry away the idler from the harder to the lighter work. An old woman with a bundle of sticks becomes an agreeable companion, or a little girl picking wild fruit. Even when quite alone, when all the surroundings seem to be fitted for thought, the thinker will still find a difficulty in thinking. It is not that the mind is inactive, but that it will run exactly whither it is not bidden to go. With subtle ingenuity, it will find for itself little easy tasks, instead of setting itself down on that which it is its duty to do at once. With me, I own, it is so weak as to fly back to things already done, which require no more thinking, which are, perhaps, unworthy of a place even in the memory, and to revel in the ease of contemplating that which has been accomplished, rather than to struggle for further performance. My eyes, which should become moist with the troubles of the embryo heroine, shed tears as they call to mind the early sorrow of Mr. ——, who was married and made happy many years ago. Then, when it comes to this, a great effort becomes necessary, or that day will for me have no results. It is so easy to lose an hour in maundering over the past, and to waste the good things which have been provided in remembering instead of creating!

"But a word about the nature of the wood! It is not always easy to find a wood, and sometimes when you have got it, it is but a muddy, plashy, rough-hewn congregation of ill-grown trees, — a thicket rather than a wood, — in which even contemplation is difficult, and thinking is out of the question. He who has devoted himself to wandering in woods will know at the first glance whether the place will suit his purpose. A crowded undergrowth of hazel, thorn, birch, and elder, with merely a track through it, will by no means serve the occasion. The trees around you should be big and noble. There should be grass at your feet. There should be space for the felled or fallen princes of the forest. A roadway with the sign of wheels that have passed long since will be an advan-

tage, so long as the branches above your head shall meet or seem to meet each other. I will not say that the ground should not be level, lest by creating difficulties I shall seem to show that the fitting spot may be too difficult to be found; but, no doubt, it will be an assistance in the work to be done if occasionally you can look down on the tops of the trees as you descend, and again look up to them as with increasing height they rise high above your head. And it should be a wood — perhaps a forest — rather than a skirting of timber. You should feel that, if not lost, you are losable. To have trees around you is not enough, unless you have many. You must have a feeling as of Adam in the garden. There must be a confirmed assurance in your mind that you have got out of the conventional into the natural, which will not establish itself unless there be a consciousness of distance between you and the next ploughed field. If possible, you should not know the east from the west; or, if so, only by the setting of the sun. You should recognize the direction in which you must return simply by the fall of water.

"But where shall the wood be found? Such woodlands there are still in England, though, alas! they are becoming rarer every year. Profit from the timber merchant or dealer in fire-wood is looked to; or else, as is more probable, drives are cut broad and straight, like spokes of a wheel radiating to a nave or centre, good only for the purposes of the slayer of multitudinous pheasants. I will not say that a wood prepared, not as the home, but the slaughter-ground, of game, is altogether inefficient for our purpose. I have used such, even when the sound of the guns has been near enough to warn me to turn my steps to the right or to the left. The scents are pleasant even in winter; the trees are there, and sometimes even yet the delightful feeling may be encountered that the track on which you are walking leads to some far-off, vague destination, in reaching which there may be much of delight, because it will be new; — something also of peril, because it will be distant. But the wood, if possible, should seem to be purposeless. It should have no evident consciousness *of being there, either for* game or fagots. The felled trunk on which you sit should seem to have been selected for some accidental purpose of house-building, as if a neighbor had searched for what was wanting and had found it. No idea should be engendered that it was let out at so much an acre to a contractor, who would cut the trees in order and sell them in the next market. The mind should conceive that this wood never had been planted by hands, but had come there from the direct beneficence of the Creator — as the first woods did come, before man had been taught to recreate them systematically, and as some still remain to us, so much more lovely in their wildness than when reduced to rows and quincunxes, and made to accommodate themselves to laws of economy and order.

"They will not come at once, those thoughts which are so anxiously expected; and in the process of coming they are apt to be troublesome, full of tricks, and almost traitorous. They must be imprisoned or bound with thongs when they come, as was Proteus when Ulysses caught him amidst his sea-calves, — as was done with some of the fairies of old, who would, indeed, do their beneficent work, but only under compulsion. It may be that your spirit should on an occasion be as obedient as Ariel; but that will not be often. He will run backward, — as it were downhill, — because it is so easy, instead of upward and onward. He will turn to the right and to the left, making a show of doing fine work, only not the work that is demanded of him that day. He will skip hither and thither with pleasant, bright gambols, but will not put his shoulder to the wheel, his neck to the collar, his hand to the plough. Has my reader ever driven a pig to market? The pig will travel on freely, but will always take the wrong turning; and then, when stopped for the tenth time, will head backward and try to run between your legs. So it is with the tricksy Ariel, — that Ariel which every man owns, though so many of us fail to use him for much purpose; which but few of us have subjected to such discipline as Prospero had used before he had brought his servant to do his bidding at the slightest word.

"But at last I feel that I have him, perhaps by the tail, as the Irishman drives his pig-

When I have got him I have to be careful that he shall not escape me till that job of work be done. Gradually, as I walk or stop, as I seat myself on a bank or lean against a tree, perhaps as I hurry on waving my stick above my head, till, with my quick motion, the sweatdrops come out upon my brow, the scene forms itself for me. I see, or fancy that I see, what will be fitting, what will be true, how far virtue may be made to go without walking upon stilts, what wickedness may do without breaking the link which binds it to humanity, how low ignorance may grovel, how high knowledge may soar, what the writer may teach without repelling by severity, how he may amuse without descending to buffoonery; and then the limits of pathos are searched and words are weighed which shall suit, but do no more than suit, the greatness or the smallness of the occasion. We, who are slight, may not attempt lofty things, or make ridiculous with our little fables the doings of the gods. But for that which we do there are appropriate terms and boundaries which may be reached, but not surpassed. All this has to be thought of and decided upon in reference to those little plottings of which I have spoken, each of which has to be made the receptacle of pathos or of humor, of honor or of truth, as far as the thinker may be able to furnish them. He has to see, above all things, that in his attempts he shall not sin against nature; that in striving to touch the feelings he shall not excite ridicule; that in seeking for humor he does not miss his point; that in quest of honor and truth he does not become bombastic and straitlaced. A clergyman in his pulpit may advocate an altitude of virtue fitted to a millennium here or to a heaven hereafter; nay, from the nature of his profession, he must do so. The poet, too, may soar as high as he will, and if words suffice to him, he need never fear to fail because his ideas are too lofty. But he who tells tales in prose can hardly hope to be effective as a teacher, unless he binds himself by the circumstances of the world which he finds around him. Honor and truth there should be, and pathos and humor, but he should so constrain them that they shall not seem to mount into nature beyond the ordinary habitations of men and women.

"Such rules as to construction have probably been long known to him. It is not for them he is seeking as he is roaming listlessly or walking rapidly through the trees. They have come to him from much observation, from the writings of others, from that which we call study, in which imagination has but little immediate concern. It is the fitting of the rules to the characters which he has created, the filling in with living touches and true colors those daubs and blotches on his canvas which have been easily scribbled with a rough hand, that the true work consists. It is here that he requires that his fancy should be undisturbed, that the trees should overshadow him, that the birds should comfort him, that the green and yellow mosses should be in unison with him, that the very air should be good to him. The rules are there fixed,—fixed as far as his judgment can fix them,—and are no longer a difficulty to him. The first coarse outlines of his story he has found to be a matter almost indifferent to him. It is with these little plottings that he has to contend. It is for them that he must catch his Ariel and bind him fast, but yet so bind him that not a thread shall touch the easy action of his wings. Every little scene must be arranged so that — if it may be possible — the proper words may be spoken and the fitting effect produced.

"Alas! with all these struggles, when the wood has been found, when all external things are propitious, when the very heavens have lent their aid, it is so often that it is impossible! It is not only that your Ariel is untrained, but that the special Ariel which you may chance to own is no better than a rustic hobgoblin or a pease-blossom, or mustard seed at the best. You cannot get the pace of the racehorse from a farmyard colt, train him as you will. How often is one prompted to fling one's self down in despair, and, weeping between the branches, to declare that it is not that the thoughts will wander, it is not that the mind is treacherous! That which it can do, it will do; but the pace required from it should be fitted only for the farmyard. Nevertheless, before all be given up, let a walk in the wood be tried."

Much has been said about the quality of Mr. Trollope's work. There seems a consensus of opinion that it degenerated. "Mr. Trol-

lope," says Mr. Freeman, "had certainly gone far to write himself out. His later work is far from being so good as his earlier. But, after all, his worst work is better than a great many other people's best; and considering the way in which it was done, it is wonderful that it was done at all. I, myself, know what fixed hours of work are, and their value; but I could not undertake to write about William Rufus or Appius Claudius up to a certain moment on the clock, and to stop at that moment. I suppose it was from his habits of official business that Mr. Trollope learned to do it, and every man undoubtedly knows best how to do his own work. Still, it is strange that works of imagination did not suffer by such a way of doing."

James Payn said that Trollope injured his reputation by publishing his methods of writing. Likewise, the *Daily News*, in referring to Alphonse Daudet's history of his own novels, doubted whether he acted wisely. As the editor said, "An effect of almost too elaborate art, a feeling that we are looking at a mosaic painfully made up of little pieces picked out of real life and fitted together, has often been present to the consciousness of M. Daudet's readers. That feeling is justified by his description of his creative efforts."

M. Daudet's earlier works were light and humorous, like "Tartarin," or they were idyllic and full of Provençal scenery, the nature and the nightingales of M. Daudet's birthplace, the south. One night at the theatre, when watching the splendid failure of an idyllic Provençal sort of play, M. Daudet made up his mind that he must give the public sterner stuff, and describe the familiar Parisian scenery of streets and quais. This wise determination was the origin of his novels, "Jack," "Fromont jeune et Risler ainé," and the rest. Up to that time, M. Daudet, M. Zola, M. Flaubert, and the brothers Goncourt had all been more or less unpopular authors. It is not long since they had a little club of the unsuccessful, and M. Daudet was the first of the company who began to blossom out into numerous editions.

M. Daudet's secret as a novelist, as far as the secret is communicable, seems to be his wonderfully close study of actual life and his unscrupulousness in reproducing its details almost without disguise. He frankly confesses that not only the characters in his political novels, but those in his other works, are drawn straight from living persons. The scenery is all sketched from nature, M. Daudet describing the vast factories with which he was familiar when, at the age of sixteen, he began to earn his own living, or the interiors to which he was admitted by virtue of his position under a great man of the late imperial administration. Places about which he did not know much, and which needed to be introduced into his tales, M. Daudet visited with his note-book.

M. Daudet's mode of work is, first, to see his plot and main incidents clearly, to arrive at a full understanding of his characters, then to map out his chapters, and then, he says, his fingers tingle to be at work. He writes rapidly, handing each wet slip of paper to Madame Daudet for criticism and approval. There is no such sound criticism, he says, as that of this helpful collaborator, who withal is "so little a woman of letters."

When a number of chapters are finished M. Daudet finds it well to begin publishing his novel in a journal. Thus he is obliged to finish within a certain date; he cannot go back to make alterations; he cannot afford time to write a page a dozen times over, as a conscientious artist often wishes to do.

Traits of Musical Composers.

A long chapter of instances might be penned on the habits of work of musical composers; such as Gluck's habit of betaking himself with his harpsichord on a fine day into some grassy field, where the ideas came to him as fast again as within doors.

Handel, on the contrary, claims to have been inspired for his grandest compositions by the murmurous din of mighty London,—far from mighty as the London of George the Second may seem to those with whom the nineteenth century is waning.

Sarti composed best in the sombre shadows of a dimly-lighted room.

The Monsieur Le Maître commemorated in Rousseau's autobiography typified a numerous section in his constant recourse, *en travaillant dans son cabinet*, to a bottle, which was

replenished as often as emptied, and that was too often by a great deal. His servant, in preparing the room for him, would no more have thought of omitting *son pot et son verre* than his ruled paper, ink, pens, and violoncello; and one serving did for these, — not so for the drink.

The learned artist Haydn could not work except in court-dress, and used to declare that, if, when he sat down to his instrument, he had forgotten to put on a certain ring, he could not summon a single idea. How he managed to summon ideas before Frederick II. had given him the said ring we are not informed.

Charles Dibdin's method of composition, or, rather, the absence of it, is illustrated in the story of his lamenting his lack of a new subject while under the hair-dresser's hand in a cloud of powder, at his rooms in the Strand, preparing for his night's "entertainment." The friend who was with him suggested various topics, but all of a sudden the jar of a ladder sounded against the lamp-iron, and Dibdin exclaimed, "The lamp-lighter, a good notion," and at once began humming and fingering on his knee. As soon as his head was dressed he stepped to the piano, finished off both music and words, and that very night sang "Jolly Dick, the Lamp-lighter," at the theatre, nor could he, we are assured on critical authority, well have made a greater hit if the song had been the deliberate work of two authors — one of the words, another of the air — and had taken weeks to finish it, and been elaborated in studious leisure instead of the distraction of dressing-room din.

DETROIT, Mich. *Dr. H. Erichsen.*

ARE THE CHARACTERS OF JUVENILE LITERATURE REAL?

Some time ago, through curiosity, I addressed several writers of juvenile literature, asking the question, "Are the characters of your stories real?" The valued and interesting replies which I received induced me to extend the inquiry to include the leading juvenile authors of the day, with the idea of getting the replies published. Besides being intensely interesting, their answers are full of advice to young authors. The replies received are as follows: —

Horatio Alger, Jr., writes that some of the characters of his stories are real, and that he frequently introduces incidents from the lives of his friends in his books; but he never used any personal experience of his own.

Walter Morris: "As a rule, I use real boys for the principal characters of my stories; for I never fail to cultivate a promising lad, since it is so much easier to delineate a genuine than an imaginary youngster. No, I have not drawn upon my own history, but write generally from personal experience."

William Taylor Adams ("Oliver Optic"): "I think the characters of my stories are real. I try to make them so, though they are not actual biographical sketches of individuals. I always draw upon my experience, and have travelled extensively to prepare myself for my work. I often have a life model, and there is always a foundation of reality in fiction."

C. A. Stephens: "The characters of my stories and sketches are often real persons. In my juvenile books I had a party of real boys in view, particularly in the 'Young Moose Hunters,' where all the persons were straight from actual life. Many of my Maine sketches for the *Youth's Companion* have a similar background in actual life. Others, however, are wholly fictions. I follow no set rule, but write, I am sure, more true stories than fictions."

James K. Orton: "I draw the characters of my stories from real life so far as possible, perhaps because it seems better to present a real instead of an imaginary boy. As to using material from my personal history, I never do; but the main incidents from my stories are from personal experience, or related by those in whose truthfulness I have every confidence. I do not think it wise for an author to attempt to describe that which he has never seen."

Will Lissenbee: "Some of the characters of my stories are drawn from real life — the majority of them are, I might say. I frequently find something in my personal experience which I weave into my stories. By a close study of the peculiar characters of the West, I have been able to discover some which seemed to be original characters. The old man in the 'Joy Claim' was a real character, and the very words spoken by this old man were the ones I have often heard uttered by an old man by the name of Harrison who lived in this county."

William Murray Graydon: "Many of my boy characters are drawn from real life — nearly all of those, in fact, who figure in my camping and canoeing stories. Of other stories I can name a few characters who exist in the flesh; notably Dr. Galer in the 'Penrose Plot,' Uncle Joe and the miller in 'Down the Susquehanna,' and Peter in 'Lost in the Slave Land.' In my outdoor and domestic sketches I have drawn upon experiences in my own life."

William O. Stoddard: "There is no general rule as to the formation of characters in fiction. Whenever I deal with historical characters, or historical works of any kind, I take the greatest pains to secure accuracy in every particular. Many of my characters, as in 'Crowded Out o' Crofield,' are real, varied for fictional use. Others are suggested by boys or men I have known. Some are what may be called 'inventions,' but grew out of something, like 'Dat Kinzen and His Friend.' If I see a boy worth catching, or read of one, I put him away for future use, but when he gets in a book he is my own boy and you would probably not know him."

James Otis: "The boys I try to depict, or, at least, the greater number of them, have been known by me. I should not feel able to describe the character of a boy in order to have the reader see him as 'real flesh and blood' without having met him, and I think it aids a writer to use the real name of his character, since he must perforce remember the boy as others see him. I do not use my own personal history, although there may be times when I run in something in the way of incident in which I had a youthful hand; thus making the incident as real to me as if I had passed through *the same experience.*"

Edward Stratemeyer: "No single individual of any of my stories is real; but each boy represents a certain class of youth, or, in other words, he is made up, if I may be allowed to use the expression, of the elements found in a certain number of boys. Many of the men and women characters are taken directly from life. Every author must draw upon his personal history for material to a certain extent, for the simple reason that he knows that which he does know, or, in other words, that which has been brought home to him. If the experience of another is related to him and he sees the effect of the happening on that person, the whole presents an experience to the author, second-hand and altered, but still an experience, and of great value, because it gives with it the effect as well as the cause."

Edward S. Ellis: "I suppose that every writer must of necessity draw to a greater or less extent upon his own experience. Truth is stranger than fiction, and that man who sets out to delineate on paper certain characters necessary to the flow of incident or development of plot is almost sure to recall the very men, women, or children whom he has met, talked to, or perhaps known intimately. They are continually before him, and are often reproduced more vividly than he suspects.

"I recall that in one of my first stories of school life I wanted a typical bully — one of those nuisances with which the schools of the olden time were more often afflicted than are the modern ones. I could not shut out the boy who constantly rose before me — a big, hulking fellow, several years older than each of the rest of us, who was a coward by nature, but whose brutal strength enabled him to play the tyrant among his classmates. It was hard to keep from putting his real name on paper, and many of his doings, as told by me, were unadorned facts. This bully of the olden times is now a man of middle life and a 'gentleman and scholar.' We are warm friends, and when, a few months ago, another schoolmate, now a judge in the supreme court, and I called upon the tyrant of long ago, to chat over those delightful days, I was a little taken back to find that both had recognized the bully whose portrait I drew and whose identity I fancied was

unsuspected. We can all afford to laugh over it now, for the picture, though a faithful one, has been lovingly transformed by the hand of passing years.

"The brutal teacher who hated children; the manly instructor who loved them; the tyrannical boy who lorded it over the others; the bright, conscientious lad; the sweet, trusting little girl; the obdurate father; the awkward country youth, — all these were drawn, in my imperfect way, from life and my own personal experience.

"The school bully to whom I have referred is pictured in 'Ted; or, Getting Even With Him.' What I consider my best story of railway life is 'From the Throttle to the Presidential Chair.' Chief Arthur, who figures in that, of course, is verity, and so are most of the other characters.

"In my stories of Indian and frontier life there is very little, of course, outside of the historical portions, which is not pure fiction. Deerfoot, who figures in nine of Porter and Coates' books (and respecting whom I have received many inquiries, a number from the other side of the Atlantic), is an ideal red man, who, I fear, never existed in the flesh, though the great Tecumseh came the nearest to him. He was undoubtedly the greatest Indian that ever lived, and had he yielded to the Christian influences, would have done his race incalculable good. It is hardly necessary for me to add that in my historical works for the young, such as 'The Indian Wars of the United States,' 'The Eclectic Primary History of the United States,' etc., I endeavor to give nothing but facts."

Clarence C. Converse: "I have written stories in which my characters were not real — stories of occurrences which never happened, located in places that would be rather difficult to fix geographically; and many of these manuscripts received a much readier welcome at the hands of the autocratic publisher than other accounts of veritable incidents in which my friends or acquaintances were actors. But I could never feel that satisfaction in constructing these fabrications which follows the telling of a story in which the hero is at least an acquaintance or messmate, the scenes familiar ones, and the vessels or smaller craft more than mere fancies. Therefore, just so far as the exigencies of story-writing permit, I take the leading characters, — and lesser ones, — as well as incidents, from real life and actual experiences, personal or otherwise; and then the time spent at my desk is almost as pleasant to me as if I were out on the water with my hero, enjoying a thrash to windward, exploring some picturesque island, or witnessing whatever else is in hand.

"Dick Willard is not, I confess, the real name of a certain sailor friend of mine, who was first mate at nineteen, under his father, of the Gifford, — a vessel much larger than the little Duchess, of Beakon Cove, — though I had him in mind when I wrote 'Bino Island,' a serial I have just finished. Again, Chet Harvey is not the identical name which is written down in the family Bible opposite the date of the birth of another acquaintance; and this young man's life may not, on the whole, have been quite so full of varied adventures as those that befel Chet in the chapters of my late Chautauqua Lake story.

"This is as I prefer to write; and after this fashion I intend ever to write; getting just as closely to the whole truth as I can without becoming prosy; building my stories up about actual events in the lives of my friends, and drawing just as little as possible on my imagination. Nor do I think that a writer with such a method can be soon written out. For the longer I live, the longer I knock about this old earth of ours, the more strongly do I become a believer in the saying, 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' Things are constantly occurring which could hardly be the inventions of the rambling pen of a Haggard or a Verne. It is the unexpected which is constantly happening. I feel that a writer has but to tone down, rather than heighten, these actualities, and shape them into cumulative sequence in the development of his plots to produce the most interesting and effective stories.

"I have often made use of personal experiences. Now and then we come across a person such as Haggard did, in the original of his hunter, Allen Quatermain, a gentleman recluse in Africa, some of whose hunting experiences

were even more unique and seemingly unreal than any of those Haggard appropriated. I have found the forecastle, the sail-loft, and the camp-fire inexhaustible sources for stories that need very little shaping to make them intensely readable. Some of the facts I should hesitate to recount, had they been the creations of my own brain, instead of being unquestionably realities. Chance, Providence, — call it what you may, — does some marvellous juggling with men and things mundane; and if we lay aside our books of current fiction and but look about us, — take up the daily papers, — we find there many things happening every day far more strange and improbable than those we read of between its covers."

Charles A. Fosdick ("Harry Castlemon"): "Some of my characters are drawn from life, but still they are not what you would call real. There's Frank Nelson, for example. Every time I think of him I seem to see before me a classmate who was his exact counterpart in some things — a boy who possessed wonderful physical and moral courage, who always stood at or near the head of his class, and who was the best runner and foot-ball player in school; but there all similarity between him and Frank Nelson ceases. The real boy did not have wealthy and influential friends, as the 'Young Naturalist' is supposed to have had. He had his own way to make in the world, and has done it in a way most surprising and gratifying to everybody who knows him. He went to the seat of war as a private of the 'Ellsworth's boys' regiment, was promoted for gallantry during the seven days' fight in front of Richmond, became adjutant of the 116th N. Y. Infantry, charged with his regiment through the slashings of Port Hudson, and came out with a colonel's eagles on his shoulders. He afterward went to Congress, and is now Commissioner of Immigration. The newspapers will tell you his name.

"When I think of Don Gordon, I recall a boy who was in my Latin class at the high school. He was a young Hercules, and there was no boy in our room who could take his measure on the ground or beat him at the bat. When it came to books, he was good there, too. A favorite with both teachers and students, he *was too honest* and altogether reliable to get into trouble of any sort, as Don Gordon was in the habit of doing. *Perhaps* that part of Don's history is drawn from some of my own experience. The last sentence will answer your fourth question.

"Windy, Timbertoes, Hurricane, and the two trappers spoken of in the Gunboat Series probably came the nearest to being real characters. We used to hold public debates in the high school every Friday afternoon, and the first named boy would tire us out with his long-winded speeches. That was the way he gained his cognomen. I don't know what has become of him; but Hurricane, so called from the energetic way he had of running the bases, is now a prominent Democratic congressman. When I tell you that he brought Mr. Cleveland's name before the first convention that nominated him for the Presidency, you can easily guess who he is. While he was yet a schoolboy, he marked out the course he intended to follow through life, and he has never allowed the obstacles he found in his path to turn him from it by so much as a hair's-breadth.

"Timbertoes, whose name was bestowed on him on account of his wooden-leg style of progression, was an acting ensign and watch officer attached to the ironclad on which I served as captain's clerk during the Red River expedition. The two trappers, Dick Lewis and Bob Kelley, were Union men who hid in the sunk lands near New Madrid to escape the conscript officers. They came aboard my vessel several times to exchange garden truck for flour, 'store tea,' tobacco, and other little things of which they stood in need. Of course, I pumped them most assiduously, and obtained many valuable ideas from them.

"If you had asked me if any of the incidents described in my stories are real, I could have given you a more satisfactory answer. Almost everything that happened to Frank Nelson and Archie Winters, as narrated in the Gunboat Series, really did take place. Of some of the scenes I was an eye-witness, and others were told to me by those who took part in them. To illustrate: Frank's escape from Shreveport, as well as his subsequent adventures with the bloodhounds that were put on his trail, was no myth, and neither was his betrayal by the dis-

heartened Union soldier-bishop, who tried to obtain more grub and better treatment by currying favor with his rebel jailers; for I saw and talked with an escaped prisoner who passed through just such an ordeal. The terrible havoc occasioned by the explosion of a rebel shell in the Ticonderoga's turret during the first day's fight at Fort Pemberton is a matter of history. The boat was the Chilicothe, and the officer who commanded the gun at which the slaughter took place was Acting Ensign Horace Hannon, an Illinois boy and a resident of Cairo. Diamond Lake, where Don Gordon lived, has an existence (only its real name is Moon Lake), and the silver that Clarence Gordon so ardently desired to unearth was concealed around there somewhere. The incidents described in that book (the first volume of the Boy Trapper Series) were suggested to me by an old darkey on the ram Samson, who often said that when the war was over he intended to return to his master's plantation and take possession of a fortune which he had buried in the ground at the command of his 'missus.' He was the only one who knew where it was, and when he found it he was going to keep it.

"The way Godfrey Evans was surprised in his home while he and his family were at dinner, and his bold dash for liberty, were incidents that happened in the neighborhood of which I am speaking. I was serving on the gunboat Forest Rose at the time, and we had with us some of the survivors of a Missouri regiment which had been badly cut up at Chickasaw Bayou during Sherman's attack on Vicksburg. As the Forest Rose exhausted through her smoke-stacks, she could run without making the least noise, and this enabled us to approach close to a plantation house before the inmates knew there was danger near. We were slowly swinging in to the bank, intending to put a party of small-armed men ashore to see what there might be in the house, when all of a sudden a rebel in full uniform rushed out of the back door, ran to a horse that was saddled and waiting close by, swung himself upon the animal's back and put out at top speed across an old cotton field that must have been half a mile wide. The soldiers of whom I have spoken opened fire at once, and although a perfect shower of bullets kicked up the dirt before, behind, and on both sides of that gallant white horse and his plucky rider, to my unspeakable delight they got away unscratched. I stood on deck near the pilot house and saw it all; and although I held a loaded Enfield rifle in my hands, I would not have fired at the rebel for any money. I wanted him to escape; and when I saw him jump his horse over the fence that ran between the field and woods, and turn about in his saddle, and wave his plumed hat in the air to let his wife and daughters know that he was all right, I tell you I felt like giving him a lusty cheer.

"The incidents described in 'Our Fellows,' particularly those that relate to Mark Colman's interview with the Indian who stole the dinner, and to his thrilling adventure at Dead Man's Elbow, are mainly true, having been written out almost word for word as they were told to me by an old, gray-headed overseer who lived at Rosedale Landing in the State of Mississippi. And so I might go on, through all the books and stories I have written, picking out here and there a true incident or a character that is more real than imaginary. But I have said enough to give you an idea of my way of writing, and I suppose that is what you want. An author always prefers to be the leading harvester instead of a mere gleaner — to get his ideas at first hand rather than from books and papers; for then no one can accuse him of plagiarism. But it is hard to be original these days. You remember that Terence, who flourished 150 years before the Christian era, wrote about it: 'In fine, nothing is said now that has not been said before.' Some of our every-day expressions, which we think to be of recent origin, are as old as the hills; for example: 'Cowards do not count in battle; they are there, but not in it.' That is what Euripides said 400 years B. C."

The foregoing letters prove the necessity of having a knowledge of human nature in order to be a successful story-writer. Nearly all the writers quoted here are of the opinion that every writer must, to a certain extent, draw upon personal experiences, and use real persons for his characters, so that they might seem real to the reader.

Edgar G. Alcorn.

GALLIPOLIS, O.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

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*** Everything printed in the magazine will be written expressly for it.

*** Not one line of paid advertisement will be printed in THE WRITER outside of the advertising pages.

*** Advertising rates will be sent on request.

*** Contributions not used will be returned, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

Address: —

THE WRITER,

(P. O. Box 1905.) BOSTON, MASS.

VOL. VI. AUGUST, 1893. NO. 8.

In a book sent recently to the office of THE WRITER for review is pasted a slip which says: —

> Copy for distribution. Not full size. Not for sale. Will editors kindly end their reviews with the words: "Sent postpaid on receipt of one dollar, by Cora Linn Daniels, Franklin, Mass."

It is remarkable that an author of experience and ability, like Mrs. Daniels, should expect an editor to pay any attention to a book sent in such a way. A review of her book in any periodical is an advertisement of it. Editors are accustomed to print reviews of such books as are likely to be of interest to their readers, without making any charge for the advertisement involved, because such reviews are in a certain sense news, and deserve to be printed like any other news matter. The least the publisher can do in such a case, however, is to send for review always a copy of the best edition of his book, as some slight return for the valuable advertisement given to him without money cost. To send to an editor what is confessedly a cheap, imperfect, and unsalable edition of a book, asking him to review it, and in addition to print gratuitously at the end of the review a line giving the price at which good copies of the book are sold and the publisher's address, is simply to impose on the good nature and courtesy of the editor addressed.

***

An editor is not bound to review every book that is sent to him, or even to acknowledge its receipt, any more than a man is to answer a letter as a favor, just because the person who has asked the favor has enclosed a stamp. In the case of the letter the mere expense of postage is generally the least tax on the person who is addressed. Research that may be required, the trouble of writing, the interruption of a busy man's work, are not taken into account by the inquirer, who complains as if he had a personal grievance in case he has "enclosed a stamp" and failed to receive it back on a letter that would have cost the writer unrewarded time and bother. In the same way, publishers often ask too much of editors in asking them to review unimportant or uninteresting books. Every editor who regularly publishes book reviews gives every year to publishers in advertising space ten times the value of all the books they send him, —and writes the advertisement for the publisher into the bargain. Very few of the books that are sent to him have value for his library; the rest he must dispose of as he can, and scores of them bring to him only their value as waste paper. The editor of THE WRITER, for example, has received since the first number of the magazine was published, seven years ago, along with many useful books, a great many hundred volumes that he would have been glad to sell for what the paper, presswork, and bind-

ing of each copy cost, in many cases just for the cost of binding.

***

As a matter of courtesy, it is well enough for an editor to print a line or two acknowledging the receipt of each book that is sent to him for review, though, even then, he is giving a good many books more notice than they deserve. After that he ought to give to each book only such review as its importance to his readers requires, making the length of the review correpond as nearly as possible to its news value. For example, a book on the art of writing may deserve in THE WRITER a page, or four or five pages of space; a book on dressmaking, equally good and valuable in its way, would not be worth as many lines. In any case, a publisher inevitably becomes indebted in time to any publication that regularly reviews his books and prints the announcements that he sends out. The only way in which he can square accounts is by advertising for cash in the regular advertising columns of the publication. No self-respecting editor will pay any attention in his review columns to any book sent to him which is not a copy of the best edition published, or which is stamped "For Review," or "Editor's Copy," or in any way defaced, so that it does not possess its full market value.

***

Publishers sending out books for review would serve their own interests if they would enclose with each copy a slip printed after the style of the titles given under "Books Received" in THE WRITER, giving the ordinary items of information about the book, and especially the price. The advantages the publishers would gain are so obvious that it seems unnecessary to point them out; and yet one at least of the largest publishing houses in the country sends out its books for review without even marking the price in pencil on the address label or on the title-page. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

What is the preferred size of paper to be used in typewriting manuscripts? C.

[A large book manuscript may best be typewritten on sheets 8 x 10 1-2 inches in size. A smaller manuscript may be typewritten either on paper of the same size or on sheets measuring 5 1-2 x 8 1-2 or 5 x 8 inches. It does n't matter much whether the smaller or the larger size of paper is used in typewriting manuscripts, but no sheets larger than 8 x 10 1-2 should ever be used. Some writers use paper 5 x 8 inches in size for short manuscripts, and run the typewriting the long way of the paper, to avoid short lines. — W. H. H.]

If a story is printed in a periodical and not paid for, can it be used by the author in a collection of his stories, without permission from the magazine? H. E. H.

[Questions like this have been repeatedly answered in THE WRITER. If a manuscript is printed in a copyrighted periodical, it cannot be reprinted in full without permission from the owner of the copyright. If it is printed in a publication not copyrighted, the author or anybody else may reprint it without permission. It makes no difference whether the manuscript was paid for or not. — W. H. H.]

(1.) Can a newspaper or magazine take stories, poems, articles, etc., from some other publication and republish them, without acknowledgment, outside of the usual credit (placing the name of the paper at the end of the clipping)?

(2.) Is a publisher the one who is liable in suits for libel or the proprietors? I mean by this a publisher on a salary, who has no financial interest in the paper. A. W. G.

[(1.) A newspaper or magazine may republish anything from any publication that is not copyrighted. Articles in a copyrighted publication can be republished only by the consent of the owner of the copyright. This consent may be tacit, as it is generally in the case of poems published in leading magazines and of extracts from long copyrighted articles. In such cases credit should invariably be given. Some magazines have a rule that not more than two-thirds of any copyrighted article shall be republished without special permission.

(2.) Samuel Merrill, author of "Newspaper Libel," says: "Any one who participates in the publication of a libel is both civilly and criminally liable for the injury which it causes. This liability extends to the writer of the libel, and to the proprietor, editor, publisher, and printer

of the newspaper, and to the news agent who aids in circulating it. It is no defence for one to show that another person, liable jointly with himself, has already been sued or prosecuted for the same publication. The liability of each is independent of the liability of the others."—W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

It has been stated recently that carrier-pigeons were tried a decade or so ago as copy messengers, but without success. Furthermore, that pigeons have never been successfully employed as regular carriers of newspaper reports. This is an error. Away back in the 'forties, Moses Y. Beach, editor and owner of the *New York Sun*, maintained, as a part of the equipment of his establishment, a pigeon loft of highly-bred carriers. These birds served between Philadelphia and New York, much to Mr. Beach's advantage. By this means he secured reports from Washington ahead of his rivals. These pigeons were the talk of the country. Not infrequently birds were sent to sea on vessels chartered by Mr. Beach, and the news from Europe gathered from incoming vessels far from port was quickly transmitted to the *Sun* office under the wings of the birds. They flew at a speed of from seventy-five to ninety miles an hour. *M. Y. Beach.*

SAN DIEGO, Calif.

A recent interviewer of Robert Louis Stevenson, who has been telling us in the newspapers about Mr. Stevenson's literary methods, incidentally reveals what must be a personal peculiarity of the great Samoan, and though it is not necessarily connected with his literary success, it cannot fail to excite interest. It is revealed in the following words: "And laying down a glass of claret which he was sipping, Mr. Stevenson added. . . . . ." It is probably only after long years of faithful and patient practice that any one can place a glass of claret in that position without risk to both the claret and the glass. A. H. N.

NEW ORLEANS, La.

An error common in newspapers is illustrated in the following sentence: "The *News* has the largest circulation of any morning newspaper west of Philadelphia." The correct statement would be: "The *News* has a larger circulation than any other morning newspaper published west of Philadelphia." J. P. G.

CHICAGO, Ill.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.

"Papa"—"Pappa."—In regard to the use of "papa" or "pappa,"—which last in some of our dialects becomes "popper," if the ear is any guide,—without venturing any opinion as to the correctness or incorrectness of the custom of two "p's," I yet venture to point out a place where it was used, historically antedating some of the languages quoted by Charles A. Choate in THE WRITER for May, and in a language not mentioned by him. In Homer's Odyssey, Book VI., line 57, the first two words are "Pappa phil'," literally "Pappa dear," if we allow the spelling to influence the translation into English, although Professor Palmer translates it into the more modern "Papa." The scansion, however, shows pretty clearly that the Greek pronounced it in two syllables, sounding both "p's," as "Pap-pa." *John Preston True.*

BOSTON, Mass.

A contributor to the May number of THE WRITER has elicited much interest in his query concerning the propriety of spelling "papa" with two p's, and "mamma" with three m's. In point of fact the orthographical "papa" and "mamma" are in nowise related. The spelling of each is due—as is the case with most words in our language—to the formation of its root. "Papa" is derived from the Latin "papa," meaning bishop, or church—father. Additional words from the same root are "pope," "papal" and all kindred words, the necessity of only two "p's" here being evident. "Mamma" is derived from the Latin "mamma," meaning breast, other well-known derivatives being "mammal," "mammary," "mammalia," etc., about the spelling of which no question is ever raised. Although English

is formed from almost every language under the sun, — a kind of tongue-hash, so to speak, — yet the two principal elements in its construction are Anglo-Saxon and Latin. Consequently the Latin form of "papa" is preferred to the Greek, "pappa." It may be briefly stated that while this subject has been already agitated to such an extent that "mama" with two "m's" is now regarded as being entirely correct, — though the awkward "double m" is still more often seen, — yet the same objection to a uniformity of orthography in "papa" and "mama" holds good that is urged against phonetic spelling in general. To the student of language, derivative distinctions are important. In the phonetic system all individuality, genealogy, rather, of a word is lost. Hence the literally deep-"rooted" objection to any improvement in our maddening method of spelling.

Amy U. W. Bagg.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

"A Grammatical Error." — Why not say "a grammatical error" as well as "a theological heresy"? The dictionary defines "grammatical" as "relating to grammar," as well as "conforming to the rules of grammar." Thus, of an essay, I might say, "It has fewer grammatical than rhetorical errors."

Lepine H. Rice.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

I hold that the phrase, "a grammatical error," is justifiable. But public opinion seems to be so strongly against it that I have relinquished its use — under protest. The suffix, "al," means not only "according to," but also "pertaining to," "relating to," etc. A grammatical error is an error pertaining to grammar.

John Irving Romer.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

CAPITAL LETTERS. By James F. Willis. 15 pp. Paper, 12 cents. Philadelphia: James F. Willis. 1892.

Mr. Willis' rules for the use of capital letters are generally good, as far as they go, but in some respects he departs from the usage of the best authorities. The tendency nowadays, especially in the newspapers and outside of the most formal book-work, is to restrict the use of capitals, and some newspapers have gone so far as to "mark down" pretty much everything that can be "marked down," from "gatling gun" to "the declaration of independence." That the influence of newspaper style on book-work will eventually restrict the use of capitals everywhere, there can be no doubt. Already in such phrases as "the battle of Tippecanoe" and "the Savannah river" the class words are printed in first-class publications without capitals, and few proof-readers would capitalize "Assassination of Lincoln" or "The Surrender of Cornwallis," as Mr. Willis does. The worst error in the book is the constant capitalization of "the," in defiance of all the best authorities, as, for example, in the sentences, "The Greeks, unable to regain Helen from The Trojans, declared war," and "London is situated on The Thames river." Nevertheless, Mr. Willis writes "Alexander the Great" as printed. His rule, that "river" in the name "The Thames river" should be written with a small letter, and in the name "The Savannah River" should be written with a capital, because "The Thames" can be regarded as a complete name, while "The Savannah" cannot, makes a confusing and unnecessary distinction. Following the same rule, he writes "Bucks County" and "New York city," but most good proof-readers would write "Bucks county" and "New York City." No directions are given regarding the proper way to write names of the seasons, such addresses as "My dear Sir," or debatable words and phrases like "high school," "public library," "Faneuil hall," "the states of the Union," "the union of the states," "the legislature," "heaven," "mayor," "editor Dana," "nihilist," "prussian blue," "brussels carpet," and "pullman car," while attention is not called to the necessary distinction to be made between "republican principles" and "the Republican party," "the reformation of a man's character" and "the Reformation of Luther," etc. Altogether Mr. Willis' little pamphlet is a disappointment, though with revisions and additions it might be made a useful work. He should certainly correct the bad English of the following sentence used as an example on p. 9: "The reign of King George the Third of England was longer than any other English sovereign." Inches and years cannot be easily compared.

W. H. H.

THE PRINTER'S ART. By Alexander A. Stewart. 113 pp. Paper, $1.00. Salem, Mass.: Alexander A. Stewart. 1892.

"The Printer's Art" is a practical printer's handbook, describing the processes and methods of type-setting and presswork. It is written by a practical printer, and is evidently based on extended experience in the printing office. A boy or a young job printer would find in it the instruction necessary to make him acquainted with the principles of the printer's trade, and if he should follow intelligently the

directions given in the book, he would become a first-class printer. "The Printer's Art" teaches by example as well as by precept. The right-hand pages through the book contain the text of the work, while on the left-hand pages are varied specimens of job work, most of which are models in their way. From these any experienced printer would get many useful suggestions, and, for that matter, few old printers could read through the text of the book without learning something new.

A practical knowledge of the processes of typesetting is valuable to any writer. Those who have not had the advantage of experience in a printing-office can learn from this book how type is set and handled, and the knowledge which can be gained in this way will be worth many times the cost of Mr. Stewart's attractive little book. W. H. H.

AT THE GATE OF DREAMS Poems, by James B. Kenyon. 330 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. 1892.

"At the Gate of Dreams" includes, besides many new poems, the best of the author's work previously published in the volumes entitled "Out of the Shadows," "Songs in all Seasons," and "In Realms of Gold." Mr. Kenyon has the true poet's love of nature, and his descriptions are vivid and picturesque. His ideals are high, and his literary art at times is exquisite.

W. H. H.

A WEEK AT THE FAIR. Illustrating the World's Columbian Exposition. 251 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1893.

"A Week at the Fair" has been prepared so as to guide the visitor who has but a week to spend at the Chicago exposition to all the objects of interest that it is most desirable for him to see. The buildings are described by the architects, artists, and sculptors by whom they have been planned and beautified. Such information about Chicago as the stranger in the city requires is given in the opening chapter. The different ways of getting to the exposition grounds are then described, and then follows an itinerary for each day at the fair, completely covering the exposition. Maps, plans, and pictures are numerous. Altogether the book will be of service to any one visiting the fair, and of interest to any one who cannot attend the exposition, but who wants to read about it.

W. H. H.

THE VACATION CLUB. By Adah J. Todd. 225 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Thomas Whittaker. 1892.

"The Vacation Club" describes the experiences of a party of young people in the country who were led by a lady who loved natural history to spend their time with her in studying the hills and fields around them. Thus sugar-coated instruction in geology, botany, mineralogy, and astronomy is given to the reader, and the attractiveness of the natural sciences is indicated. The chief use of such books is in the way of suggestion, for the instruction they give is always fragmentary and incomplete; but they may do good by leading to the study of special treatises in a systematic way.

W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

ILLUSTRATED SKETCHES OF DEATH VALLEY, AND OTHER BORAX DESERTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST. By John R. Spears. 226 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1892.

MADAM SAPPHIRA. By Edgar Saltus. 251 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1893.

HANDBOOK OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. With Special Descriptive Articles, Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. 222 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1893.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF NAPOLEON. By Gilbert Augustin Thierry. Illustrated. 317 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1893.

RHYMING OAK LEAVES. Poems by Mary Lambert. 200 pp. Cloth. Oakland, Calif.: Mary Lambert. 1893.

JOHN APPLEGATE, SURGEON. By Mary Hariott Norris. 334 pp. Paper, 50 cents. St. Paul: Price-McGill Co. 1893.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Send a Self-Addressed Envelope. — In submitting a manuscript to an editor for approval, always be careful to send a self-addressed envelope, suited to the size of your manuscript. If you fail to do this, the editor will be compelled to use one of his own envelopes, which may be much too small, and thus necessitate the folding of your manuscript in a different way, creasing it and hurting its appearance very much. Don't forget to put the necessary stamps on the envelope, and, above all, train yourself to bear the return of your manuscript *cheerfully*. A. W. A.

LYNN, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the price given in parenthesis following the name. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

ARTEMUS WARD IN NEVADA. Dan de Quille. *Californian* (25 c.) for August.

WILLIAM BLAKE. John Vance Cheney. *Californian* (25 c.) for August.

THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT. Julian Ralph. *Scribner's Magazine* for August.

THE VALUE OF CRITICISM. Franklin A. Becher. *New York Dramatic Times* (10 c.) for March 25.

AMERICAN COMPOSERS. John K. Paine. *Music* (30 c.) for July.

SARAH GRAND. *Bookman*, London (15 c.), for July.

EXPERIENCES DURING MANY YEARS—III.-IV. B. P. Shillaber. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for July.

THE COMMON AND HUMAN IN LITERATURE. Walter Blackburn Harte. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for July.

THE EVOLUTION OF A LIBRARY. Hubert H. Bancroft. *Belford's Magazine* (25 c.) for July.

ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY. Ruth Ashmore. *Ladies' Home Journal* (10 c.) for July.

SOURCES OF LITERARY INSPIRATION. Georgia Allen Peck. *Chautauquan* (25 c.) for July.

JOURNALISM IN BOSTON. Charles H. Taylor. *Printer's Ink* (5 c.) for July 5.

THE TELAUTOGRAPH. *Demorest's Family Magazine* (20 c.) for July.

THE NEWS WORLD OF LONDON. Edward Porritt. Illustrated. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (25 c.) for July.

INTERVIEWING AS AN ART. Mrs. Lynn Linton. *Jenness-Miller Illustrated Monthly* (10 c.) for July.

THE REALISTIC TREND OF MODERN GERMAN LITERATURE. Emil Blum, Ph. D. *Arena* (50 c.) for July.

THE CRAVING FOR FICTION. Sir Herbert Maxwell. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Eclectic* (45 c.) for July.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Eclectic* (45 c.) for July.

INK FOR TYPEWRITER RIBBONS. Reprinted from the *Stationery Trades' Journal* in the *American Stationer* (10 c.) for July 27.

AN OLD-FASHIONED VIEW OF FICTION. Maurice Francis Egan. *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for July.

"THE NEW POETRY" AND MR. W. E. HENLEY. Gilbert Parker. *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for July.

CERTAIN POINTS ON STYLE IN WRITING. Edgar Fawcett. *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for July.

THE DRUDGERY OF WRITING GREAT BOOKS. *Frank Harrison's Magazine* (5 c.) for July.

THOMAS HARDY. With Portrait. Harriet Waters Preston. *Century* (35 c.) for July.

THE AUTHOR OF "GULLIVER." M. O. W. Oliphant. *Century* (35 c.) for July.

THE LITERARY WEST—IV. Maurice Thompson. With Portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for July 22.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD. Vesta M. Dowler. *Boston Weekly Journalist* (10 c.) for July 6.

ASPECTS OF TENNYSON. Tennyson as a Nature Poet. Theodore Watts. Reprinted from *Nineteenth Century* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for July 1.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The office of the *Californian Magazine* has been removed to New York City.

Arthur Sherborn Hardy is going to resign his position as professor of mathematics at Dartmouth College, which he has held since 1875, and devote his whole time to literary work, including the editing of the *Cosmopolitan*.

The only authors of note who attended the Authors' Congress in Chicago, July 10–14, were Walter Besant, Charles Dudley Warner, R. W. Gilder, Hamlin Garland, Maurice Thompson, Eugene Field, Miss Alice French, Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Hezekiah Butterworth, George W. Cable, Mrs. Mary Katharine Green Rohlfs, Major Joseph Kirkland, Stanley Waterloo, Mrs. D. Lothrop ("Margaret Sidney"), Mrs. Clara Doty Bates, Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champney, Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, Charles Carleton Coffin, Kate Field, and Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed.

Walter Besant says that it takes him about nine months to write a novel, and that he practically turns out one a year.

In *Scribner's Magazine* for August is an important article by Julian Ralph describing the every-day life of "A Newspaper Correspondent." There is probably no working journalist in the country better able than Mr. Ralph to describe the stirring life of the correspondent.

Louise Imogene Guiney says that the only assured thing about her future literary work is the publication of her third volume of verses, "A Roadside Harp," and that of Dr. Parsons' "Dante," which she is helping to edit. She hopes to achieve the preparation of a prose book, and also of another play. Her play called "The Princess" is to be produced in Boston in September.

The American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, gives notice that the Henry M. Phillips prize of $500 will be awarded for the best essay on, first, "The Common Law of England"; second, "The Theory of the State"; third, "Roman Law and English Law Compared." The competitors have until January 1, 1895, in which to prepare their essays.

Mrs. Mary R. P. Hatch, whose book, "The Missing Man," has been generally well received, has two other books nearly ready for publication.

An illustrated volume of poems by Curtis Guild, editor of the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*, will soon be published by Lee & Shepard.

Rudyard Kipling has begun the publication of a new story, entitled "The White Seal," in the *Churchman*.

Of Randall N. Saunders' poem, "The Seasons," published by the Raphael Tuck & Sons Co., as a holiday booklet, more than 1,700 copies were sold the first season in America alone. Probably as many more were sold in England.

John Henton Carter ("Commodore Rollingpin"), author of "Thomas Rutherton," is at work on three new books, which are just being put in type, "Duck Creek Ballads," "Duck Creek Sketches," and "Nancy," all to be issued before January.

Hattie Horner, one of the most successful Kansas writers, who occupies two editorial positions on Chicago papers, one being that of literary editor of the *Home World*, was married recently to O. E. Louthan, of Chicago, at the home of her parents at White Water, Kan.

Robert Louis Stevenson is a laborious writer. During his stay in Samoa it has been his habit to begin work at six o'clock in the morning, and sometimes to keep at it with Trollope-like assiduity all day long. He told a guest not long ago that on those days when his mind does not work as smoothly as its wont he rewrites his manuscript to such an extent that at the end of the day not one of the original sentences is left unchanged; and occasionally he spends three weeks on a single chapter.

The home of Mrs. A. L. Wistar, the translator, is at Wallingford, Penn. Her father is Dr. Furness, the Unitarian clergyman, who at the age of ninety-one is still vigorously preaching, and her brother is the Shakespearian scholar, Dr. H. H. Furness.

A. H. Gibson, of Star Valley, Kan., is engaged in writing a temperance story, entitled "The Glenwood House." Although he has written a number of stories for the *New York Independent*, *New York Ledger*, *Golden Days*, the *National Tribune*, the American Press Association and other publishers, this is the first book which he has attempted.

The September number of *St. Nicholas* will be the first issue of that magazine since *Wide Awake* was merged in it. The publication of the latter magazine will cease, the good-will and subscription list having been purchased by The *Century Co., the publishers of St. Nicholas.*

Professor William Minto, M.A., LL.D., who has recently died in England, wrote a little treatise, published about the time of his death, entitled "Plain Principles of Prose Composition," in which he gives to beginners this astonishing advice: "Except in avowedly didactic treatises, the endeavor to be lucid and simple is thankless labor. It is only fair to warn the beginner that if he writes lucidly, many honest folk will set him down as a shallow thinker. Intricacy of expression often gets a man credit for profundity, if his ideas are sufficiently commonplace. We believe that he agrees with us, and fancy that he sees grounds too deep to be expressed."

Since Dickens' death the firm of Chapman & Hall has sold 643,000 copies of "Pickwick." The profits on Dickens' works still amount to about $40,000 a year.

The Scribners will publish soon Robert Louis Stevenson's latest story, the sequel of "Kidnapped," under the author's original title, "The Adventures of David Balfour." The English edition of the book will be issued as "Catriona."

Mr. Ruskin's publisher, George Allen, says that since 1871 there has never been a loss on any of Ruskin's works, and that between 1886 and 1892 the author received as his share of the profits about $140,000.

Of Mrs. Anna Katharine Green Rohlfs' "Marked 'Personal'" 20,000 copies were sold within a few weeks after publication. Mrs. Rohlfs' thoughts just now are of the drama and her husband's rendition of "The Leavenworth Case," which will probably be taken before a Boston audience this fall. Mr. Rohlfs is a man of genius and ability, and his wife believes more fully in his capabilities than in her own.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard ("John Strange Winter") has been elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, a distinction that has been conferred on only one other woman since the society was founded, in 1823. The other fellow is Mrs. Napier Higgins, the wife of the Q. C. of that name. This lady wrote a standard work on the women of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which took her ten or twelve years.

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METHODS OF AUTHORS.

The Hygiene of Writing.

Edward Everett Hale gives the following description of his mode of life, which at the same time is full of advice to authors in general: —

"The business of health for a literary man seems to me to depend largely upon sleep. He should have enough sleep, and should sleep well. He should avoid whatever injures sleep.

"This means that the brain should not be excited or even worked hard for six hours before bedtime. Young men can disregard this rule, and do; but as one grows older he finds it wiser to throw his work upon morning hours. If he can spend the afternoon, or even the evening, in the open air, his chances of sleep are better. The evening occupation, according to me, should be light and pleasant, as music, a novel, reading aloud, conversation, the theatre, or watching the stars from the piazza. Of course, different men make and need different rules. I take nine hours for sleep in every twenty-four, and do not object to ten.

"I accepted very early in life Bulwer's estimate that three hours a day is as large an average of desk work as a man of letters should try for. I have, in old newspaper days, written for twelve consecutive hours; but this is only a *tour de force*, and in the long run you waste strength if you do not hold every day quite closely to the average.

"As men live, with the telegraph and the telephone interrupting when they choose, and this fool and that coming in when they choose to say, 'I do not want to interrupt you; I will only take a moment,' the great difficulty is to hold your three hours without a break. If a man has broken my mirror, I do not thank him for leaving the pieces next each other; he has spoiled it, and he may carry them ten miles apart if he chooses. So, if a fool comes in and breaks my time in two, he may stay if he wants to; he is none the less a fool. What I want for work is unbroken time. This is best secured early in the morning.

"I dislike early rising as much as any man, nor do I believe there is any moral merit in it, as the children's books pretend; but to secure an unbroken hour, or even less, I like to be at my desk before breakfast. As long before as possible I have a cup of coffee and a soda biscuit brought me there, and in the thirty to sixty minutes which follow before breakfast, I like to start the work of the day. If you rise at a quarter past six, there will be comparatively few map pedlers, or book agents, or secretaries of charities, or jailbirds, who will call before

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eight. The hour from 6.30 to 7.30 is that of which you are most sure. Even the mother-in-law or the mother of your wife's sister's husband does not come then to say that she should like some light work with a large salary as matron in an institution where there is nothing to do.

"I believe in breakfast very thoroughly, and in having a good breakfast. I have lived in Paris a month at a time and detest the French practice of substituting for breakfast a cup of coffee, with or without an egg. Breakfast is a meal at which much time may be spent with great advantage. People are not apt to come to it too regularly, and you may profit by the intermission to read your newspaper and lecture on its contents. There's no harm in spending an hour at the table.

"After breakfast do not go to work for an hour. Walk out in the garden, lie on your back on a sofa and read, in general, 'loaf' for that hour, and bid the servant keep out everybody who rings the bell, and work steadily till your day's stint is done. If you have had half an hour before breakfast, you can make two hours and a half now.

"It is just so much help if you have a good amanuensis; none, if you have a poor one. The amanuensis should have enough else to do, but be at liberty to attend to you when you need. Write as long as you feel like writing; the moment you do not feel like it, give him the pen and walk up and down the room dictating. There are those who say that they can tell the difference between dictated work and work written by the author. I do not believe them. I will give a share in the Combination Protoxide Silver Mine of Grey's Gulch to anybody who will divide this article correctly between the parts which I dictated and those which are written with my own red right hand.

"Stick to your stint till it is done. If Philistines come in, as they will in a finite world, deduct the time which they have stolen from you and go on so much longer with your work till you have done what you set out to do.

"When you have finished the stint, stop. Do not be tempted to go on because you are in good spirits for work. There is no use in making ready to be tired to-morrow. You may go out of doors now, you may read, you may in whatever way get light and life for the next day. Indeed, if you will remember that the first necessity for literary work is that you have something ready to say before you begin, you will remember something which most authors have thoroughly forgotten or never knew.

"This business of writing is the most exhausting known to men. You should, therefore, steadily feed the machine with fuel. I find it a good habit to have standing on the stove a cup of warm milk, just tinged in color with coffee. In the days of my buoyant youth I said, 'of the color of the cheek of a brunette in Seville.' I had then never seen a brunette in Seville; but I have since, and I can testify that the description was good. Beef tea answers as well; a bowl of chowder quite as well as either. Indeed, good clam chowder is probably the form of nourishment which most quickly and easily comes to the restoration or refreshment of the brain of man.

"If this bowl of coffee, or chowder, or soup is counted as one meal, the working man who wishes to keep in order will have five meals a day, besides the morning cup of coffee, or of coffee colored with milk, which he has before breakfast. Breakfast is one; this extended lunch is another; dinner is the third, say at half-past two; tea is the fourth, at six or seven; and, what is too apt to be forgotten, a sufficient supper before bedtime is the fifth. This last may be as light as you please, but let it be sufficient, — a few oysters, a slice of hot toast, clam chowder again, or a bowl of soup. Never go to bed in any danger of being hungry. People are kept awake by hunger quite as much as by a bad conscience.

"Remembering that sleep is the essential force with which the whole scheme starts, decline tea or coffee within the last six hours before going to bed. If the women-kind insist, you may have your milk and water at the tea-table, colored with tea; but the less the better.

"Avoid all mathematics or intricate study of any sort in the last six hours. This is the stuff dreams are made of, and hot heads, and the nuisances of waking hours.

"Keep your conscience clear. Remember that because the work of life is infinite you

cannot do the whole of it in any limited period of time, and that, therefore, you may just as well leave off in one place as in another.

"No work of any kind should be done in the hour after dinner. After any substantial meal, observe, you need all your vital force for the beginning of digestion. For my part, I always go to sleep after dinner and sleep for exactly an hour, if people will only stay away; and I am much more fond of the people who keep away from me at that time than I am of the people who visit me."

A Humorist's Regimen.

Robert Barr (whose pseudonym, "Luke Sharp," is familiar to the readers of the *Detroit Free Press*) has written an article on "How a Literary Man Should Live," which may be cited in conclusion: —

"I am not," he says, "an advocate of early rising. I believe, however, that every literary man should have fixed hours for getting up. I am very firm with myself on that score. I make it a rule to rise every morning in winter between the hours of six and eleven, and in summer from half-past five until ten. A person is often tempted to sleep later than the limit I tie myself to, but a little resolution with a person's self at first will be amply repaid by the time thus gained, and the feeling one has of having conquered a tendency to indolence. I believe that a literary man can get all the sleep he needs between eight o'clock at night and eleven in the morning. I know, of course, that some eminent authorities disagree with me, but I am only stating my own experience in the matter, and don't propose to enter into any controversy about it.

"On rising I avoid all stimulating drinks, such as tea or coffee. They are apt to set the brain working, and I object to work, even in its most disguised forms. A simple glass of hot Scotch, say half a pint or so, serves to tide over the period between getting up and breakfast-time. Many literary men work before breakfast, but this I regard as a very dangerous habit. I try to avoid it, and so far have been reasonably successful. I rest until breakfast-time. This gives the person a zest for the morning meal.

"For breakfast the simplest food is the best. I begin with oyster stew, then some cold chicken, next a few small lamb chops and mashed potatoes, after that a good-sized beefsteak and fried potatoes, then a rasher of bacon with fried eggs (three), followed by a whitefish or two, the meal being completed with some light, wholesome pastry, mince pie for preference. Care should be taken to avoid tea or coffee, and I think a word of warning ought to go forth against milk. The devastation that milk has wrought among literary men is fearful to contemplate. They begin, thinking that if they find it is hurting them, they can break off, but too often before they awaken to their danger the habit has mastered them. I avoid anything at breakfast except a large tumbler of brandy, with a little soda water added to give it warmth and strength.

"No subject is of more importance to the literary aspirant than the dividing of the hours of work. I divide the hours just as minutely as I can, and then take as few of the particles as possible. I owe much of my success in life to the fact that I never allow work to interfere with the sacred time between breakfast and dinner. That is devoted to rest and thought. Much comfort can be realized during these hours by thinking what a stir you would make in the literary world if you could hire a man like Howells for five dollars a week to do your work for you. Such help, I find, is very difficult to obtain, and yet some people hold that the labor market is overcrowded. The great task of the forenoon should be preparation for the mid-day meal. The thorough enjoyment of this meal has much to do with a man's success in this life.

"Of course, I do not insist that a person should live like a hermit. Because he breakfasts frugally, that is no reason why he should not dine sumptuously. Some people dine at six and merely lunch at noon. Others have their principal meal in the middle of the day, and have a light supper. There is such merit in both these plans that I have adopted both. I take a big dinner and a light lunch at noon, and a heavy dinner and a simple supper in the evening. A person whose brain is constantly worried about how he can shove off his work on

somebody else has to have a substantial diet. The bill of fare for dinner should include everything that abounds in the market — that the literary man can get trusted for.

"After a good rest when dinner is over, remain quiet until supper-time, so that the brain will not be too much agitated for the trials that come after that meal.

"I am a great believer in the old adage of 'early to bed.' We are apt to slight the wisdom of our forefathers; but they knew what they were about when they advised early hours. I always get to bed early, — say two or three in the morning. I do not believe in night work. It is rarely of a good quality. The brain is wearied with the exertions of the day and should not be overtaxed. Besides, the time can be put in with less irksomeness at the theatre, or in company with a lot of congenial companions who avoid the stimulating effects of tea, coffee, and milk. Tobacco, if used at all, should be sparingly indulged in. I never allow myself more than a dozen cigars a day; although, of course, I supplement this with a pipe.

"When do I do my literary work? Why, next day, of course."

DETROIT, Mich. *Dr. H. Erichsen.*

THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

Once upon a time The Woman said unto herself, "I will be a journalist," and she betook herself to an Editorial Sanctum.

And as time went on she learned to grind out copy, yea! and to boil down columns into "sticks," and to make herself useful. And one day it happened that The Personage in the Editorial Sanctum spake unto her, saying, "Go and interview The Great Woman." And The Woman answered, "Verily!" though her heart was in her mouth and terror possessed her soul.

Therefore she made herself fine, and she wondered within her secret heart if The Great Woman would perceive that her gown was of last year's fashion and her gloves not without reproach, and then she meandered forth.

When she reached the house of The Great Woman her heart failed her, and she turned and fled. Once more and she said unto herself, "I will!" but she walked by looking neither to the right nor to the left. Then she said unto herself, "Go to! I must!" and she did.

She pressed the button and the sable servitor did the rest.

She waited in fear and tremblings, and she wished, how she wished, that she had never, never entered an Editorial Sanctum. And her heart sank within her boots and her gown had never before felt so shabby nor her gloves so worn, nor had the humility of her place in life ever so oppressed her.

Lo, The Great Woman!

The Woman's tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, her heart palpitated, and her cheek paled. But when she looked upon The Great Woman, she beheld that The Great Woman also was in a state of nervous agitation and a very ordinary gown. Such a quiet, peaceable-looking little woman was she, who seemed quite as much in dread of that awful impersonal obstruction, The Interview, as The Woman herself.

And then — and then —

The Woman never knew exactly how it happened. It was by inspiration. The Woman found herself growing very cosy and confiden-

tial and acquainted with The Great Woman, and she forgot all about interviews and editors, and chatted as only one woman can chat with another woman, when both have common interests. And The Great Woman knew so much more than The Woman, that she was moved to speak her brightest and give her best.

And so it happened that she called The Woman "my dear," and squeezed her hand good-bye, and said all manner of friendly words, and The Woman departed in a state of beatitude.

The Woman had forgotten every single question she had meant to ask. Her note-book was a blank and her intended interview was a "fizzle," for she hadn't even a genealogical record of The Great Woman, and had certainly forgotten what kind of a gown she had on, and even the color of the curtains in the parlor.

But she wrote something.

And the Editorial Personage decorated it with big black headlines, and The Woman's heart rejoiced.

In later days The Woman has interviewed many great ones and under divers conditions. She has interviewed through cracks of doors, on front stoops, and under second-story windows at the midnight hour; in railroad trains and hotel corridors; on street corners and in carriages; in green-rooms and church vestries; in the family kitchen at house-cleaning time, and in my lady's boudoir with my lady's bangs in curl-papers.

She has been treated as is the book-agent and the soap-pedler; and again she has been feasted in flesh and spirit, and entertained as an angel unawares.

But never, never can be forgotten the terror and the triumph of the first interview, by which The Woman learned that great ones have human sympathies, and was no longer afraid.

BOSTON, Mass. *Mary Worswick.*

HOW MY STORIES ARE MADE.

I am not certain that I have chosen my title rightly. Some writers assert that stories are not made, but that they spring full-fledged from the brain of their happy authors. This may be true, — in some instances, — but I have never been so fortunate.

Perhaps I should have been nearer right if I had called this "How My Stories Make Themselves"; for this I think is what they do, but not in the quick and happy manner that has been suggested.

It may be presumptuous for one so little known as I to venture into a field that is supposed to be preëmpted by famous names, or to think that any public exposition of my methods could have value or interest. But my excuse is Touchstone's, that, though poor things, my stories are mine own, and I have a tender place in my heart for them. I hope I may not be accused of egotism because the personal element is here made so conspicuous, for I see no way to avoid it.

I had been for some time engaged in literary work of various sorts before entering upon the business of story-telling. I had essayed it once or twice, but had not been able to bring my stories to any conclusion. One who knew of my attempts (and who, perhaps, knew me better than I knew myself) urged me to repeat the trial. And it was finally to prove that I could not do it that I began the task in earnest.

I set about it early one morning. The previous evening I had walked with my wife a long distance in the country. It was a beautiful summer night, and our way was along a well-made road lying between green fields. Com-

fortable farmsteads were on either hand. From the barnyards we could hear the lowing of cattle and the neighing of horses. The smoke curled up from kitchen chimneys, where housewives were preparing the evening meal. As the night came on lights flitted out here and there.

In the comprehensive and impersonal way that women have, my companion made a sweeping gesture that included the whole of visible nature, and exclaimed that here was a good scene for a story.

I replied that while it might be a good scene for a story, I knew of no story for the scene. It may be that I was irritated because my brain could not at will conjure one up. But I now believe that I had so long accustomed myself to think that I was deficient in imagination, that I had ceased to make any effort.

Still there was something about the scene that impressed me with its possibilities. Two facts took strong hold of me. One was a long, smooth, white road, leading on endlessly through the happy country. The other, that it would be a sorry thing for a man to happen along that road, having no aim, no home to journey toward, but with busy, comfortable homes mocking him at every step.

These thoughts haunted me, yet they had taken no tangible form when I began to build a story about them. But as I worked, the story grew. Order was evolved out of chaos, and the story made itself under my pen. I think I am wholly truthful in saying that my thought did not for an instant outrun my pen. The story was told without conscious thinking or planning. I do not know that I make this quite clear. I had thought, or tried to think, before I began to write, but had accomplished nothing. I could not weave the story in my mind.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add anything further to this, except to say that the story sold, —possibly not upon the first intention, but upon the second or third, at furthest.

This surprised me, and at the same time gave me a little confidence in myself, so that I resurrected an unfinished manuscript that had lain in my desk for years. It was a story, complete as far as it went, but I had never been able to think out the end. Now I pursued the method that had been successful in the former instance, and without much difficulty soon completed it. This story, also, was soon sold.

I then began to try to think of subjects for stories; but this I found as futile as the endeavor to write them previously had been. It seemed to me that all the stories had been told, and I began to wonder how I had by any chance fallen upon those two.

While I was casting about in this way, I read in a newspaper a very innocent and unpretentious paragraph. It was to the effect that the wife of a certain Union general had once been a flower seller in the streets of an Ohio city; that there the general (then a young lieutenant, just off for the war) had met and loved her: and that, when war's cruel alarms were over, he had hastened back to wed her. I knew well the city where the scene of this little romance was laid. I went to my desk at once, with barely an idea of the story I should write, and the thing grew under my hand.

The flower seller, of course, was French; for I told myself that none other would have chosen so dainty a way of recouping fallen fortunes. The characters dropped into their places and into the story easily. The early days of the war gave opportunity for the sound of the drum and the fife. The mixture of nationalities made possible a little quaint phrasing. Over it all drooped the folds of Old Glory, threatened with the loss of all the Southern stars from its azure field.

So easily did this story sell, that I decided story-writing to be the especial branch of literature in which fame and fortune awaited me. Still I was conscious that I could not think stories. I was continually haunted by the fear that I should not be able to write another. But suggestions would come to me, in newspaper paragraphs, in stories told me by friends, in the ordinary course of conversation.

Sometimes these would give merely the suggestion of a character, or a scene; and it is a peculiar fact that when I am strongly impressed by a scene I rarely have difficulty in building a story into it. An instance of this may be found in some half-dozen stories of the Southwest that I have written. When I first found my way into the great American desert, it im-

pressed me as no other country ever had done. It seemed a land made for dreary, tragic lives. Suggestions crowded into my brain, and yet I could not think them out. But as soon as I had written out the scene, the characters dropped into place, and the stories told themselves.

I have often wondered whether other story writers have had a like experience. I have seen many statements from writers that their stories are thought out in every detail before the first sentence is put upon paper. It is true that practice makes one more proficient in any art, and I do now, at times, have before my mind's eye at the start a sketchy, misty idea of what my whole story will be. But the details are never worked in, and often in the writing my pen departs so wholly from the track marked out, that even I cannot discern the relationship between the completed story and the child of my conception.

FRANKLIN, Ohio. *James Knapp Reeve.*

THE VALUE OF A PEN NAME.

The announcement was made in the newspapers some time ago that the owners of the signature "Clara Bell," which for several years, more or less, has been attached to syndicated gossip letters of varying interest, had sold it for $6,000. If that was true, the fact would seem to be proof positive that there's more in a name than sweet William, of Avon fame, would have us believe.

There can be no doubt at all about the fact that many "pot-boilers" of writers of established reputation would be unable to keep up a flame if it were not for the assisting bellows of a staunch pen name.

It is interesting, also, to observe the change which has come over the pen names, particularly of women, as literature has developed. A comparison of those of the women writers of the present day and of a generation ago shows a growth of strength and character corresponding to the development of these characteristics in women's writings.

The names of "Ada Clare," "The Swan of Litchfield," "Florence," "Pansy," "Eulalie," "Heatherbell," and "Sophie May" are all suggestions of the heart throbs, the short sleeves, and sighs of lovesick maidens in bosky groves, that characterize the sentimental prose and still more sentimental poetry of the days of poetesses and authoresses. Imagine George Eliot signing some of her creations with the name of "Fanny Fern," which in its time was valuable, as such things went in those days.

Many women have taken the names of men, not because of any desire to be known as men, but that their work might be criticised without allowance being made for the sex of the writer, —something which a generation ago was impossible to the gallant, patronizing critics of the stronger sex. In only a few instances have men taken the names of women. The most famous of such pseudonyms was "Mrs. Partington," who in private life was B. P. Shillaber. Benjamin Franklin was at one time in print as "Mrs. Silence Dogood"; Theodore Edward Hook was "Mrs. Ramsbotham"; Douglas Jerrold was "Mrs. Margaret Caudle"; Alphonse Daudet sometimes signed his work "Marie Gaston."

The women who have climbed to fame with the assistance of a masculine pen name are more numerous. One of the first was "George Sand," who was to her friends Mme. Dudevant. Marian Evans Lewes Cross took her name of "George Eliot" because it was "mouth-filling and easily pronounced." "Charles Egbert Craddock" and "Ralph Iron" were christened Mary N. Murfree and Olive Schreiner.

"John Strange Winter," author of "Bootles' Baby," is Mrs. Henrietta Eliza Vaughn Stannard; "Howard Glyndon" is Mrs. Laura C. Dearing, who is well known in journalism, in spite of being deaf and dumb; "Julien Gordon" is Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger; "Henry Gréville," Alice Marie Celeste Durand. Charlotte Brontë and her two sisters disguised themselves under ambiguous names, Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, which, while not distinctly masculine, were certainly not feminine, from a sort of conscientious scruple against assuming Christian names distinctively masculine.

Some amusing stories are recorded of the ludicrous plight of critics and publishers upon discovering the sex of the writers masquerading under masculine names. When Charles Egbert Craddock's Southern mountain stories appeared, John Boyle O'Reilly became a strong admirer, as he said in an editorial criticism, of "the keen-eyed young man who must have lived among the mountaineers and shared in the moonshining and other wild adventures of the breezy dialect character sketches." Miss Murfree writes a heavy masculine hand, and even her publishers were unaware that she was a woman. Once upon a time she came up to town on business, and from her hotel informed her publisher of her presence. He promptly responded with an invitation to breakfast, and upon calling for his guest was paralyzed to behold a very womanly woman, with nothing of the mountains about her.

When "Adam Bede" was published, it established the reputation of George Eliot, who was said to be a Mr. Liggin, of Nuneaton. This announcement caused George Eliot to come forward with a letter asking if the act of publishing a book deprived a man of all claim to the courtesies usual among gentlemen — thus adding to the mystery and keeping up the fiction of a masculine writer.

Some of the most famous writers have distributed the credit of their work over many names before attaining the fame which led them to appear in their family names. Thackeray was prolific in pen names. He was variously known as "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," "Swellmore," "Alonzo Spec," "Adolphus Simcol," "*Punch's* Commissioner," "One of Themselves," "Goliah Muff," "T. T.," "A Lady of Fashion," "Leonidas Androcles Huggleston," "Folkstone Canterbury," "Mr. Jeames," "John Corks," "Growley Byles," "Under Petty," "Benighted Irishman," "Our Own Bashi Bazouk," "Frederick Haltemont de Montmorency," "A Gentleman of the Force," "Charles Yellowplush, Esq.," "Theophile Wagstaff," "Policeman X.," "Launcelot Wagstaff, Jr.," "Our Fat Contributor," "The Contributor at Paris," "Fitzroy Clarence," "Fitzboodle," and "Mr. Brown."

Charles Dickens comes in a slow second with seven pen names to Thackeray's twenty-eight or more. "Boz" is the most widely known of Dickens' disguises. It was suggested by a little brother's odd efforts to pronounce Moses. "Geoffry Sparks," "Timothy Sparks," "Tibbs," "The Uncommercial Traveller," "A Subscriber," "Your Constant Reader," were the other signatures he used.

Sir Walter Scott was at times "The Wizard of the North," "The Visionary," "Captain Clutterbuck," "Jedediah Cleishbotham."

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton wrote over his initials and sometimes appeared as "Pisistratus Caxton."

Victor Hugo signed himself "Paul Focher," "Aristide," and "Hierro."

Balzac was at different times "Lord Rhoone," "Alfred Coudeux," "Henri B.," and "Horace de Saint Ruben."

Washington Irving called himself "A Sentimental Philosopher," "Diedrich Knickerbocker," "Jonathan Oldstyle," "Launcelot Longstaff," which was used by all the contributors to *Salmagundi;* "Geoffrey Crayon," and "Fray Antonio Agapido."

Hawthorne wrote for the *Salem Gazette* and *New England Magazine* over the pen names of "Royce," "Allen," and "Ashley"; and Longfellow speaks of his having been called "Oberon" at school.

Jonathan Swift was another whose pen names were numerous. At various times he was known to the public as "Tom Ashe, Esq.," "T. Fribble," "Simon Wagstaff, Esq.," "Isaac Bickerstaff," "Jack Frenchman," "Lemuel Gulliver," "Student in Astrology," "The Injured Lady," "A Person of Quality," "Tristram

Shandy," "Martinus Scriblerus," "Abel Roper," and "Cademus."

Thomas Carlyle was "The Censor of the Age," "Dr. Pessimist Anticant," and "Teufelsdroch."

Those who are better known by their assumed than their real names are legion. Sometimes it happens that a euphonious name catches the ear of the public, and it reads the works of the pen name, when it would pass unheeded those under the more commonplace real name of the author. Miss Emily Chubbuck was one of those who discovered this. She complained to N. P. Willis that the public did not appreciate her, and Mr. Willis is said to have replied: "How can you expect any better? Who would read a poem signed 'Chubbuck'? Try 'Fanny Forrester' and see the change." And she did. "Mark Twain" is another to whom the public, which turns a dull ear to Samuel L. Clemens, listens appreciatively. Mr. Clemens says the name "Mark Twain" belonged originally to one Captain Isaiah Sellers, who used to write river news over it for the *New Orleans Picayune.* He died in 1863, and Mr. Clemens, feeling that Captain Sellers could not object, appropriated the pseudonym without asking permission of the original bearer.

Among others whose pseudonyms are better known than their real names are "Lewis Carroll," author of "Alice in Wonderland," who is an English clergyman, Rev. Charles L. Dodgson; "Hugh Conway," of "Called Back" fame, who in real life was Frederick John Fargus; "M. Quad," who is Charles B. Lewis; "Bill Nye," Edgar W. Nye; "Max O'Rell," Paul Blouet; "Uncle Remus," Joel Chandler Harris; "Mrs. Alexander," Mrs. Annie F. Hector; "Josh Billings," who was Henry F. Shaw; "Bret Harte," who is Francis Bret Harte; "Jenny June," Mrs. J. C. Croly; "Artemus Ward," who was Charles F. Browne; "Pierre Loti," who is Julien Viaud; "Sidney Luska," who is Henry Harland; and "Gail Hamilton," who is Mary Abigail Dodge in every-day life. The list might be extended indefinitely.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *Mary E. J. Kelley.*

A BIT OF EDITORIAL EXPERIENCE.

Nowhere, unless it be at a summer-hotel table, does a man so shamelessly display himself as in writing his own biography. Some time ago, I was editorially associated with a cyclopædia of biography, for which biographical data, with regard to the living, were supplied by the subjects themselves. No one was supposed to be interrogated, unless he was something of a national as well as a local celebrity; but when once the news of the enterprise got abroad, every tiny village was found to have its "Tartarin" craving notoriety. Bear in mind, please, that a biographical cyclopædia of a limited number of volumes is precluded by the very laws of space from giving a complete Boswellian life of every person admitted between its covers, and you will understand how the results of the observation of human nature, for which I had such exceptional opportunities, were not flattering to its morality, good sense, or literary ability. The moral aspect I shall not present here. It is too appalling to be in any way amusing. When a dandy falls down in a mud puddle, it is quite natural and excusable to laugh at the incongruity; but when the same dandy falls into the same puddle directly before a locomotive at full speed, horror takes the place of mirth. So, when moral obliquity is brought to the notice of the editor, he feels himself in the presence of a human tragedy; whereas, the purely intellectual vagaries he meets with are for the most part too egregiously absurd to be in any degree

pathetic. It is the object of this article to illustrate a few of the latter. They will be considered under two heads: I. Irrelevancies — gossiping or sentimental lapses from a sense of the fitness of things. II. Literary crudities.

The tendency to unbosom to the public-at-large such details of personal and family life as are at once the torment of the village doctor, minister, or milkman, and the glory of a Thanksgiving dinner, falls naturally under the first head. A lady of considerable literary reputation, for instance, sent an autobiography which contained, in addition to data of genuine interest about her books, the following, of interest to nobody who does not know it already, — and that, too, after expressing by letter the most charmingly modest doubt whether she was famous enough to be allotted cyclopædic space at all: "Five children have blessed our home," she wrote; "the eldest a daughter, who is an artist and a pleasing writer of short stories, and four noble, industrious, unselfish sons. For years I gave up my literary labors, almost entirely devoting myself to my children and home, besides helping with church and orphan asylum work. Then the great temperance wave struck our city, and for that grand cause I have labored with hands and brain for the past fifteen years, counting as its greatest blessing to me and mine the fact that my four sons, daughter, and husband are total abstainers." Having got the better of her modesty by this first essay in autobiography, she sent a second communication, a week later, stating that she had forgotten to mention several important facts, namely: that she was the first president of the W. C. T. U. in ——ville, secretary of "our Women's Club and Library Association," and president of the "Ladies' Aid Society" of the Presbyterian church. She hoped it was not too late for these facts to be inserted, and did want so much to see the proofs. About a week later still another communication was received from her, made up of such fragments of her local reputation as she had neglected to brush together before. Ingenuousness, thy name is woman!

The undisguised satisfaction of this good woman in her good work was matched by that of two men; the first of whom vauntingly recorded his promotion from the presidency of a Western university to the superintendency of schools in a town of 5,000 inhabitants; while the second, an Episcopal rector, not only named the places of burial of his ancestors for several generations, gave a full and thrillingly realistic account of his conversion, and short biographies of the various speakers who took part in the political meetings of his college days, but also furnished complete lists of the names and addresses of his examiners for the deaconate, of persons he had baptized (with running comments as to the circumstances of each conversion), of the clergymen who baptized his children, and of pious men and women who were friends of the family. Furthermore, his accompanying letter showed that he confidently expected all this matter to be printed *verbatim*. Ingenuousness, thy name is man also!

Of course, every one will be interested to hear that Hon. ——, of ——town, "has a beautiful home surrounded by fruit and shade trees, and, besides, has considerable sums at interest"; also, that he "made $12,000 in gold mines, and would have made more but for fire in ——ville."

A widow of a few months' standing gave the names of the four physicians attendant upon her husband during his last sickness (for the benefit, I presume, of those of her sex ambitious to become widows likewise), described the details of the coffin, catalogued the flower pieces and their donors, the pall-bearers, and the carriages at the funeral, and gave the names of the people who sent letters and telegrams of condolence.

The president of a well-known university cast his biography into the third person, in order that it might be "reproduced without change." He said, among other things: "His venerated grandfather, who, though uneducated, was a born philosopher, taught him life is too valuable, too grand, to waste on trifles. Hence he never smoked a cigar, never took but one chew of tobacco, never took a drink of whiskey as a beverage, never danced a step in his life, never was on a race ground, never played a game of cards, chess, or billiards, and never was in a theatre, and has never baited a hook nor shot a gun in ——. He never eats pork, cake, or highly-seasoned food. He never swore but one oath in his life." Had this ascetic executive

himself attended a certain Eastern college in his youth, he would have suppressed some of the above details, inasmuch as the president of said Eastern college used to make it a point to impress upon each of his classes this one withering truth: "The world is not interested when you become sophomores."

Another man of considerable note, who chanced to be sent to the International Sunday School convention at London, in 1881, incorporated into his biography an original report, several pages long, of the proceedings of this convention; his reason for the interpolation being that his home Sunday school had tendered him a vote of thanks for it. It closed with the subjoined: "Rev. C. H. Spurgeon delivered a very touching and eloquent address on 'Teaching for Jesus,' after which the vast assemblage joined in the celebration of the Lord's supper; and then, joining hands in one unbroken chain from floor to platform, and from platform to gallery, sang the international hymn: —

> 'There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins.'

It was a supreme hour, and the heart that was not thrilled by its blessed influence must have been cold indeed." Supreme, no doubt, and very thrilling, but scarcely apropos.

We could hardly have received more written testimonials of ability and character had we been a servant girls' employment bureau. Furthermore, many took advantage of the opportunity to vindicate themselves against scandalous rumors and aspersions, under the impression that we were a court of justice. To others it was the opportunity of a lifetime to ride with free rein their hobbies, social, political, moral, and religious.

So much for irrelevancies; for the "stupidity that is dead to the substance," as Walter Pater puts it. Now for the literary crudities, for the "vulgarity that is dead to form." Of course, there were innumerable inaccuracies and inelegancies of language, such as are likely to occur in the work of novices or amateurs. The most frequent and flagrant offence, however, was that "fine writing," which always "toils for subsistence," and never works for a living, and, as certainly, never earns one — an offence better expressed, perhaps, by the French word, "*emphase*," a little stronger than our "emphasis," and a little weaker than our "fustian."

Here is heroism for you! "For fifty years he could say with Paul: 'This one thing I do; neither count I my life dear, so that I may finish my course with joy.' And, though prostrated by yellow fever in 1848, and brought down to the very jaws of death by cholera in 1849, and though assaulted by opposition in a thousand forms by Catholics, Pedo-Baptists, Infidels, *grocery-keepers* [italicized to mark the sublimity of the climax], and, finally, overwhelmed with debts, contracted to save the university, he pressed on for fifty-one years heroically, saying as Paul did: 'None of these move me, neither count I my life dear, that I may finish my course with joy.'"

And here is loyalty! "He has had ten children, six daughters and four sons. M——, one of his sons, died. The names of his surviving children are Mary Regina, Clara Virginia, Edgar Howard, Caroline Lincoln, Henry Nicholas, Florence Reppert, Charles Sumner, Margaret Snodgrass, and Elizabeth Dill. Thus Mr. ——'s actual love for the great men of the Republican party is even embalmed among his household gods, and perpetuates the names of Lincoln, the immortal emancipator, and of Sumner, the scholarly senator, and the profound master of the logic of legal and historical facts in favor of emancipation and liberty, *both folded to the bosom of their eternal Father in heaven, and of the still surviving General Howard.*"

And here is religion! "Through storm and cloud God has guided me and my loved ones. Our only son, nineteen, successful as a bookkeeper at ——, our only daughter completing her course in art, considered gifted. Her paintings in oil sell well. Love for the church, the holy Bible, the prayer-book, is the burning principle of my life. Daily study in these, and in my Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and German, strengthen and uphold me in my life work for God and his poor. Shall expect (D. V.) to live and die in the work of my Incarnate Master, to whom be all honor, and glory, and majesty throughout all ages, world without end. Amen!" Bathos is inevitable, unless the article ends here.

BOSTON, MASS. *Richard T. Melcher.*

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE WRITER has always maintained that not only is instruction in journalism possible, but that even better training in newspaper work can be had in a rightly-planned school of journalism than in any newspaper office. It is true that up to the present time the newspaper office has been the only practical school of journalism available for those desiring to learn the newspaper business. The schools of journalism that have been established at different times, either independently or in connection with different colleges, have been well enough in their way; but they have not been sufficiently practical, and their "graduates," although better, no doubt, for the training they had received, would not be accepted in any newspaper office in the country as trained newspaper men.

***

Some of these schools have been better than others. The first school of the kind, so far as the editor of THE WRITER knows, was that established in Detroit by Mrs. M. L. Rayne a number of years ago. A similar school was afterward started in Washington by Mrs. Lucy A. Leggett. Neither of these schools pretended to do much beyond giving to their pupils general literary training and some insight into the methods of newspaper work. A more ambitious plan was put into operation two or three years ago, at Cornell University, by Brainard G. Smith, a trained New York newspaper man. Mr. Smith's department at Cornell, however, was not so much a school of journalism as an extension of the college course in English and Rhetoric, to include instruction in such writing as newspaper men most frequently have to do. The experiment was not successful, probably because the training was more theoretical than practical, although there is no doubt that it was very good of its kind, and came nearer to being practical training in newspaper work than that of any school previously established.

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This year a similar department on a somewhat better plan is established at the University of Pennsylvania, in charge of Joseph French Johnson, who, like Mr. Smith, is a trained newspaper man. The plan of the University of Pennsylvania course is broader than that of the Cornell experiment. The full course covers four years, the curriculum of the first two years being of a preliminary nature, corresponding to the freshman and sophomore years of the ordinary college course, and the curriculum of the last two years embracing special studies in Politics, Economics, Statistics, and History, and also a course in the origin, development, and function of the newspaper, with practical exercises having reference to the work of a reporter. The plan of the course is an admirable one in all respects for students who wish to get the

best preliminary training preparatory to undertaking practical newspaper work, but the school is rather a school of preparation for journalism than a school of journalism itself. Mr. Johnson says distinctly that he does not expect to turn out editors and reporters, but hopes to graduate men and women fitted as well as possible to be made editors and reporters, by the practical experience of a newspaper office. In a personal letter to the editor of THE WRITER he says: "The newspapers have exaggerated what I hope to accomplish in the way of practical training. I do not intend to waste any time trying to do for a student what can be done better in a newspaper office. I shall try to hammer his style incessantly, with a view to making him write clearly and compactly, and shall aim to make him acquire a lot of information — about the sources of information as well as about things — that will be very useful to him in newspaper work. Those are the two aims of the course of journalism that I have no doubt about; all else will be experimental." All of this is admirable, and THE WRITER wishes for the University of Pennsylvania Department of Journalism the best possible success.

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To make the list of schools of journalism complete, mention must be made of a course established this year at Trinity College, Durham, N. C., by John L. Weber, formerly an editor of the *Charleston* (S. C.) *News and Courier*. The course at Durham College includes a single year's instruction in English, Economics, Civics, Political Science, History, Sociology, and daily practice in newspaper work, and the college catalogue says: "Any student who will take the full year's course will be fitted for actual work in any newspaper office." It will be seen that this school, like that of the University of Pennsylvania, aims to turn out graduates fitted for newspaper work, instead of trained reporters and editors. In a letter to THE WRITER, Mr. Weber says: "It is not our intention to send our young men in flocks to the daily newspaper offices. We will make special efforts to improve the country weekly newspapers of the South. After we have fitted a young man for the management of a weekly newspaper, we will endeavor to secure a paper for him in such locality as in our judgment there is a good field for a well-trained and progressive young editor." The plan of this school, also, is good, but it seems to be inadequate, and Mr. Weber's English has a distinct newspaper flavor. Still another institution for giving instruction in newspaper work is the Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism, of Detroit, which may be dismissed in a very few words, since it attempts the absolute impossibility of teaching journalism by correspondence, and proves its own inefficiency, to the mind of experienced newspaper men, by saying in its catalogue that "little writing is required on the part of students," and that its "diploma should have, and doubtless will have, weight with employers, enabling students to obtain advanced positions in newspaper and literary work at the start."

***

Such is a complete list of all American schools of journalism established up to the present time, so far as they have become known to the editor of THE WRITER. An addition to the number is "THE WRITER'S School of Journalism," which is advertised in this number of THE WRITER, and which will be conducted according to the plan devised by the editor of THE WRITER and under his direction. The plan of this school was devised two or three years ago, and, although the fact has not been previously published, it was put into successful operation in Boston at that time. It differs essentially from that of all other schools of journalism in that it aims to turn out, not men and women who are prepared for practical experience in newspaper work, but actually experienced newspaper reporters. It does not, of course, expect to do this in thirteen lessons, or in a stated time with any special pupil, but any pupil who takes the course may learn more of actual newspaper work in three months, or six months, or a year, or any time during which he may be connected with the school, than he could possibly learn within the same time in any newspaper office.

***

The essential feature of the plan is that, by a device which cannot be explained here, each pupil of the school gets exactly such training in

actual newspaper writing and reporting as he would have under the city editor of any metropolitan newspaper, with the added advantage that every step he takes is under the immediate supervision and guidance of a competent instructor, who is himself an experienced newspaper man. A reporter under the direction of a city editor must get his instruction as he can, chiefly by observation, and with no purpose on the part of his superior to train him in newspaper work. In THE WRITER'S School of Journalism, although the pupil will be doing exactly the same work as the reporters on the Boston daily newspapers are doing from day to day, the chief object of his superior will be to guide his course, and it is for that reason that he can get better newspaper training in the school, in a given time, than he could in any newspaper office. In a newspaper office, moreover, a reporter's literary style is more likely to be injured than it is to be improved, and he gets no instruction whatever in the right use of English. In THE WRITER'S School of Journalism he will get not only actual newspaper experience under the direct supervision of a competent instructor, but also instruction in English and Rhetoric, and general direction in the study of History, Political Economy, and other subjects, a knowledge of which is essential to every first-rate newspaper man.

***

The instruction in the school will be chiefly individual, and adapted to the special needs of each pupil. The instructors are all experienced newspaper men, at present engaged in responsible positions on Boston daily newspapers. The whole purpose of the school is practical from the beginning to the end. Pupils who are found to have no special fitness for newspaper work will not be accepted, and pupils who are not disposed to work are not wanted at the school, any more than they are in any newspaper office. Special provision is made for pupils who do not desire training in actual work, but who wish to undertake a course of training in English and Rhetoric. The editor of THE WRITER believes that the plan he has devised, after years of experience in newspaper and literary work, full discussion of the subject with *other experienced* newspaper men, and observation of the merits and defects of all the schools of journalism that have hitherto been established, solves the difficulty of giving in a practical way instruction in journalism that shall be of real benefit to the pupil, and shall make him more valuable to any employer than he would be if he had spent the same time which he has devoted to study in the school in actual reporting experience upon any large daily newspaper.

W. H. H.

TEACHERS OF JOURNALISM.

Your remarks in THE WRITER for July, touching Guy de Maupassant and his master, Flaubert, brought forcibly to mind an experience I once had, which shows how training may be given and who can give it. I had written an account of the life and work of a living writer, setting forth what he had done, what principles he had advocated, and so on; when I showed the finished work to him, he took his pen, and, running over it, struck out here a phrase, there a clause, changed a word here, another there, and, with every touch, strengthened each sentence without altering the sense; turned or transposed a clause with immense advantage; struck out half a sentence, leaving the sense unimpaired; and, in short, by the slightest touches here and there, without adding a single sentence, he greatly improved the whole.

This is the man, thought I, to show young journalists how to write! Here is a teacher of clear, condensed, attractive English writing, who, in a school of journalism, would be worth a troop of ordinary teachers. Few schoolmasters, you know, can themselves write well; not because they have not the ability, but because they have not the practice, to acquire this art.

Now, here is the point I wish to make: There are teachers enough, so called, but few who are masters of the art of writing; few who can show others how to arrange, condense, and simplify work done for a newspaper. Consequently, if ever a school of journalism is to be established and carried on with success, the teachers therein must be practiced writers.

The gentleman of whom I have spoken has acquired his mastery by long practice, and most young writers will have to learn in the same way

until such masters as he can be secured for their school. But he earns in a week more money than most schoolmasters earn in a month; and nobody would expect him to become a teacher for less than he can earn as a writer. Yet I do not doubt that even this gentleman could be secured for a professorship of journalism if he could gain as good a living at it as he does at writing. So you see the success of a school of journalism is, after all, reduced to a matter of money.

Robert Waters.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

QUERIES.

I am a story-writer, and should like to learn to draw well enough to make simple illustrations for my stories in the *Youth's Companion*, *Golden Days*, and other papers. I possess some talent in that line, but have never had any instruction whatever. Can you tell me of any book, or course of printed instruction in drawing, which, with careful study and practice, would enable me to learn without the aid of a teacher? As we have the "Piano without a Master," the idea has occurred to me that there may be such a book as "Drawing without a Master."

C. B. M.

["Elements of Perspective," by A. Perley (40c.), and "Hints for Pupils in Drawing," by Helen M. Knowlton ($1.00), are good books for writers who would like elementary hints about making their own illustrations. Walter Smith's series of drawing books is also good. The *Art Amateur* has been running a series of articles on illustration, containing many valuable suggestions. The Writer Publishing Company will mail any of these publications on receipt of price. Perhaps some of the readers of THE WRITER can suggest other useful works on this topic.— W. H. H.]

Is there such a word as "curios"? I have seen the word in various and numerous newspaper articles recently, once in *Harper's Bazar*, but as yet I have found elsewhere no authority for it. Is the use of the word sufficiently general to render it "safe" English? E. E.

[The Century dictionary explains "curios" as "apparently short for 'curiosity,'" and defines it as "originally, an object of virtu or article of bric-à-brac, brought from China or the far East; now, any bronze, or piece of old china or of bric-à-brac in general, especially such as are rare or curious: as, a collection of *curios*."— W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

Perhaps some young writers would like to know how I make my stories, so I will tell them. First, I take a few sheets of paper and write at the head of one, "Synopsis of novel"; on another page, "Characters," with description of form and disposition opposite each; on another page, "Act I.," which will contain at least two scenes. I divide the entire synopsis thus into about five acts, with at least two scenes apiece. The whole story will contain three "situations," as I call them, one to open, or, rather, end, the first scenes; one in the middle; one at the end. All these I describe accurately, and then fill in the whole. I have been an amateur actress for years, and find this an easy way of writing. I never introduce any character that does not have something to do with the plot, if but to make a background for a set scene. This plan will save a waste of words, and make a more readable article. *Kate Lee Ferguson.*

GREENVILLE, MISS.

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

[Brief, pointed, practical paragraphs discussing the use and misuse of words and phrases will be printed in this department. All readers of THE WRITER are invited to contribute to it. Contributions are limited to 400 words; the briefer they are, the better.

"Rendition."—"Render" is from the Latin "reddo," and means, primarily, to give back, but in English is just as correctly used meaning to give up, or to give out. *E. E. Hill.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE ART OF POETRY. Edited, with introduction and notes, by Professor Albert S. Cook. 303 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1892.

The poetical treatises on the art of poetry by Horace, Vida, and Boileau are included in this volume, together with the translations by Howes, Pitt, and Soame. The translation in each case occupies the upper part of the page, and the original text the lower part. Professor Cook's introduction is brief, and is followed by illustrative comments on the three authors and their

translators, taken from the works of various editors and critics. The notes are partly original and partly selected, and a good index closes the volume. The book is a useful one, and may be studied to advantage by any student of the literary art. W. H. H.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR. Abridged from "Essentials of English Grammar," by Professor W. D. Whitney. By Mrs. Sara E. Lockwood. 253 pp. Cloth, 80 cents. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1892.

Whitney's "Essentials of English Grammar" has long been a standard book. This adaptation of it is intended for the use of students who are not of sufficient maturity to use with advantage the original work. It is simple, plain, straightforward, and practical, and any one who needs to study English grammar will find it to be a very useful and satisfactory work.

W. H. H.

A PRIMER OF ENGLISH VERSE, CHIEFLY IN ITS ÆSTHETIC AND ORGANIC CHARACTER. By Hiram Corson, LL.D. 232 pp. Cloth, $1.10. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1892.

The title of Professor Corson's book is misleading. It is not a primer of English verse so much as it is a study of English verse with especial view to its æsthetic and organic nature; and while the student will get many valuable hints and suggestions from the book, the beginner in verse-writing will not find in it the special primary instruction that he needs. It is rather a book for students of literature and for those who have already mastered the primary principles of verse-writing, and such readers will find it suggestive, inspiring, and scholarly throughout. W. H. H.

ESSAYS IN MINIATURE. By Agnes Repplier. 217 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1892.

Miss Repplier is one of the brightest essayists of the present day and a living refutation of the calumny that no woman is ever the possessor of a complete sense of humor. Her contributions to periodical literature are always timely, entertaining, and full of interest, and this collection of her essays will be welcomed by very many readers. "Our Friends, the Books," "Trials of a Publisher," "The Oppression of Notes," "Conversations in Novels," "A Short Defence of Villains," "Children in Fiction," and "The Novel of Incident" are the titles of some of her papers, and there is not one among all those included in the volume that is not well worth reading. W. H. H.

ANALYTICS OF LITERATURE. A manual for the objective study of English prose and poetry. By Professor L. A. Sherman. 468 pp. Cloth, $1.40. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1893.

Professor Sherman's book is not a fascinating one. In his preface he implies that students under his direction who study English literature in accordance with the processes set forth in his text-book become enthusiastic in their work, but, if that is so, the personal magnetism of the instructor must be largely the reason for their enthusiasm; for, to be frank about it, the book itself is insufferably dull. In the chapters on "Literary Sentence Length in English Prose" and "The Weight of Styles" are given the results of a great deal of laborious word-counting by Professor Sherman, — presumably with the assistance of his pupils, — and from the figures given we learn that in 500 sentences by Spenser the average number of words in a sentence is 49.82; in 500 sentences by Macaulay the average is 22.45; in 500 by Channing, 25.73; and in 500 by Emerson, 20.58. The average number of words in 2,225 sentences by De Quincey is 33.25. The importance of all this, however, does not seem to be at all commensurate with its undoubted truth. W. H. H.

BIRD-DOM. By Leander S. Keyser. 226 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

"There are many persons whose minds need to be awakened to an appreciation of nature," says Mr. Keyser, in the opening chapter of "Bird-dom," "and that is one of the purposes of this unpretending volume." That the book will fulfil this purpose, there can be no reasonable doubt. Mr. Keyser is an ardent lover of nature, and his descriptions of his own experience in bird-study are so attractive that they are sure to inspire others to follow his example. His observations have been chiefly in Ohio, but his suggestions regarding methods apply to all localities, and, of course, many of the birds that he describes are found everywhere in the United States. Writers generally might profitably make a special study of bird-dom, training themselves thereby to habits of close observation, and increasing their descriptive powers. How many writers, for example, could hear so much or distinguish what they hear so well as Mr. Keyser, in this description of what he calls "bird song and bird prattle," heard while sitting beneath the trees one April day at the border of a piece of woodland: "The turtle doves are cooing their soft, far-away lays; the blue-jays are trilling in their explosive way, or calling plaintively; the robins — how many I cannot tell — are carolling in a transport; the tufted titmice are sounding their bugles; the measured roundelays of the wood-sparrows fall sweetly on the ear; the stentorian reveille of the golden-winged woodpeckers is heard, mingling with their affectionate chattering in the trees; a chewink sings in a brush-heap; the sweet quaver of the white throated sparrows runs like a thread of silver through the weft of song; Carolina wrens are having a vocal revel; cardinal grossbeaks and meadow-larks are fluting; the nut-hatches furnish the alto for the anthem; a song sparrow plays several variations on his harp, and a brown thrush breaks forth in so rich a strain that he must be awarded the palm in the winged orchestra." "Bird-dom"

is a welcome addition to the literature to which Bradford Torrey, John Burroughs, Maurice Thompson, Charles C. Abbott, and Olive Thorne Miller have made such fascinating contributions. W. H. H.

ONE HUNDRED LESSONS IN BUSINESS. By Seymour Eaton. 100 pp. Cloth, $1.00.

Mr. Eaton's book is divided into three parts, the first entitled "One Hundred Lessons in Business"; the second, "Short Cuts in Figures"; and the third, "How to Write a Good Business Letter." It is full of practical suggestions, and more than one among the rules given is worth the whole price of the book. Until further notice the publishers of the *Bookkeeper*, Detroit, will give a year's subscription to the *Bookkeeper* and a copy of "One Hundred Lessons in Business," both for only seventy-five cents. W. H. H.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Government Scrap-books.— It was not until after I had been engaged in literary work for several years that I discovered what excellent scrap-books the United States government makes for writers' use. They are not marked "Scrap-book" upon the back, or in gilt letters, with a graceful scroll, upon the side. Some of them bear ponderous titles, such as "Report of the Commissioner of Labor," "Report of the Director of the Mint," etc., but I think they must be really designed for scrap-books, since very many of them are so excellently adapted for scrap-book purposes and so manifestly without value for any other use. A paternal government kindly prints these books on good, strong paper, and issues them, firmly bound in plain black cloth, in large editions. They may be had for the asking; sometimes well-meaning congressmen even force them upon their constituents, and the government pays all the freight. They are of just the right size usually to take two columns in width of newspaper printed matter on each page; and when every other page has been neatly torn out with the tin strip which all writers use in dissecting their check-books, the result is a scrap-book excellent and admirable in all respects. I usually adorn the back of each volume that I use with a white-paper label, covering all the government's gilt, and marked with the name of the topic to which the clippings in the book all relate. The different volumes of my set are of nearly uniform size, and look well in orderly array upon my shelves. When the clippings have been pasted in, the dismal array of tedious statistical tables is mercifully buried out of sight, excepting in the case of clippings from which I am likely to want to cut sections for use in copy some day, and which are accordingly pasted on only one side of the leaf. In that case, I make it a point never to compare critically the interesting printed matter which I paste on the right-hand pages with the uninteresting details with which the government has soiled the left-hand pages. In this way I avoid hurting the feelings of the government and save myself from pain. Of course, there are some public documents which it would be desecration to use in such a way, but they are very few. Some documents, too, are of inconvenient size. In the main, however, the government scrap-books are deserving of the heartiest approval, especially because they are so cheap. They cost the government a few million dollars annually, I believe, but those of them that I have used have cost me seldom even so much as a postal card, and never a regretful pang. J. W.

LOWELL, Mass.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the price given in parenthesis following the name. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

HOW GLADSTONE WORKS. Mrs. Mary Drew. *Youth's Companion* (10 c.) for August 17.

A GIRL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF DICKENS. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for September.

DON'T. TO YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS. F. M. B. *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for September.

PLAY-WRITING FROM AN ACTOR'S POINT OF VIEW. W. H. Crane. *North American Review* (50 c.) for September.

A THACKERAY MANUSCRIPT IN HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY. T. R. Sullivan. With a fac-simile. *Scribner's* (25 c.) for September.

NOTES ABOUT IBSEN. C. M. Waage. *Californian* (25 c.) for September.

PACIFIC COAST WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION. E. T. Y. Parkhurst. *Californian* (25 c.) for September.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CASE. Rev. M. J. Savage, General Marcus J. Wright, L. L. Lawrence, William E. Sheldon, George Makepeace Towle, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. *Arena* (50 c.) for September.

MORAL AND IMMORAL LITERATURE. Rev. Howard MacQueary. *Arena* (50 c.) for September.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON. With portrait. John Vance Cheney. *Chautauquan* (25 c.) for September.

THE MUSICAL JOURNALIST. George B. Armstrong. *Music* (30 c.) for September.

BOOKS AND READERS IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES. C. B. Tillinghast. *Forum* (50 c.) for September.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF BERKSHIRE. Illustrated. James Tucker Cutler. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for September.

NEWSPAPER CENSORSHIP IN TURKEY. P. M. Ayvad. *Printers' Ink* (10 c.) for August 16.

JOURNALISM AND ADVERTISING IN INDIA. The Rajah of Kapurthala. *Printers' Ink* (10 c.) for August 2.

BILL NYE. With portrait and phrenograph. Nelson Sizer. *Phrenological Journal* (15 c.) for September.

HORACE GREELEY. With portrait. *Weekly Journalist* (10 c.) for August 17.

THE MANAGING EDITOR. Julius Chambers. *Weekly Journalist* (10 c.) for August 17

FORREST MORGAN (editor of the *Travelers' Record*). E. H. M. *Weekly Journalist* (10 c.) for August 31.

HINTS TO PROOF-READERS. *American Bookmaker* (25 c.) for August.

THE COLOR PRESS FOR NEWSPAPER PRINTING. William J. Kelly *Inland Printer* for September.

HOW MUSIC IS PRINTED. Frank S. Freeman. *Youth's Companion* (10 c.) for August 24.

SOME POPULAR PRESENT-DAY AUTHORS. With portraits of Thomas Hardy, Robert Louis Stevenson, I. Zangwill, Alphonse Daudet, and T W. Higginson. *Review of Reviews* (25 c.) for August.

A PLEA FOR VERTICAL WRITING. With illustrative examples. A. F. Newlands. *Penman's Art Journal* (10 c.) for September.

THE NEW ERA IN LETTERS. Arthur Waugh. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Eclectic* (45 c.) for August.

SOCIAL MORALITY AND HYPOCRISY IN FICTION. Young E. Allison. *Fetter's Southern Magazine* (25 c.) for August.

UNCHASTITY IN FICTION. Joshua W. Caldwell. *Fetter's Southern Magazine* (25 c.) for August

KIPLING'S GENIUS HEREDITARY. Malcolm McPherson. *Chaperone* (25 c.) for September.

THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS. Harriet Adams Sawyer. *Chaperone* (25 c.) for August.

JOSEPH B. MCCULLAGH. With portrait. Frank E. Nevins. *Phonographic Magazine* for August 15.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. With portrait and phrenograph. Nelson Sizer. *Phrenological Journal* (15 c.) for August.

NEWS AND NOTES.

Popular Astronomy is a new periodical which is to be published monthly at Northfield, Minn., and the first number of which is dated September, 1893. Astronomical topics will be treated in it in a popular way, in language wholly untechnical, and by good writers.

Alfred Butler Starey, for the last seven years editor of *Harper's Young People*, is dead. Since his illness began Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart has been editing the paper.

One of the literary features of *Scribner's* for September is T. R. Sullivan's account of the original manuscript of Thackeray's "Round-about Papers," which is now in the Harvard college library. A number of new and interesting paragraphs have been found in this original manuscript which are not in the published works of Thackeray.

As an illustration of the way in which money is paid to writers as soon as they acquire a reputation, it is asserted that the September *Cosmopolitan* contains less than 8,000 words, for which $1,666 was paid. Ex-President Harrison, Mark Twain, and William Dean Howells are the three contributors whose work commands such a price. The publishers explain how it is possible to sell the *Cosmopolitan* at twelve and a half cents a copy by their announcement that the Christmas edition will exceed 200,000 copies, and that, in consequence of these large editions, they are enabled to raise the advertising rates from $200 to $300 a page — fifty dollars a page more than has ever been charged by any of the leading magazines in this country.

"The Brontë Family," by Dr. William Wright, to be published with illustrations by D. Appleton & Co., contributes absolutely fresh information to the history of the Brontë family, and presents certain romances of family history almost as strange and thrilling as anything in the novels of the gifted sisters.

One of the compositors of THE WRITER has added to the list of typographical curiosities by setting up the sentence, "Ingenuousness, thy name is man," in Mr. Melcher's article in the present number of THE WRITER, in an amended form, as follows: "Ingenious mess, thy name is man."

Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, in her article on Daniel Defoe in the September *Century*, says that Defoe was fifty-eight years old when "Robinson Crusoe" was written, and that he was then a man who had fallen and failed, and had made but little of his life.

The *Boston Globe* published August 27 the first full-page zinc etching picture ever made in one piece and put through a fast newspaper press. It was an advertising cut, and the idea was originated by Frank B. Stevens, of Boston.

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AN AVERAGE WOMAN'S LITERARY EXPERIENCE.

So many young writers feel that they are illustrations of abused genius that I want to tell them the experience of one woman in literary ways. It may help them to see themselves and editors as they are.

My preparatory education for writing was unconscious. My father was an editor of a country weekly. He was and is a man of strong intellectual bent, and at home I heard the questions of the day and the leading books discussed. Books, papers, and the best magazines were my friends from my childhood. I cannot remember when I learned to read, nor can I remember when I did not find reading a comfort. From my twelfth year to my twentieth I kept a diary, and in this way gained a facility in writing. These influences were a blessing to me. In all other ways my lot has been that of most women.

I was twenty-five before I ever wrote a word for publication. I was led to it by the advice of a friend, himself a writer of some note, who said I could make a success of it if I were willing to learn. I have never asked the help of any friend in placing my manuscripts. To the influential friends who are mine, as my father's, I have never spoken of my writings unless I was asked about them. I have never inflicted upon my neighbors or family the reading of a line I have written. I have always acted upon the knowledge that my work, if it was good, would find a place; if it was bad, I did not want it printed. I have read and "minded" all the helpful hints to beginners that came in my way. I have no more skill or education than any girl can have, but I have energy, ambition, and persistency.

Speaking for the average beginner, who has talent, maybe, but not genius, I will now speak for myself. The first thing in a market sense is to have a market value. No beginner has this. Her name will not sell one copy of the paper or magazine that publishes her work. Get a market value by writing what is worth reading and getting it printed without payment, if you are not able to command payment for it. There are crudities in first works which drop off after a time, and the beginner may be grateful to the editor who prints them for nothing. She will see that they look different in print, and if she is wise, she will "view them with a critic's eye."

For a year I wrote and printed where I could, feeling that to be my apprenticeship. I earned

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less than my postage that year. The next year the paper on which I began paid me a trifle for weekly letters, and specials sent to other papers and magazines, though often returned, many times added to my bank account. One more year of 'prentice work I served, gaining more returns. Then I gave up teaching and devoted myself to writing, though it should be "sink or swim."

In that year there were times when the swimmer felt the waves go over her head; but if she sank, she rose again. Living without any other resource than special articles for papers is uncertain, and not to be advised for any one who loves ease better than writing. During this year I did reporting on the city dailies, wrote every kind of article and copy that could be used on a paper. I practiced writing rhymes, which I did *not* send to be printed. Verse-writing is a sort of verbal gymnastics, and I took it merely for that. I studied every day, and always shall study all I can. Occasionally an editor was kind enough to send a letter with my unwelcome brain-child telling me where it needed treatment, and I never failed to write a note of thanks for the suggestion, and the thanks were sincere. When I found it impossible to place a manuscript, I studied it to see what it lacked, and, truth to tell, I usually found the defect.

That was a hard year, but it was worth much to me. At its close I was given a position as literary editor on a weekly. I have held it since, meantime trying in every way to broaden my outlook on life, to take a strong mental grasp of what comes to me, to make myself worthy of better places in the future. I know now that I have placed my foot upon the ladder I mean to climb, and I shall get as near the top as my skill in climbing will permit. If I stay at the foot, I shall know that I stay because I am not fit for any other place, and I shall not believe I have been pulled back by the envy of others.

I have sent articles to papers of national reputation, and they have been accepted. I have sent others, seemingly as good, to the same papers, and they have been returned. Personal favor had nothing to do with either acceptance or rejection. I have always found editors kind; and since I know of the trials of some of them, I wonder that they show even courtesy. I do not believe that anything insures the rejection of a manuscript but its unsuitableness or its worthlessness, and I draw my conclusion from my own experience.

Even the drudgery of my work is pleasant to me. I would write if it paid me little. As a fact, it rewards me liberally, as it will any one whose service is whole-hearted, and who understands that writing is work — not an easy way of earning a living. *Dora M. Morrell.*

BOSTON, Mass.

PADDING CABLE DESPATCHES.

Reference in THE WRIRER to the padding of cablegrams recalls the time, years ago, when I acted as amanuensis to a New York editor who padded cables for the old National Associated Press. This man had a rare knowledge of affairs in England and on the continent, having served in responsible positions for the *London Times*. From a twenty-word London cable this well-informed editor would dictate to me a London despatch of from a thousand to fifteen hundred words, if the news event warranted it. This despatch was wired all over this country. In the event of a big horse or boat race, Crickmore, of the *New York World*, would be called in. If the despatch read, "Oxford won," for instance, "Crick," as we called him, would reel off two solid columns of copy as fast as he could pen it, giving details, etc., in very proper form. To be a good padder, however, a man must be an artist in his way. An

instance of a bungling hand at padding cablegrams is noticed in a despatch published June 27, giving details of the sinking of H. M. S Victoria in collision with the Camperdown. It speaks of struggling sailors being cut to pieces by the revolving screw of the sinking ship, as the victims were drawn beneath the waves by the suction. This screw is painted as a regular revolving chopping knife. Then, after the ship and crew are totally submerged, a boiler is heard to burst and screams are heard. It is solemnly stated that the hot water in rushing from the boiler into an ocean of cold water scalded to death hundreds of men. Such ridiculous stuff as this was printed as fact in the *San Diego Union*, and probably in thousands of other papers where the telegraph editor gets too sleepy to be discriminating. But the man who made up that padded despatch was a genius, looked at from one point of view, and a most arrant ass if regarded from a logical view-point.

SAN DIEGO, Calif. *M. Y. Beach.*

STUDY FOR IMPROVING ONE'S LITERARY STYLE.

Premising that the literary aspirant has already acquired the best general education possible, — for no professional worker can ever know enough, — and that he is daily adding to his stock by every means in his power, what special training does he yet need to enable him to attain success in his chosen work? Like the manual worker, he must become thoroughly acquainted with the implements and materials with which he has to deal, and then become skilful in their use by long and conscientious practice. The literary worker has to do with thoughts and language. He must have thoughts first, clear and well defined, and then must study to express those thoughts in language so perfect and transparent that none of their beauty or significance shall be hidden or distorted.

The study of language, then, and preëminently the study of the English language, must be the special work of the writer in English. I do not mean the mere grammatical and rhetorical study which ought to have been mastered with other elementary branches, but rather that deeper study which makes one thoroughly familiar with the qualities of words, their habits, and capabilities. He who is willing to put forth patient effort for improvement must trace the stream of English back to its sources, and become familiar, not only with the main current of Anglo-Saxon, but also with the tributaries, large and small, which have, from time to time, added to its volume. Going back a little way, there will be found a small stream of Greek origin flowing especially into scientific literature — and in this day a host of scientific terms are coming into the language of common life. Then we find a very large tributary of Latin flowing in through two inlets — one portion coming in directly by way of the learned discussions of law and ecclesiasticism, and the other by a more roundabout way, through the French after the Norman conquest, many words even retaining the French spelling to this day. Latin and French, then, and Greek, in a less degree, are all very important languages to study, with a special view to their philological relation to our mother tongue.

But English is, primarily, a Teutonic language, having its source in a mixture of old German dialects (Anglo-Saxon), with a slight sprinkling of Celtic and Scandinavian words. A study, therefore, of modern German, supplemented by a later study of old German, is very helpful in acquiring an understanding of old English, which is as "dead" a language as Latin or Greek has ever been. The study of Scandinavian, as a related tongue, especially in its older forms, is also useful. With this preparation, the study of middle and old English is an easy and profitable undertaking, which leads

one directly back to the fountain head of word meanings and applications.

It will assist our understanding of the subject, if we remember that very many of our words, adjectives especially, originally came into the language as metaphors. If it were possible for us (and it is) to know the original meaning of all our ordinary adjectives, not to mention other classes of words, together with the modifications time has made, should we not use them with much more precision, force, and elegance? And if we could use all words with propriety, how much incongruity we should eliminate from our writing; how much strength and beauty we might add to it.

But the mere study of words, important as it is, is not all. The musician may study the theory of harmony and the qualities of tones; but in order to execute well, he must practice putting the notes together so as to express a meaning, must accustom the fingers to strike the keys with precision, skill, and taste, so as to produce connected music. Words are the notes of the writer. Understanding their meaning and qualities, he must practice putting them together until he is able to express his thought in the most forceful and beautiful manner. Practice alone will give ease of expression. The study of the languages suggested is a great aid in this direction. The rapid translation of a foreign tongue into good English is very conducive to skill in word-handling.

English, being derived, as it is, from many sources, is peculiarly rich in its scope and in the choice of words it offers. There are often numerous synonyms for expressing delicate shadings of thought, and to his skill in the use of these does the successful writer owe much of the elegance and artistic excellence of his finished work. His readers may not realize it, but they are under the spell. He knows it, and that is enough. While being himself a critical reader of classical English authors, he is no imitator. Having at hand all the resources which he has been able to compass, he aims to develop his own peculiar style and enrich it with the skill he has acquired by long study and exercise.

Viola Fuller Miner.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

SELLING MANUSCRIPTS.

In the chase for the check-remitting editor I have had several amusing, though oftentimes discouraging, experiences, but I believe I have at last solved the problem of disposing of manuscripts, and, thinking, that my plan might be of benefit to the readers of THE WRITER, I here submit it.

First, when I have written something that I know is good enough to bring a check, I take a large blank-book, set apart for the purpose, and fill out a page with the names of magazines and papers to which I think the article is adapted. I write the title above the list, and then check off each periodical to which the article is sent, as it goes out, putting the date opposite as a help in tracing the manuscript if it is lost.

Sometimes my article is "returned with thanks" from a half dozen publications, but persistence usually wins the day, and at last there comes a welcome letter from a publisher with the hard-earned check enclosed. Perseverance and only ordinary talent will win the day.

If a manuscript becomes crumpled by much using, a hot iron will smooth out the creased pages. As a remedy in case it may get soiled, I keep on hand a supply of paper of the size on which the manuscript was written, and supply fresh pages here and there.

When my manuscript is sold I mark in my blank-book opposite the name of the publication which accepted it the date and the price received, thus keeping a complete and business-like record of every article. My blank-book is,

furthermore, an inspiration every time I open it, for I have written on its first page this resolve: "I hereby resolve to write at least one paying article a week, and to persevere in getting it accepted by publishers."

I have always been better paid by requesting the publisher to make payment at his regular rates, which are usually fair, though, now and then, the remuneration is not what I think it should be. In such cases I let that publisher alone in future, and mark him in my blank-book on a "black list."

When I began writing it was in a haphazard way, and, as far as pay was concerned, it seemed "love's labor lost." Now, by adopting this business-like method, and never allowing an article to *rest*, I am reaping a modest share of "golden" grains from the well-tilled literary field. *Amy M. Bradshaw.*

LEBANON, MO.

REFORM IN FRENCH ORTHOGRAPHY.

As is well known, the Académie Française periodically undertakes the task of reforming the orthography, and also the grammar, of the French language. It has lately ended one of its sessions, and as a result some very important changes, about 1,200 in number, are announced. The chief movers in the reform agreed upon were Émile Ollivier and M. Gréard, vice-rector of the Académie de Paris, who were strongly opposed by the philanthropic Duc d'Aumale. Much comment on the changes is to be observed in the French press, which admits that they are revolutionary, but mainly of a beneficial character.

First among the propositions of MM. Gréard and Ollivier comes the suppression of the hyphen in the numerous compound words peculiar to the French language. These are, however, not by any means of the nature of the compounds in English. The Germans, it may be remarked, also avoid compounding as much as possible, preferring to form one word wherever practicable. The Germans also have been indulging in orthographical reform, and knowledge of their movement served as an incentive to the learned Frenchmen.

The uniform formation of the plural number is the second reform proposed. Such a plural as *matériaux* will in future appear as *matériels*; *voix* will be *vois*, in conformity with the ending in the word *lois*; and there will be an end of the cases in which the word *des* is used before a noun in order to denote the plural, as in *des alinéas*. *Je veus* is to take the place of *je veux*. There are a number of other changes, principally of a phonetic nature, *blasfème* taking the place of *blasphème*, and *filosofie* that of *philosophie*, ph giving way to f wherever used.

These changes will prove of much interest to writers and others who have to deal with letter-press, for there is comparatively little work done nowadays in which French does not appear, despite the oft-repeated remark that there is sufficient elasticity in English to enable writers to express themselves without having recourse to a foreign language. It is to be hoped that these changes will become better known by writers of English than those in the form of such words as *collège* (formerly *collége*), *manège* (*manége*), *dénoûment* (*dénouement*), and *Liège* (*Liége*), which were altered by the academy some time ago. These alterations do not appear to have come to the knowledge of many well-informed writers. A case came within the writer's knowledge where an esteemed Harvard professor objected to the word *collège* in place of *collége*, being evidently ignorant of the change ordered by the academicians. Even now *Liége* continually appears in lieu of *Liège*.

The alterations are to go into force immediately. Grammarians, dictionary compilers, and printers throughout the country will be busy making corrections, and, as a Frenchman

resident in New York remarked, the French will be relearning their language. The action of the *immortels* was in a measure forced upon them by public opinion, numerous petitions in favor of reform being sent in, among them being an important one from the Institut de France.

A pamphlet containing the alterations will be issued shortly by the academy, which will not wait until the revision of its dictionary.

NEW YORK, N. Y. *E. J. Jay.*

THE EDITORIAL PREROGATIVE.

What is it? Has it legal bounds? If not, is there a moral limitation to the power an editor possesses over manuscript purchased by him? Is there any unwritten code by which the profession is governed, or is a writer, of necessity, fully at the mercy of the man with the blue pencil, with no redress but impotent rage?

These, and similar questions, have greatly vexed the souls of a little circle of young writers, trying, with conscientious might, to gain a slight foothold on that famed ladder leading to the dreamed-of literary heights.

"It's enough to drive one distracted," C. exclaimed, flinging down the copy of one of Boston's leading publications for young people, famous the country through, in which a well-conceived story, over her own signature, occupied a position of honor. "I never will send another sketch to that dreadful paper!"

"Swallow your pride, my dear," soothed the more practical K. "You can afford to, with the value of that twenty-five-dollar check on your bank account. Have they been editing?"

"Verily, with a pitchfork! And I've been looking forward so eagerly to seeing that favorite of mine in good type, in such enviable position. Ah, think of the worth of the advertisement! And now, after all my hard labor, my trimming, and smoothing, and polishing into what I *know* was a piece of good literary work, to find that crude, rough production published, with my name appended! And to be judged thereby—"

"You know all matter is accepted 'subject *to such* editorial revision as the requirements *of the paper,' etc., etc., etc.!*"

"What exigency can require a girl's name to be changed from Ruth to Jane? Ruth harmonized so delightfully with that bright, modest girl I drew, while Jane calls for another type of character than she possessed. And here is my merry Kitty transformed to stately Eleanor. Why? Because nicknames and diminutives aren't 'good form,' nowadays, and dignified appellatives are to be preferred? As well tell an artist not to paint a tumbled-down fence as it is, but rather to mix his colors for an upright, freshly-whitewashed one, because that is what a fence ought to be! Shade of Howells! Are they moralists, rather than realists, on that editorial staff? Is a writer's fancy too sensitive by far, that such strained changes jar upon it?

"What's the matter with my quotation,

> 'A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food'?

It is printed,

> 'A creature not too good,' etc.

Is that editor really editing Wordsworth?

"Is there anything sensational in this figure of speech, 'Ruth's eyes darted quick thanks,' that it should appear as, 'Jane's eyes expressed her thanks'?"

"That editor," M. solemnly avowed, "is tied to his Art's first principles, truth and simplicity of expression, and—"

"Ye commonplace!" added K. "A fact's a fact to him. State it as such, and use no 'figgers'!"

"Well, all I can say is that it is fortunate for the welfare of that paper that it *does* pay well, and on acceptance; otherwise—"

"No, one doesn't feel quite like stirring up a

fuss, with a good-sized check in one's pocket. If one had the editing and waiting together —"

"As I did," K. interrupted, "with a certain domestic periodical. A little two-dollar sketch of mine was edited as badly — or as well — as yours, C. Its title, names of characters, and construction were changed, and even grammatical errors were introduced. My pretty Hilda masqueraded as ordinary Mary (Mary, I find, is a stock name in editorial circles!); my queenly, self-possessed Margaret made obeisance as insignificant Amy; while, right in the body of the tale, about half a column of alien matter, that I never saw before, was inserted. All this, mind you, with no preliminary consultation with myself. However, that paper was not one of the twenty-five-dollar-check periodicals, from which one looks for more honorable dealing."

"And gets it not!" said C., with dramatic force.

"Now, let me tell you, *sub rosa*," said L., "what I know to be fact. There is a certain literary man on the editorial staff of one of our leading periodicals, well known as a writer of popular books, with work accepted by all the high-grade magazines in the country, from the *Century* down. Anything appearing in these outside publications is as he sends it, the quality of his work being unquestioned, or, rather, passing triumphantly through careful examination. But matter, not of the editorial character, — that, too, possibly, — offered to his own paper is curiously revised before it reaches the public."

"Who does it? His brother editors, or the editor-in-chief, or —" C. breathlessly questioned.

"That's the problem. There is a power behind the throne in the shape of a proprietor, it is well to remember. I state the case to show that we small folk are not the only sufferers. There are editors and editors."

"But I don't see why he stands it," K. protested.

"My dear, we put up with a great deal when it is 'a question of money.' He knows that his paper pursues a peculiar policy in editing. Doubtless, every other editorial worker is in the same box with himself. Matter is changed for no more ostensible reason than that some one thinks an article is not edited unless alteration is made."

"Hence," M. subjoined, as finale, "the question arises: What is good editing? Was it exhibited, for instance, in C.'s story?"

Irene Gaskell.

——, —.

A LITERARY FIELD THAT IS NOT CROWDED.

Is there one? Ask any editor and he will tell you that most "copy" when it is put in type has a vexatious way of coming to an end just before the bottom of a column is reached, or in some inopportune place, where he cannot begin another article of any length. He will also tell you, if he is in a communicative frame of mind, that, while he receives manuscripts by the score containing thirty pages or more, he seldom or never receives an envelope containing a few brief, terse articles of from one to five pages of manuscript, or single, bright, original paragraphs which suit his needs. Where he can use one long article, he could use a dozen of these; but he seldom or never has them. When the last moment comes and the space must be filled, he has to go to work in haste and write something himself, which he seldom has time to do, or else select from exchanges, filling in very small spaces, perhaps, with bright quotations.

Now, as a rule, he would gladly welcome such short, condensed articles as meet his needs in this direction, which seek only to express a single thought in a clear and pleasing manner.

Here, then, is a field which is not overcrowded, and one in which the ambitious writer may, at least, work industriously and hopefully on "pot-boilers"; for such matter, if it is really meritorious, usually commands a good price in proportion to its length.

But this feature of the subject, agreeable as it is, is not the most important. The best literary discipline is obtainable from work of this kind. In order to bring out the thought clearly in a few words, more choice and precise language must be used than where there is plenty of space for elucidation. The thought itself must be compacted, rounded up, and polished, in order to appear well in a small setting. In order to do this one must have a thorough acquaintance with his subject. He must have been all around it and through it, and know all about it. Continued work in this line thus makes one versatile and ready with the pen, besides cultivating a finished and elegant style. It is a work, therefore, which is worthy of professional quills, and which furnishes the best possible discipline for beginners, and brings them an encouraging financial return. If those who are now wasting their time in writing long, verbose essays or trashy stories, only to have them forever returned "with thanks," would sit down and write something they know on plain, practical subjects, and limit their single efforts to articles of from two hundred to five hundred words, they would not only find a market for their wares, but would stand a chance of making writers of themselves, provided they have any talent to build upon.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. *Viola Fuller Miner.*

A WRITER'S OUTFIT.

It is not every young writer that can afford a good desk and high-class "fixin's" for his workshop, and yet, certain usually expensive appliances are indispensable, if good work and saving of time are of any account. My entire outfit is home-made, and I should like to describe it for the benefit of authors who cannot afford an expensive apparatus.

First, I procured a large kitchen table, with drawer; price, seventy-five cents. On this I spread a cover of table oil-cloth, ugly, it is true, but very convenient, as it washes like porcelain, ink spots and all. Quite a variety of pretty designs and colors of this material can now be obtained in large cities. On the front of this I laid a full sheet of blotting paper. In the rear right-hand corner of the blotter stands a fancy blue-glass tumbler, which holds a miscellaneous assortment of pencils, black, blue, and red, and penholders not in immediate use. In the centre stands my inkpot, a heavy glass one, with a hinged lid; price, if my memory serves me rightly, fifty cents. The only drawback to these capital inkpots is that the cement holding on the hinge which supports the lid is very apt to dry and give way. I was fortunate in getting one that has held fast. When it fails, a touch of liquid glue or diamond cement will make it as good as ever. On the other corner of the blotter is my penrack, which holds the single penholder, and pencils, black and blue, in hourly use. All these things stand on the blotter. Behind it, on a narrow strip of oil-cloth that intervenes between the edge of the blotter and the pigeon-holes, stands a pint bottle of ink, mucilage stand and brush, a bottle of red ink, a box of rubber bands, and a small cup containing half a potato for a pen cleaner. Some use a half lemon, but I find that the lemon will rot or dry up in a few days, while the potato will last a month, and does better work.

Very early in the engagement I found that I must have "pigeon-holes" or perish, — that is, my work would perish sooner even than by editorial execution; but pigeon-holes cost money, and I had none to spare. I had something bet-

ter, though, and I now proceeded to utilize it. One kind, at least, of cut plug tobacco comes in pound tin boxes — I mean the tobacco is a pound, and the boxes are tin; they cost thirty-five cents a box, with the tobacco thrown in. The lids are of brass, quite handsome, and hinged. I had been laying aside these boxes, when they had been emptied by their purchaser, for some time past, feeling sure that I should want them some day. A rush to my attic — Eureka! I had six. It was the work of five minutes to stand them on their sides, along the extreme rear of my table, with ends against the wall and lids all facing me and opening one way, and label them: I. Ideas; II. Immediate; III. Unanswered letters; IV. Bills and receipts; V. Engagements; VI. Things needed. That was the classification that suited me, but other writers would naturally arrange labels to suit their needs. On the top of one of them I stand my little clock and other small matters. In fact, they form a shelf.

Finally, one day when I was prowling through stationery stores with the price of an accepted manuscript in my hand, and wondering how I should "treat," I saw a galvanized wire arrangement consisting of three trays, one above another, on a firm support. I purchased the thing (for which I have not yet found a name), and it has since been very useful as a receptacle for small stationery, blotters, envelopes of varied sizes, WRITER submitting forms, etc. It cost seventy-five cents, and fits neatly into the space left by the pigeon-boxes, which occupy only two-thirds of the length of the table. A good name for it would be the "writer's dumb waiter."

This completed my table and its furniture, which, up to date, have cost me just $3.50, divided as follows: —

1 kitchen table (with drawer)	$.75
1 sheet of blotting paper	.05
1 inkstand	.50
* 1 fancy tumbler	.10
* 1 penrack	.10
1 mucilage stand	.15
1 pint bottle of ink	.25
1 bottle red ink	.10
Rubber bands	.25
* 1 writer's dumb waiter	.75
1 oil-cloth cover	.50

I have not included the "pigeon-boxes," for obvious reasons. They cost me not a cent, and can be obtained as easily by any writer whose family includes a smoker. Many other brands of tobacco are put up in equally suitable boxes, when bought by the pound. One kind, for example, has a neat wooden box with sliding lid, that would make an admirable pigeon-hole — somewhat smaller, however, than mine. The articles marked with an asterisk can be dispensed with, thus reducing the cost by one dollar. I have put the highest market price on each article. In cities they can all be bought much cheaper.

In addition to my table, I have at my left, within easy arm's length, an ordinary bedroom toilet stand. It contains one long, deep drawer at the top across the entire width, and two half-length drawers beneath, the remaining space being occupied by a small cupboard. On the top of this article of furniture is my reference library. The long drawer contains manuscripts on which I am at work — or ought to be. The first drawer holds copies of manuscripts on the road; or "Accepted," but not printed. The lower drawer holds one copy of each periodical for which I write, or hope to write. These are useful for estimating length of articles and furnishing addresses. The cupboard is my stationery store, where writers' stationery can be obtained free of cost, a fact of which, to my sorrow, all the members of the family are aware. My workshop holds, besides, a rocker, and two "ordinaries," and a small table that has no direct connection with my work, though its influence thereupon is very great.

I am thinking of adding another inexpensive convenience. I can buy for $3.00 a "kitchen cupboard." This is an article of furniture five feet high, containing four fine shelves, closed by hinged doors, with lock and key, and with a good drawer beneath. It is, for all intents and purposes, as good as a book-case, except that the doors are not glazed. This I shall place at my right hand and utilize it for my files of unbound magazines, including THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR, my scrap books, copies of large manuscripts (when I have them), and other bulky matter, most of which are at present reposing in dust and dignity upon the floor. My workroom will then have cost me less than ten dollars to furnish, inclusive of everything, except carpet and pictures. *Flora E. Mahon.*

CHICAGO, ILL.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

*** THE WRITER is published the first day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR.

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Address: —

THE WRITER,

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The two articles in this number of THE WRITER, "Study for Improving One's Literary Style" and "A Literary Field That Is Not Overcrowded," by Viola Fuller Miner, were among the last pieces of work done by this talented, earnest, and accomplished writer. Mrs. Miner's death came without a moment's warning in the early morning of May 25, 1893, at her home in Minneapolis. Her life work, though interrupted before the plans she had made could be half accomplished, was a most useful one, and, as one who knew her intimately has well said, "the story of her patient, faithful labor is a lesson in honest endeavor and worthy ambition."

***

What a convenience it would be to book reviewers and to salesmen in book stores — to say nothing of book buyers and the general public — if all book publishers would make it their practice to print the price of each book issued on its title page, just as music publishers mark each piece of music with its price. The mark need not be a conspicuous one, and, if it would be more convenient, it might be put always after the copyright inscription, which, according to law, must be either on the title page of any copyrighted book or on the page following. In the music publishers' system of price-marks a figure "5" in a small circle means fifty cents. So in a book, "15" in a small circle might mean $1.50, or "12½" in a circle, $1.25 — or the figures might be given in the ordinary way, small type being used, so as not to offend the eye.

***

In the mean time, all publishers who send out books for review would advance their own interests by enclosing in each book a printed slip, which, when filled out, might read as follows: —

FOR REVIEW.

The price of this book is $1.00.
Please send marked copy of your review to
THE WRITER PUBLISHING CO.,
P. O. BOX 1,905, BOSTON, MASS.

They ought also to enclose a printed slip giving such important facts about the book as are generally noted in library catalogues, preparing the matter in the following generally approved form: —

WRITING FOR THE PRESS. A manual for editors, reporters, correspondents, and printers. By Robert Luce. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. Seventh thousand. 95 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: The Writer Publishing Co. 1893.

It would pay publishers to take the slight trouble of looking after these details.

***

The editor of THE WRITER received an important letter the other day. The writer is the president and principal of a Western "commercial college and school of shorthand and type-

writing," and is both an "M. A." and an "S. D." — the "S. D." in his case probably indicating that he is a doctor of shorthand, rather than of science. He writes as follows: —

I have just completed a French novel of 29 chapters — about 100,000 words – entitled "Baffled; or, Woman's Hate." The manuscript is now ready for publication, and I write you in reference to selling it. I will not take less than $500 for it. Publishers must copyright novel, and if published in book form I reserve 40 per cent. over and above purchase price on all of the books published. This fourty [sic] per cent. is due me when books are published, not when sold. Purchase price is cash on delivery of MS.

I will hereafter devote my time to writing, and would like to contract with some house to furnish them with a novel at stated times. I can furnish them with a similar novel — 80,000 to 100,000 words — every thirty days.

Experienced writers and publishers alike will see at a glance what a revolution in the financial relations between authors and publishers is likely to take place when all authors make it a rule to take a preliminary course of training at a business college. If any publisher desires to undertake the publication of "Baffled; or, Woman's Hate," on the terms proposed, and to contract for a similar bargain every thirty days, the editor of THE WRITER will take pleasure in putting him in communication with the author, upon request. Any ordinary arithmetician can easily compute for himself that, even without regard to the "fourty per cent. over and above purchase price due me when books are published, not when sold," this remarkably fertile producer of French literature is assured of the comfortable little income of $6,000 for each and every one of the remaining years of his natural life. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

What is the right use of the word "meantime" and the phrase "in the mean time"? In other words, when is the combination "meantime" written as two words, and when as one?

L. F. S.

["Meantime" is used as an adverb, and when so used is written as one word. "In the mean time" is an adverbial phrase, and "mean" in it is an adjective, and so is separated from the noun "time." An easy way to tell whether in a given case "mean" should be joined to "time," or not, is to try the experiment of substituting for "mean" the synonym, "intervening." If the substitution makes good English, the two words should be separated; otherwise, not. For example, in the sentence, "John went to Boston and came home again; meantime I stayed at home," you cannot substitute "intervening," since "interveningtime" is not a good English word. In the sentence, "John went to Boston and came home again; in the mean time I stayed at home," you can substitute "intervening" for "mean," and still have good English. "Sometime," and "at some time," and "meanwhile," and "in the mean while" follow the same rule. — W. H. H.]

Is there any quicker way of opening rolled copies of magazines or catalogues, without tearing or cutting the covers, than by the tedious process of picking off the wrappers in little bits? When we consider the total amount of time consumed by the readers of even one magazine in cutting its leaves, it is appalling enough without having to chip off the wrappers. THE WRITER deserves the thanks of its readers for mailing its issues in such a convenient form.

M. A. B.

[The sharp point of a pair of shears, or of a knife, drawn lightly lengthwise across the wrapper of a rolled package, will cut the wrapper part way through, so that it will break when the point of the knife or shears is afterward inserted under the outside layer of the wrapper at one end, and slipped carefully along the cut. If a little care is taken, there is no danger of cutting or defacing the cover of the magazine, or pamphlet, rolled inside. It is a pity, however, that any magazine should ever be sent rolled through the mails. — W. H. H.]

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE PRAYER CURE IN THE PINES, AND OTHER VERSES. By Clarence Henry Pearson. 108 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: The Writer Publishing Co. 1893.

A flavor of wild life in the wilderness distinguishes the dialect poems that make the first part of Mr. Pearson's attractively-printed book. They describe life among the pioneers and lumbermen of Michigan, and their pictures are vivid, and true to nature. Mr. Pearson has

lived among the woodsmen of the northern pineries, and he knows well their ways and their striking characteristics. "Rough in speech and manner," he says in his preface, "equally ready for a fight or a frolic, reckless even to lawlessness, they are, nevertheless, as a rule, hearty, whole-souled fellows, loyal in their friendships, and possessed of brave and generous impulses." Mr. Pearson makes no effort to idealize their characters. His poems describe them as they are, living the rough life of the woods, hard and coarse at times, but always picturesque and interesting. Some readers may be startled by what seems at first sight an occasional irreverent handling of sacred things, as, for example, in the description of the fight that followed a skeptic's slur on religion, when one of the "crew" set out to defend the faith his mother "lived and died in," by pounding the skeptic into a swift conversion. As Mr. Pearson describes the finish of the "argument": —

"But at last Jack got him under,
An' he slugged him onct or twict,
An' Bob straightway acknowledged
The divinity of Christ;
But Jack kep' reasonin' with him,
Till the poor cuss gin a yell,
An' allowed he'd been mistaken
In his views concernin' hell.'

The reader will soon see, however, that there is no irreverence on Mr. Peason's part, and his expression is always apt and genuinely humorous. As a series of vivid pictures of "life among the pines" alone, the book is worthy of general attention. The last half of the volume is made up of poems "In Various Moods," many of which are distinguished by much tenderness and depth of feeling, while others are in lighter vein. The best poem in the book, perhaps, is "Uncle Jack," which describes an old New England village character in a most effective and pathetic way. "A Morning Shower" is a dainty word picture. "Life" is worth quoting in full, partly as showing the author's life philosophy: —

LIFE.

"Dining and sleeping;
Laughing and weeping,
Sighing for some new toy;
Loving and hating,
Wooing and mating,
Chasing the phantom, Joy.

"Losing and winning,
Praying and sinning,
Seeking a higher life;
Hope and repining,
Shadow and shining,
Care, and worry, and strife.

"Hoarding and wasting,
Loitering, hasting,
Missing the golden mark,
Praising and flouting,
Trusting and doubting—
Taking a leap in the dark."

Mr. Pearson's aptness of phrase is a noticeable *feature of his work, as, for* instance, when he speaks of the old farmer sighing for the days ruled by a departed housekeeper: —

"When I could get upholstered with good, wholesome Graham bread,
An' meat that wasn't overdone nor soaked clean thro' with grease,
An' good hot gems that wouldn't weigh a pound or more apiece"

Altogether "The Prayer Cure in the Pines" is a more than ordinarily attractive book.

W. H. H.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Parts I. and II. Each, 40 pp. Paper, $1.00 each. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1893.

"Superb" and "sumptuous" are the two descriptive adjectives that occur to any one who sees the Bancroft "Book of the Fair," just as "stupendous" and "wonderful" are the two adjectives that first come to mind in connection with the great Columbian Exposition. Just as the Chicago fair has surpassed all previous international exhibitions, so this description and illustration of it surpasses anything of the kind that has been previously undertaken. The work complete will consist of twenty-five parts, of forty pages each, making in all a work of 1,000 imperial folio pages, 12x16 inches in size, elegantly printed on polished plate paper weighing 165 pounds to the ream. The finished series will contain more than 2,000 of the finest illustrations, many of them full-page plates covering 102 square inches of surface. The text is written by Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian, and that portion of it included in the first two parts is direct, comprehensive, concise, instructive, and interesting. The work begins with a chapter on "Fairs of the Past," followed by a brief sketch of Chicago as one of the wonders of the Columbian Exposition. Next comes "The Evolution of the Exposition," with accounts of site, plan, artificers, and organization. Then will follow descriptions of grounds and surroundings, buildings, interior and exterior, exhibits and exhibitors, features of the fair, artistic and industrial, — in short, the whole great Columbian Exposition fittingly portrayed in text and illustrations for present and for future interest. The first two numbers in every way fulfil the promise of the projectors of the enterprise, and it is evident that the work as a whole will be unique, and one in all respects to be most heartily commended.

W. H. H.

PICTURESQUE HAMPDEN. Charles F. Warner, editor; Clifton Johnson, art manager. Part I. — East. With 1,500 illustrations. 164 pp. Cloth, $2.00. Northampton, Mass.: Picturesque Publishing Company. 1892.

PICTURESQUE HAMPDEN. Part II. — West. With 1,500 illustrations. 160 pp. Cloth, $2 00. Northampton, Mass.: Picturesque Publishing Company. 1892.

Two of the most interesting and attractive books relating to New England ever published

are "Picturesque Hampshire," first issued in 1890, and "Picturesque Franklin," which followed it in 1891. Each is devoted to a county in Western Massachusetts, and each is made a perennial delight to every lover of New England by more than 1,000 artistic half-tone pictures — for all practical purposes as good as photographs — of New England scenery and country life. The deserved success of these two books has led to the publication of two more volumes, both devoted to Hampden county. Part I. describes and depicts Springfield and vicinity, and Part II. Holyoke and vicinity. Each part has 1,500 half-tone pictures, so that each volume is in reality a New England picture-book, of the most interesting and attractive kind. It is impossible to praise too warmly the quality of the artistic work. Every picture is a gem. Photographs taken by an artist who understands not only how to make good negatives, but how to pose his subjects naturally and how to pick out picturesque bits for illustration, are admirably reproduced, and the result is a series of pictures of New England in everyday home dress, such as has never been published anywhere before. To any one who has ever lived in New England these books will be a never-failing source of pleasure. Those who live in other parts of the country can find in books no better means of introduction to everyday New England life than in the four volumes now included in this series. Two similar books devoted to "Picturesque Berkshire" are now in preparation. W. H. H.

CIVILIZATION'S INFERNO; OR, STUDIES IN THE SOCIAL CELLAR. By B. O. Flower. 237 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Boston: Arena Publishing Co. 1893.

Mr. Flower is thoroughly in earnest in pointing out the appalling conditions of life among the poor in large cities, and in urging measures of relief. "Civilization's Inferno" describes vividly the evil things that exist in modern city life, and cannot fail to arouse thoughtful men and women to action, by making them realize how much want, wretchedness, and degradation there is existing at their very doors.

W. H. H.

BULLS AND BLUNDERS. Edited by Marshall Brown. 304 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1893.

"The object of this volume," says Mr. Brown in his preface, "is to amuse and to instruct." The book may accomplish the first purpose; hardly the second. It is a collection of anecdotes, varying in length from a line to a page, that might have graced a Joe Miller joke-book, and it may serve now as a ready reference book to some worn after-dinner speaker, or uninventive conversationalist. One may find amusement by opening the book at random and reading for a few minutes; but surely nobody could read the volume through. As to instruction: there is no semblance of arrangement in the book; the long index is valueless to the student; and the editor commits unpardonable errors in his English. Moreover, he quotes many utterances as blunders that undoubtedly were spoken with full consciousness of their absurdity, with the cheerful purpose of raising a laugh. It is only fair to add that the book has been well made by the publishers, and in its attractive form may be not only an ornament to a library table, but a means of joyous recreation to callers who have to wait a few minutes for their host to appear. F. R. B.

ENGLAND AND ITS RULERS. A concise compendium of the history of England and its people. By H. Pomeroy Brewster and George H. Humphrey. 313 pp. Cloth, $1.50. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1892.

"England and Its Rulers" is a chronicle, rather than a history. Facts, and names, and dates are given in suitable arrangement, and the book accordingly forms an excellent outline of the history of England, useful for reference or as the basis of more extended study. Advantages would have been gained by printing the list of noted persons in each reign and of cabinet officers in smaller type, in half measure, and an outline map of the British islands should have been printed as a frontispiece. In other respects the book is strongly and well made, like all of S. C. Griggs & Co.'s publications. A chronological table of events, a table showing the succession to the crown after Queen Victoria, and a list of English universities and their colleges are useful features, while an excellent index makes all the information of the book accessible. W. H. H.

BON-MOTS OF SYDNEY SMITH AND R. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. Edited by Walter Jerrold; with grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley. 192 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1893. Received from Macmillan & Co.

The outward appearance of this little book is most attractive; for binding, paper, type, and presswork are all admirable, and there are excellent etched portraits of the two wits whose bright sayings are recorded. As is generally the case in such works, the editor does not shine in comparison with his subjects, and not a few of his anecdotes seem hardly worth recording. In fact, the thought inevitably comes to the reader that Smith's and Sheridan's reputations as wits must have been based largely on the heaviness of their contemporaries, — in other words, that they were witty largely by comparison, — for certainly there are hundreds of newspaper writers in the United States to-day who are writing every day as keen and pungent witticisms as any in this book, without having even a feeble hope of fame. Still, Mr. Jerrold's collection is worth reading and worth owning. Mr. Beardsley's "grotesques" are cleverly drawn, but they might as well be published anywhere else, for they do not illustrate. Other

volumes in the series are to include "Bon-mots from Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold," and "Bon-mots from Theodore Hook and Samuel Foote." W. H. H.

JOHN APPLEGATE, SURGEON. By Mary Harriott Norris. 334 pp. Paper, 50 cents. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company. 1893.

"John Applegate, Surgeon," is a story written with a purpose; it is interesting in spite of that, though many readers, doubtless, will recoil from the gruesome scenes in which some of the chapters are laid. The purpose underlying the story is twofold: to expose what the author believes to be evils in the public hospital system; and to reprimand medical practitioners of the highest order for worshipping science too ardently. Applegate is a renowned surgeon, to whom a successful operation is the greatest source of joy. He would sacrifice the fee of a multi-millionaire for the opportunity to cut up a new and dangerous case. He would operate upon a moribund patient, and thus, perhaps, shorten life, rather than let pass the chance of adding some item to medical lore. He is a man apparently without heart, who, nevertheless, pursues a persistent courtship with a girl who as persistently refuses him because his love does not meet her ideal of what love should be. The story is somewhat disjointed; it suffers, as a story, from the desire of the author to express her convictions; it does seem as if a little less sick room and death chamber would not have lessened the seriousness of the purpose; but the diction is good, and the characters are clearly drawn. "John Applegate" will not entertain the reader, but it will hold him, and, in some instances, perhaps, arouse him, too.

F. R. B.

MADAME SAPHIRA: A FIFTH AVENUE STORY. By Edgar Saltus. 251 pp. Paper, 50 cents. New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. 1893.

Mr. Saltus, as was to be expected, deals in "Madame Saphira" in the miserable business of conjugal infidelity. His work is well done in most respects, and several of the chapters in the book are powerful, but the everlasting cynicism jars the heart, and the use of unknown words provokes the intellect. What, for instance, does Mr. Saltus mean by "vatic"? It occurs twice in "Madame Saphira," and not once in Webster's International, latest edition. With all his pessimism, Mr. Saltus is an interesting writer, and his books are welcome, but how much more warm would the greeting be if only he wrote in English. F. R. B.

TANIS, THE SANG-DIGGER. By Amélie Rives. 187 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Town Topics Publishing Company. 1893.

"Tanis" is a wild girl of the Virginia mountains, whose first appearance before the reader is in a single loose garment that half conceals her bare legs. Under Mrs. Chanler's treatment she becomes a wonderful creature of goodness and self-sacrifice. She struggles against love, tries vainly to reform her sweetheart, and dismisses him because he will not be good. The story is tragic, interesting in spite of its superabundance of dialect, and reveals again the author's clear, if not profound, insight into human motives and passions. F. R. B.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF NAPOLEON III. By Gilbert Augustin Thierry. 319 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 1892.

It is well to read "The Mysteries of the Court of Napoleon III.," if for no other reason than to get a glimpse of that loyalty to the empire that still lingers in the French republic. Thierry longs for the old days, even while he admits, and unhesitatingly exposes, their evils. In his preface he says: "I have served that empire; I have respected it, thinking it glorious; I have lamented its fall." This loyalty of feeling colors the whole story, and gives to the narrative an original and piquant interest. The story itself is powerful, and, fortunately, the unnamed translators have done their work well. The emperor himself is a prominent feature in the intrigues that are developed in the narration, and students of modern French history will recognize easily many real characters, thinly disguised by fictitious names. The book, even in paper covers, is handsomely put up, and includes several illustrations of unusual merit.

F. R. B.

MISS STUART'S LEGACY. By Mrs. F. A. Steel. 460 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

Mrs. Steel, following the tendency of contemporary English writers, has laid the scene of her story in India. The discovery of this fact in the first line of the first chapter is disappointing to the American reader. We have had so much of India, and it seems after all such a far away, unreal land, that we dread to travel again with hero and heroine through the rainy season, and the blinding dust, and the torrid atmosphere, and the crowded bazaar, and, most tiresome of all, the unpronounceable words that will surely adorn the pages, sometimes in italics, often in unblushing Roman; but let no one be frightened at the prospect of these terrors in "Miss Stuart's Legacy." All the color of the Indian romance is there, including a host of strange words; but the story is constructed with remarkable skill, it is not "talky," although a profoundly philosophical conception of love and life is expounded in it, and it is well written. Here and there are pages which, it seems, the author must have written in a hurry, probably excited by the tragic interest of the events she was depicting; but they do not mar the general excellence of the book. It is a book to linger over and read again, a book

that is refreshing to the jaded novel reader; the best novel, in this reader's opinion, since "The Little Minister." F. R. B.

"BUFFALO BILL," from Prairie to Palace. An authentic history of the wild West. By John M. Burke. 275 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1893.

Although "Buffalo Bill" during recent years has been prominent chiefly as a sort of circus proprietor, showing off Indians all around the world, he deserves a better biographer than Mr. Burke, for in his life on the frontier he was a type of an interesting class of men who are disappearing now, their services being rendered more and more unnecessary by the advance of civilization. Mr. Burke knows his subject well, but his literary ability is not equal to his task, and he has made a book of the sort that will sell at the tent door of the "Wild West" show, rather than one that fitly describes the interesting personality and the exciting career of his hero. "Buffalo Bill" got his sobriquet from his marked success in killing buffaloes to supply fresh meat to the construction parties on the Kansas Pacific railway. He lived from boyhood on the plains, passing through every experience of Western life, as herder, hunter, pony-express rider, stage-driver, wagon-master, army scout, and Indian fighter — the living prototype of the fictitious dime-novel hero. As a biography Mr. Burke's book does not do its subject justice. Its 100 illustrations are by far the best part of it. A genuine "life" of "Buffalo Bill," giving his experiences without exaggeration, describing the exciting times through which he lived, and written with literary skill, would be both a really important addition to literature and unquestionably profitable to its publisher. W. H. H.

SEVENTY YEARS ON THE FRONTIER. Alexander Majors' Memoirs. Edited by Colonel Prentiss Ingraham. 325 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Chicago: Rand, McNally, & Co. 1893.

When Mr. Majors' father took him as a four-year-old boy to Missouri in 1818, St. Louis was nothing but a trading-post, and it was believed that there never would be any white settlements between the western borders of Missouri and the Sierra Nevada mountains Mr. Majors' reminiscences cover the period from then down to the present time. His book is plainly written, but as a record of actual experience and observation of life on the frontier it possesses value and interest, and it is evidently written without exaggeration, so that it is true to the life. A number of excellent half-tone illustrations are included in the book. W. H. H.

SONGS OF SUNRISE LANDS. By Clinton Scollard. 118 pp. Cloth, $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1892.

Mr. Scollard's "songs of sunrise lands" are an epitome of the orient, picturing Egypt, Arabia, Syria, the Ægean, and modern Greece, as seen with a poet's eye. Their finish is admirable; and while there is not a really great poem in the little book, there are many which will interest the reader, and none which fall below mediocrity. W. H. H.

UNDER SUMMER SKIES. By Clinton Scollard. 290 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. 1892.

Each new traveller looks upon foreign countries from a different point of view. and so alone can one book of travel differ from another. Mr. Scollard's point of view is that of a poet, and he gives us broadly-sketched outlines of interesting scenes without going very deeply into anything, or trying to do more than give a picture here and there. Most of the book is devoted to oriental countries, and to the return through Italy and Switzerland. The final chapters describe Bermuda life. There are some well-drawn illustrations by Margaret Landers Randolph, but the reader is left to fit titles to them himself, as best he may. W. H. H.

FOUR CENTURIES AFTER; OR, HOW I DISCOVERED EUROPE. By Ben Holt. 341 pp. Cloth. New York: Brentano's. 1893.

"Four Centuries After" differs from most books of European travel in that the author designedly makes his own personality quite as prominent as the people and the places that he visits, and tries all the time to be as humorous as he can. Some of the humor is entertaining, and some is not, but, on the whole, the book is an amusing one — and more or less instructive, too. It is handsomely printed and tastefully bound. W. H. H.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the price given in parenthesis following the name. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

MARK TWAIN AND HIS RECENT WORKS. Frank R. Stockton. *Forum* (50 c.) for August.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF DAILY JOURNALISM. Journalism as a Career — J. W. Keller; Do Newspapers Now Give the News? — John Gilmer Speed; A Word to the Critics of Newspapers — C. R. Miller. *Forum* (50 c.) for August.

THE PHILOSOPHERS' CAMP (Emerson, Agassiz, and Lowell in the Adirondacks). W. J. Stillman. *Century* (35 c.) for August.

ALPHONSE DAUDET AT HOME. With illustrations. Marie Adelaide Belloc. *Idler* (25 c.) for August.

MY FIRST BOOK. With illustrations. I. Zangwill. *Idler* (25 c) for August.

HENRY DRUMMOND. With portrait. Howard A. Bridgman. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for August.

THE SUPERMUNDANE IN FICTION. W. H. Babcock. *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for August.

FRANCES CAMPBELL SPARHAWK. With portrait. *Boston Weekly Journalist* (10 c.) for August 3.

THE NEWS EDITOR — EUROPEAN IDEAS OF NEWS. Julius Chambers. *Boston Weekly Journalist* (10 c.) for August 10.

B. O. FLOWER (editor of the *Arena*). With portrait. *Boston Weekly Journalist* (10 c.) for August 24.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* for August 19.

EDGAR SALTUS. Portrait. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* (10 c.) for August 24.

MRS. EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER. With portrait. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* (10 c.) for August 31.

RUDYARD KIPLING. Portrait. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* (10 c.) for August 31.

THE PUBLISHING BUSINESS AS A FIELD FOR COLLEGE MEN. Justin Harvey Smith. Reprinted from *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* in *Publishers' Weekly* for September 9.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF AUTHORS. John Habberton. *Ladies' Home Journal* (10 c.) for September.

THE LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Charles Eliot Norton. *Harper's Monthly* (35 c.) for September.

THE BRAIN OF WOMEN. Professor Ludwig Buchner. Reprinted from *New Review* in *Eclectic* (45 c.) for September.

HENRIK IBSEN AS A LANDSCAPE PAINTER. With illustrations. George Holst. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for September.

WILLIAM JAMES STILLMAN. With portrait. Wendell P. Garrison. *Century* (35 c.) for September.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE." With illustrations. M. O. W. Oliphant. *Century* (35 c.) for September.

ORIGIN OF LITERARY FORMS. Charles Letourneau. *Popular Science Monthly* (50 c.) for September.

PICKNICKING WITH W. D. HOWELLS. Carrie Halsted. *Harper's Bazar* (10 c.) for September 2.

A HOME LIBRARY. *Harper's Bazar* (10 c.) for September 16.

CAPTAIN CHARLES MCILVAINE ("Tobe Hodge"). Portrait. *Harper's Bazar* for September 23.

THE NEW YORK HERALD AND ITS NEW HOME. With illustrations. James Creelman. *Harper's Weekly* (10 c.) for September 2.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Francis St. John Thackeray. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for September 2.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for September 2.

EUGENE FIELD. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for September 16.

OPIE READ. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for September 30.

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER (editor of the *Cosmopolitan*). With portrait. *New York Journalist* (10 c.) for September 9.

FORMULAS OF REJECTION USED BY MAGAZINES. *New York Journalist* (10 c.) for September 9.

OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS. Linley Sanbourne. With illustrations. M. H. Spielmann. *Magazine of Art* (35 c.) for September.

NEWS AND NOTES.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce "Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times," by George Haven Putnam, — a sketch of literary conditions, and of the relations with the public of literary *producers, from the* earliest times to the invention *of printing, in 1450.*

The *Journalist*, New York, began its eighteenth volume with the number for September 16. The paper is indispensable to any one who desires to keep informed regarding newspaper work and newspaper workers.

Miss Harriet Monroe, who wrote the World's Fair ode, has brought suit for $25,000 damages against the *New York World*, which printed it in advance of its delivery, without authority, and also printed an alleged likeness and biography of Miss Monroe, each of which she considers ground for action. She alleges that, after the copy had been stolen, her agent warned the *World* against using it, and received this reply: "We will take our chances on it. Explain to her that the *World* could not miss an opportunity to give the public such a grand poem." Miss Monroe claims that by the premature publication she lost her copyright and various other advantages.

The Century Company has bought wellnigh the complete literary "out-put" of Mark Twain during his year of residence abroad, and both the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* will have serial stories by this popular humorist among the attractions of the new year.

In *Scribner's* for October, under the title, "The Man of Letters as a Man of Business," Mr. Howells discusses with perfect frankness the whole relation of literature to business, especially the relations of the writer with the editor and the publisher.

Stone & Kimball (Cambridge and Chicago) announce "The Holy Cross," Eugene Field's new book of "Profitable Tales"; "Prairie Songs," Hamlin Garland's first book of verse; and a new edition of Hamlin Garland's "Main Travelled Roads," for which Mr. Howells is writing an introduction.

The business of the Cassell Publishing Company, New York, which was wrecked recently, has been reorganized. A company entitled the Cassell Publishing Company has been formed under the laws of New Jersey with a capital of $250,000, the trustees being W. F. Mercheron, E. A. Archer, and S. F. Walker.

A new novel by Miss Mary Wilkins will begin to appear in January in *Harper's Weekly*.

THE WRITER:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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ONE DAY IN A WRITER'S LIFE.

The Nervous Writing Man spends his summer in the city — from choice, as will presently appear. His house is not large. The street front and the alley front are not far apart, and in the summer time all the doors and windows are wide open. One summer day the Writing Man had to prepare an article on "The Poetic Element in Our Daily Life." These are a few of the gentle influences that soothed and inspired him at his work that day: —

9.00 A. M. — The Nervous Writing Man got to work.

9.02. — The driver of a delivery wagon in the street began to swear at his horse in no uncertain tones. A steam siren not far away gave half a dozen appalling whoops.

9.30. — The pup up the alley, having breakfasted, began to yelp for the day. The neighboring parrot strove to interest the people of the next street. The dog across the street began his day's work of barking at every passing wagon.

9.45. — The nearest baby in the alley got seriously to work at his day's allotment of crying. Baby two doors above him took it up. First baby's small brother made himself heard. Babble of women's voices, scolding and gossiping, filled all the remaining air of the alley.

10.00. — Two boys under the front window had a Donnybrook difference about a base-ball bat.

10.15. — Wild uproar out in the alley. Shouts of "Whoa-gee-whoa-back-goahead-standstill-gitamove." Rumbling of carts. Clatter of falling bodies on the bricks. Strange oaths. The garbage gentlemen were on a collecting tour. Small boy in the back yard across the alley began humming enthusiastically in the effort to make a flying machine.

10.40. — Work began on the tin roof next door. The pup up the alley, the dog across the street, the neighboring parrot, the screaming babies, and the scolding women kept it up.

10.50. — Three boys on roller skates clattered along the front pavement, yelling. The dog across the street pursued them with vociferous energy. A voice crying in the alley: "R-r-r-a-a-a-gs! R-r-r-r-a-a-a-a-gs! Oldcarpetoldrags-oldclo'soldbootsoldrags! R-r-r-a-a-a-gs!"

11.00. — A mouth organ in full cry passed under the Writing Man's window.

11.30. — Two boys on opposite sides of the square had a long conversation with each other.

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Three small boys and a small girl fought a screaming fight two doors away.

11.45. — A man, a ton of coal, and an iron chute began active operations at the cellar window of the next house. The dog across the street barked at them without ceasing. Together they made all other noises inaudible for the next fifteen minutes.

12 M. — All the steam whistles within five miles did the best they could. The pup up the alley, the dog across the street, the neighboring parrot, the babies, and most of the small boys and girls accompanied them vocally with telling effect.

12.15 P. M. — Neighbor's piano getting badly banged.

12.30. — Temporary lull. Feeding time.

1.00. — Active operations resumed all along the line.

1.20. — Group of women on the opposite porch bounced a chair up and down until holes began to appear in the floor. At the same time they all lifted up their voices to the utmost. Object of the demonstration, to keep the baby quiet. The baby declined to be quiet.

1.30. — Operatic tenor went up the street singing in his top register: "Pe-e-e-e-che-e-e-s! O-o-o-o-h! Peecheeseggplanttomatoessweetpotatoespeechees!" Operatic baritone went down the street singing a sorrowful lay about bananas. The dog across the street greatly over-worked himself in the effort to do justice to both of them.

1.45, 2.00, 2.15, 2.30, 2.45. — Ditto and repeat. The same things all over again.

3.00. — Match game of base-ball began on the vacant lots half a square away. The Poetic Element was hopelessly knocked out for that day.

James C. Purdy.

CAMDEN, N. J.

THEOLOGICAL TERMS SECULARIZED.

The term, "theological heresy," quoted by a correspondent in THE WRITER for August, suggests a few words upon the theological vocabulary, which has of late years attracted many writers in search of picturesque and expressive phrases. Words thence derived have often been used, in a semi-figurative sense at first, with an admirable effect, best appreciated by those readers who knew the meaning of the words in their proper place. Thus appearing in secular society, they are very apt, however, to be taken up carelessly by scribblers, and by frequent use they lose their original meanings without acquiring new ones of any definiteness. They run the risk, in short, of degenerating into cant phrases. Hence we can scarcely pick up a newspaper without finding therein some ludicrous blunder, resulting from some writer's use of a theological term of the origin, history, and meaning of which he is abysmally ignorant, *while writers* of a higher class than the newspaper scribblers, generally avoiding the glaringly incorrect use of such terms, often use them inappropriately, through lack of knowledge of their full meaning.

I do not here refer to the egregious errors appearing almost daily in the newspaper reports of ecclesiastical functions (to which the present writer paid especial attention in a paper entitled "Needed Reform in Ecclesiastical Reporting," published in the July, 1890, issue of this magazine; and of which an example was brought to his notice a few days ago in the report of the funeral of a parish priest, who was called throughout a "prelate"), but to terms belonging to the theological vocabulary, and incorrectly, or more often inappropriately, selected to convey a secular meaning.

Take, for example, the word "heresy." Its meaning, through careless use, has extended so far as to be inclusive of nearly anything with which we do not agree. To speak of a political

heresy is scarcely figurative nowadays. The "greenback heresy" is a stereotyped phrase. The Greek original meant something chosen. In its theological sense it implied at first something not altogether erroneous in itself but elevated out of its proper relation to other things, and thus made to obscure more important doctrine and to teach error. It very shortly came to mean any doctrine clearly contrary to the express doctrines of the church. A political heresy would be, therefore, a divergence from fully established political principles, not a mere difference of political opinion. This understanding of the meaning of the word would suggest the exercise of a careful discrimination in the use of it.

"Apocryphal" is a word of this class. It is applied to statements of doubtful accuracy. The word meant, originally, hidden. It was applied to the origin of certain writings, not belonging to the Old Testament canon of scriptures, and yet appearing with the Old Testament books in the Greek versions. It in no sense means spurious, for the Apocryphal writings are not spurious or intentionally fraudulent. Knowledge of these facts might lead us to use the word in cases analogous to, or suggestive of, the rise of the apocryphal scriptures, and to abstain from its use to indicate a suspicious story or a palpable fraud.

The use of "anathema" to imply a curse would seem to be inappropriate. The Greek word exists in two different forms, distinguished by the eta and the epsilon. The one was a thing devoted in honor of God. The other was a later form of the same word applied to something devoted to destruction. The word appears in the New Testament in both forms and with these almost opposite meanings. Common to both is the idea of setting aside for either the acceptance or rejection of God. In early church history the anathema included scarcely more than this. Its development into a ban connected with ecclesiastical penalties was rapid. With these facts clearly in mind, a writer would be led to discriminate between an appropriate use of the word and an inappropriate use, even in cases when no one would call in question its correctness.

Sometimes we see the words "anathema maranatha" used to imply an emphasized curse. Many excellent writers have fallen into this ludicrous blunder. It is supposed to be a biblical phrase. (I. Cor. xvi: 22.) The King James version is not properly punctuated in this case. After "let him be anathema" there should be a full stop. "Maran atha" are two Syriac words, signifying "the Lord is at hand," or "the Lord has come." They have no grammatical connection, in St. Paul's epistle, with the curse preceding them, but are more closely related to the blessing which follows and concludes the epistle.

"Shibboleth" is a favorite word with orators and writers. It meant originally both an ear of corn and a stream. It has now a meaning derived from a certain occasion when it was used 3,000 years ago. It was used by a speaker in the United States Senate some days ago. If this gentleman had read the fourth, fifth, and sixth verses of the twelfth chapter of the book of The Judges, he would have used a different word, — a word that would have expressed his meaning. The word "Shibboleth" as he used it was utterly meaningless.

While this list might be indefinitely extended, the present purpose is to direct attention to the necessity of a careful study of words adopted from the theological vocabulary for secular use; a study in the interests, not more of accuracy than of expressiveness. Of course, it is not necessary that every writer should become a master of the science of theology in order to make a correct use of its terminology. The rules of philology apply to these terms as well as any others, and philology is a science that no writer should hold in utter scorn. Many of the words belonging to this class are found fully treated in Trench's works on words and in other books of that character.

Another word should be referred to, though it might be made the subject of a separate paper. It is one that has been the victim of a widespread popular misuse. It is the word "catholic." For the adherents of the Latin Church to use the term, without any qualifying prefix (Roman) and apply it exclusively to themselves, to their church, and to their customs, is excusable, for they thereby assert a claim. But it is illogical and erroneous for

others so to use the word; and for a "Protestant" to speak or write of the Church of Rome as the "Catholic Church" is to concede the claim of the Church of Rome to exclusive catholicity. The word "catholic" is in a creed held by Roman, Greek, and Anglican Catholics, as well as by some of the most ultra of Protestants, and it has a specific meaning therein. That meaning is ignored when the word is used without any qualifying term whatever to denote the Church of Rome or anything pertaining to it. The present plea is neither for nor against the catholicity of the Church of Rome, but for the correct use of the term "catholic," in view of its true meaning and history. It might be added that the qualifying term "Roman" ought not to be offensive to those of the Roman or Latin church, as it occurs in the Tridentine Creed, and is recognized by Roman Catholics as a proper term of distinction. Enough, however, has been said, perhaps, to set thoughtful writers to studying the proper meaning and correct use of this very familiar example of theological terminology.

Arthur Howard Noll.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

NEWSPAPER BOOK CRITICISMS.

One of the editors of a New York daily paper told me, some time ago, that when the books for review — of which a great number came to his office — rose to an uncomfortably large and inconvenient pile, the editor-in-chief used to call him up and say: "Now, Uncle John, we must despatch these books at once. Come, let us get at them. Here is a history of Timbuctoo. Fairly written; good print; well bound. That will do. Next!" And thus they went through the pile, giving a line or two to each of the books, without reading one of them.

Many people think it must be a lovely thing to have nothing to do but to read books, and say what they think of them. And so it is, when this is done for self-instruction or pleasure; but it becomes a terrible thing when it is done on compulsion — done, not when one wishes, or when one is in the humor, but when one must, and all the time. When a good thing comes to your table in enormous quantities, it becomes surfeiting; and the prodigious number of books that come to the table of the critic nowadays is not only surfeiting, but appalling to him. The only books that he really can read with attention and give some proper account of are those which appeal to him personally, those which offer him some food for his own mind; the others mean sheer drudgery, and he must despatch them as speedily as he can. For unless he does so, he will be overwhelmed with them — they will grow beyond his strength or power to tackle them. Like Macbeth's line of kings, they "stretch out to the crack of doom!" Consequently, he is obliged to dispose of them as fast as possible; which he does, not by reading them through, but sometimes by quoting a paragraph from the preface which indicates the character of the book, and sometimes by a word or two about the printing and binding, which show what its appearance is. How little the young author, who is watching the daily issue of the *Thunderer*, and, while expecting to see his wonderful new book reviewed in a two-column article, finds it noticed one day in three lines — how little, I say, does he think of these things!

In fact there are many reasons why the critic cannot devote much attention to every book that comes to his desk. A good deal depends, first, upon the subject-matter of the book; and secondly, upon the character and wants of the subscribers to his paper. He must, to a certain extent, cater to the wants and tastes of his readers; and, as his space is limited, he will devote a good deal to what is interesting to them and very little to what is not.

But if any one wishes to get a correct estimate of the character of our press-criticisms as a whole (and, in a modified sense, of the calibre of our critics), he can easily do so by examining two or three hundred criticisms of some book which he knows well. I have been enabled, through a newspaper clipping bureau, to do this more than once; and I have found that while the critics of the leading dailies of the cities either give a very scant account of a new book or make it the text for an essay, the provincial papers generally give a fair review of the whole book, and often quote some characteristic passage from it. If the city critic takes an interest in a book, he makes much of it; if not, he dismisses it very shortly. If the provincial critic finds the book to his taste, he makes much of it, not in the extent of space he gives to it, or in the length of his remarks, but in the force and heartiness with which he commends it. He praises the book "for all it is worth," as the saying is, and heartily commends it to his readers. The city critic is always more reserved in this respect (probably aware that his words may be quoted in advertisements), and generally qualifies his remarks by such phrases as "pretty well done," "tolerably good," "very fair indeed."

Some books have a large sale among provincial people, and others among those of the city. A New York publisher of scientific books told me that he sold more books to Upper Canada than to all the cities of the United States. Of the last book I wrote, which was a collection of short essays on literary and educational themes, I can say this: that while four-fifths of the provincial critics read the volume through, and gave a very good account of it, most of the city critics made short work of it, and gave a very reserved or limited description of it. One of them gave a positively dishonest account of the book — quoting the author's description of a scene that was once presented to a youth approaching Harvard College, as if he had painted that scene as now existing. On the other hand, of a biography which I wrote some years ago, half of the provincial critics read, I think, little more than the preface, from which they made liberal extracts, while the city critics made much of the book. The essays were, therefore, probably as much relished by the provincial critics as the biography was by those of the city.

Occasionally, some of the provincial critics play fantastic tricks in the way of book reviewing. One of them, in a paper published at Burlington, Iowa, cut out the criticism on my latest book, half a column long, which appeared in the *New York Tribune*, and clapped it in his own paper in large type as original matter! In fact, he gave a big heading to it, "Self-Culture," which is not exactly the title of the book, and gave it a prominent place. Now the question with me was, Did this poor fellow not have the time, or did he not have the ability, to write something of his own? Or was the editor short-handed, his critic being ill, or gone off on a vacation? Or did the editor happen to see the remarks of the *Tribune* critic, and exclaiming, "Them's my sentiments!" print them as his own? Or did he make a regular thing of it, and dispose of *all* new books in this way? I did not feel at all displeased at what he did, for the criticism was excellent; but I felt sorry for the poor critic, or poor editor, who had to resort to this makeshift; for such things are always found out, and will eventually do him more harm than good. If he had acknowledged the article as being from the *Tribune*, it would have been all right; nobody would have condemned him for quoting it; but, as it stood, it was a species of robbery, and altogether unworthy of an honest editor. Still, his procedure was no worse than the practice of the clergyman who preaches another man's sermon as his own; and, by the way, the similarity was very strong here, for the original critic made my book the text for a neat little sermon.

I was struck with the widely differing tastes of the critics in what they praised and in what they condemned. What one critic condemned as egoism, another praised as that which gave zest and interest to the book; what one praised as sound doctrine, another condemned as being utterly false; and passages of which some thought little were set down by others as the best. One critic quoted, as a specimen of the style of the author, a passage which he had quoted himself; and another spoke of "the chapter on Paré," whereas the reference to the

famous surgeon forms but an incidental illustration in a chapter. One condemns the author for thinking that genius is something more than hard work, and another condemns him for laying so much stress upon hard work. While one declares that "the book is too full of the author's own opinions and deductions," another affirms that "where the author tells of his own experiences he is most interesting and inspiring." And one or two obviously began their criticism — and probably finished it — after reading only the first chapter or two. From these they drew their conclusions, and that settled the matter.

There is one class of newspaper critics whom, though few Americans pay much attention to them, I have found among the most thorough and trustworthy. I mean the German critics, or the critics of our German American periodical press. When a German critic takes hold of a book, he will tell you what it really is, and he will express very definite views regarding the style of the author and the subject-matter of the book. If the chief duty of a critic be to describe the character, contents, and aim of a book, the Germans do this most effectually. It is a pity that their critcisms are not better known among Americans. Probably the thoroughness of the German critic, however, is accounted for, partly at least, by the fewness of the books he gets to criticise; and this again is accounted for by the fewness of the Germans who buy English books. But for a thorough-going piece of work, commend me to the German critic!

I wonder how many critics are under the heel of a tyrant employer, who gives them orders as to how he wants new books reviewed. A lady, once employed as critic on a widely-circulated and influential New York paper, told me that when she had filled the critic's office for some time on this paper, the proprietor or editor came to her and said: —

"Miss Jones, I want you either to praise a book sky-high, or to damn it completely!"

"But that would not be criticism, sir."

"I don't care; that is what pays, and that is what I want."

Well, he may have continued to want this for some time longer; for the critic in question, being an honorable woman, refused to comply with his wish, and left his employ. She is to-day working as critic on one of the best papers in the country. It is evident that this man wanted, in this way, to make a sensation in the world of literature, and thus, by increasing the circulation of his paper, put money in his purse. What was it to him whether a poor author were unjustly treated or not? I could show a good specimen of such criticisms, but I do not care to advertise the paper in which it appeared.

If this country were ruled like Russia, I should like to be Czar just for one week, in order to despatch such fellows at once to Siberia, where they would have time to reflect on the evils of arbitrary government and unjust judgments.

Some of our leading journals place the books they receive for review in the hands of certain professors who are familiar with the subject-matter of the books. This is a good plan, especially with books on scientific or special subjects, since in this way each book is likely to come into the hands of an expert, but it has some drawbacks. Some of these critics are the very individuals who were consulted by the publisher as to the character of the work while it was still in manuscript; so that if the work be favorably reported on by the professor, it is pretty sure to be favorably reviewed by the critic.

There is a deal of shrewd practice or underhand management in this business. When a publisher discovers who is the leading critic on an influential newspaper, he often employs him as manuscript reader. Mr. Frothingham, in his "Life of George Ripley," shows that that famous critic was for years in the pay of the Harpers in this capacity, and everybody knows why. There is no question but Mr. Ripley's judgment was excellent; but there is something sinister in a man receiving payment for reporting favorably on a book for a publisher, and then another payment for crying it up in the press.

The great thing nowadays, in some of the New York dailies, is an exhaustive and complete review once a week of some important new work. The *New York Sun's* fine review lately of Moncure Conway's "Life of Thomas Paine" is a good example. Such reviews make

up for short work with other books. The *New York Tribune* and the *Evening Post* are also noted for reviews of this kind.

I was struck with the novel practice of a St. Louis paper in book-reviewing. After setting down the title of a book, it begins with a series of sentences or paragraphs quoted from it, sometimes making a column or more, and then concludes with a short notice of the book itself. It thus gives a taste of the book to its literary readers, and at the same time furnishes a readable article for them all. Another paper, the *Methodist Recorder*, introduces a book in a kindly spirit, and then quotes an entire chapter. A writer on the *Brooklyn Eagle* made a four-column article out of one of my books, without ever once mentioning the source of his information. That man — if he may be called such — was a literary thief, who ought to have been pilloried for his crime. Probably he will be some day. He was the first to give a rude shock to my ideas of the literary character — a character which I had conceived to be utterly incapable of such baseness. But this fellow had no character of any kind.

But the neatest, the most complete, thing of this kind that I ever saw was the feat of "Gath," formerly correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. This famous newspaper writer, while writing a series of letters to the *Enquirer*, the first of which is dated "Careering, February 16, 1885," introduces my "Life of Cobbett" to his readers in a few lines, and then lays hold of the book with both hands, and takes bodily from it, without any indication by quotation marks, small type, or anything else, that he was doing so, about ten newspaper columns, or fifty-five pages of the book! And the fun of the thing is, that he did this while showing young men how to become journalists! "Young men and professors in colleges," he says, "often write to me for tuition as to how to become journalists" — and he forthwith proceeds to show them how by cribbing half of my book, which he spreads out to their admiring gaze as something entirely from his own well-paid pen! It was truly something "immense"! After mentioning the author's name and cunningly using quotation marks in the first few sentences, he suddenly drops both altogether, and goes on for column after column as if it were all written by himself. Except a few introductory lines at the head, half a dozen lines in the middle, and four lines at the tail, the whole ten columns, or fifty-five pages, in four different letters to the *Enquirer*, are taken *verbatim et literatim* from the book, and printed (and doubtless paid for) as "Gath's" own composition. One of the letters has indeed not a single syllable — except his own name, "Gath," at the end — of his own; not even a comma or a quotation mark belongs to him.

"Journalism," indeed! If this be journalism, save me from men of the journalistic stamp. "Careering," indeed! I would rather be a beggar at the Town's-end than such a "careerer."

Robert Waters.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

LITERARY APPRENTICESHIP OF BURNS, SHAKESPEARE, AND BUNYAN.

In a recently published treatise on authorship, the writer urges the necessity of practice in order to gain proficiency, at the same time quoting the names of Burns, Shakespeare, and Bunyan as exceptions to the rule. I now propose to consider whether these writers did, or did not, serve a literary apprenticeship.

Though the Scottish people love to call Burns "the poet ploughman," we know from one of his latest and most reliable biographers that he was by no means without literary training. After showing that besides the ordinary school books Burns had read the *Spectator*, odd plays of Shakespeare, Pope, including his

"Homer," Locke "On the Human Understanding," etc., his biographer goes on to show that Burns treasured one book more than them all; this was a book of songs, his constant companion, which he "pored over," song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, and sublime, as distinguished from all that was affected or fustian. The biographer then quotes from Burns' note-book: "I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft, such as it is."

When we compare Burns' early verse with that of a more mature stage, we shall surely see that he, too, served a literary apprenticeship; and that such songs as "Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast?" to which Mendelssohn has added his inspiration, are the productions of a fuller development and of a more educated genius.

As to Shakespeare, we know his literary career began by remodelling old plays and writing in conjunction with other playwrights. Even the drama of "Richard III.," though the powerful hand of Shakespeare is seen throughout, is not wholly in his style, but rather in that of his more mature colleague, Marlowe. His early plays are full of the crudities of immature authorship; and we have to wait till a later date for his "Hamlet" and "King Lear."

Bunyan made a life-long study of the Bible, which found its expression first in preaching, and then in the writing of tracts, meditations, and treatises on religion, written in the common vernacular of the people. But we must look far on in his literary career before we find him able to give to England the full development of his religious imagination in the ingenious and original story of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

BOSTON, Mass. *K. M. Woodham.*

RULES FOR WOULD-BE AUTHORS.

Remember that the first thing that every embryo author in this land and others should learn is take a rejection with coolness. It is a matter of business purely.

There are so many reasons why an editor may not want that particular manuscript which you have submitted that you would waste your time in trying to imagine them. Certainly you cannot expect him to rehearse them all for your individual benefit, and, if he should, how much good would it do you?

When an editor returns your unavailable manuscript in good condition, provided you have enclosed full return postage, he has done all that you can expect of him. You do not buy a sirloin of beef or a pound of sugar at the shops as a matter of favor to the vender. What right have you to expect that an editor, whose individuality is a mere myth to you, should take a personal interest in your case? Yet I honestly believe that a good many editors are favorably impressed by the earnest efforts which struggling writers of a certain type are putting forth, and do give them a lift occasionally, when they could get elsewhere just as good matter as that they send.

If a piece finds acceptance, get all the encouragement you can from the fact, but do not make a dead set at the particular magazine or newspaper which has taken it and deluge it with hurriedly-prepared manuscripts. Give the editor time to hear your work criticised and commended, and in the mean time put out the same efforts in other literary directions. Thus you may establish a number of means of communication between yourself and the outside literary world.

Try to form your own estimate of your own work, and that not in an egotistic way, but just as a farmer estimates the value of his own crop of hay or barley. Do not expect that the world of magazines will necessarily accept your estimate. Still, no man is under obligations to underrate his own work. If he has struck what

he thinks is an original vein, and feels that he is working it faithfully and carefully, there is no merit in assuming a great deal of mock humility and pretending that it is "nothing." Your own judgment may be faulty and blinded by self-love; but it is all that you have to rely on in deciding which manuscripts, of those you have on hand, you should especially push.

By all means, if you have any real ambition to succeed as a literary man, do not compare your success with that of authors whose names are household words, and whose cash receipts are in the thousands or tens of thousands annually. Such unwise comparison will discourage you and wither your energies quicker than a mail-box full of rejections at one time. The success of such authors is no criterion for you. Do not imagine, moreover, that their success was won merely by a streak of luck, and that you are one of the great unappreciated. Just go ahead, resolving that you will not give up the ship unless and until you have the clearest reason for believing that you have mistaken the writing craze for real talent. In fact, I do not know that any man or woman who feels a genuine love of writing ought to give up, anyhow. Success comes in some instances as the result of decades of the most self-restrained, indomitable energy. "Paradise Lost" brought to its author only five pounds sterling, and "The Raven" only ten dollars.

Now as to the supposed favoritism of magazines for known authors and men of great distinction in literary or scientific life. You may think it a hardship, since it shuts you out; but when you send your child to a college, you ask the name of it, don't you? You reward success when you buy the best styles of wear, or employ the best architect in the construction of your house. It is certainly likely that, if you have the capacities for pleasing the public which these writers have, the fact will be discovered. And again — no magazine can be purely "literary" in this age and live. It must cater to a number of readers of varying tastes, and it must present from month to month a set of subjects in which the average of these readers is most interested. Moreover, these very contributors whom you envy had to fight their way. Of all hardships conceivable, the greatest, it seems to me, would be to compel a magazine editor, having assumed big financial risks and surrendered his own time to the work when he might have had a sure salary elsewhere, to take the embryo author under his arm, as if he were a small boy, or a bundle, and carry him over the stream to the land of success. And suppose he did attempt it — he could not make the public read what the fledgling author wrote. No! you must jump out into the stream yourself if you want to get over to the other shore.

Love of praise or notoriety is a very misleading thing. The first thing is to be filled with enthusiasm for your subject — to be so interested in it that you cannot lay it down easily. People at large are reasonably sure to be interested in that which has thus absorbed the author himself.

As a rule, I think it is a fatal mistake to go into authorship merely for the money there is in it, because it is not a profession nor a trade, but, I might say, a specialty, in which very few ever achieve distinct financial success. There is no fixed law of demand and supply in the literary world. The larger successes have been marked by a distinct and special recognition, and in many instances the man who made one hit has never been able to make another.

As regards verbose notes to editors, the regulations about not rolling manuscripts, the neatness of copy, etc., suggestions are trite; but it is well for a literary man, or for one who would be one, to be particular about little things. Submit your manuscripts in a business-like way, and then, when they are in the editor's hands, feel that "there they alike in trembling hope repose." But don't ask an editor the whys and wherefores.

If your manuscript comes back to you in the shape of a printed article in the magazine, then take fresh courage and go on your way to new achievements. But never by any possibility get the idea that you are a great genius until the world in which you live has decreed it. Then try to bear your honors meekly, remembering what a pitiful Uriah Heep you used to be.

William B. Chisholm.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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For the convenience of readers, the publishers of every paper the pages of which are larger than those of *Harper's Monthly* should have the date of issue printed at the top of each page, inside the running title, as well as on the cover. In the case of a magazine like THE WRITER, for instance, it is easy for the reader to turn back to the title page and see "where he is at," if he wants to know the date of the number he is reading, but papers like *Harper's Weekly*, or *Harper's Bazar*, or the *Journalist*, or the *Pittsburg Bulletin* are generally read folded, and it is not convenient for the reader to turn back to the first page in case he wants to know what week's issue he has in hand. Newspapers, daily or weekly, should invariably print the date of issue at the top of every page.

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When will writers learn that misspelling is not dialect? "Josh Billings" was not a dialect writer. The good dialect writer changes the ordinary spelling of words only when he needs to do so to indicate peculiarities of pronunciation. He does not write "kan" for "can," or "duz" for "does," or "iz" for "is," as some would-be dialect writers do. Dialect should be written for the ear, not for the eye, and the ordinary spelling of words should be followed unless it misrepresents local pronunciation.

***

The newspapers have been printing a story to the effect that Mme. Patti has a room in her castle in Spain papered with American hotel bills collected during her numerous "farewell" tours through the United States. Is there any American magazine writer who has his library papered with editors' rejection blanks? How inspiring such a wall-paper would be!

***

Every proof-reader knows that the larger the type used in printing, the greater is the liability that typographical errors will be overlooked. For this reason, unusual care has to be exercised in reading proofs of headlines, capitals, and displayed matter generally, in which an inexperienced person would think any error that the compositor might make would stand out so prominently that it would at once be seen. An example of the perversity of types in this respect may be found on page 184 of THE WRITER for October, where, in the article on "Padding Cable Despatches," the name "THE WRIRER" stares every reader in the face. Once seen, the error is so obvious that it seems impossible that any one could ever have overlooked it; and yet, the proof of that article was read through at least five times, by two different persons, before the magazine was put upon the press.

***

The December number of THE WRITER will be an especially interesting one. With the

January number will be included a title-page and complete index for Volume VI. The bound volume of the magazine for 1892–93 will be ready for delivery about January 15. Next year many improvements in THE WRITER will be made, and it is hoped that friends of the magazine will join in efforts to increase its circulation and its usefulness. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

(1.) What is the correct title to use in speaking of the wife of Dr. Brown or the wife of Professor Smith?

(2.) When Dr. Brown is a married woman, what is the correct title to use in speaking of her? L. O. R.

[(1.) The wife of Dr. Brown or the wife of Professor Smith should be spoken of as Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith, never as Mrs. Dr. Brown or Mrs. Professor Smith.

(2.) When Dr. Brown is a married woman, the correct title to apply to her is Dr. Brown — never Mrs. Dr. Brown or Dr. Mrs. Brown. If you want to indicate that she is a woman, use her first name, and call her, for instance, Dr. Mary Brown. W. H. H.

(1.) What is the best way to gain speed in writing shorthand?

(2.) How rapidly does a shorthand writer have to write to do verbatim work? P. J. L.

[(1.) The best way to gain speed in shorthand writing is to practise assiduously and regularly, without trying to write fast. The brain as well as the hand needs to be educated before one can become a rapid shorthand writer. If a beginner in shorthand tries to write fast at the start, his outlines will be poorly drawn, and he will acquire a habit of illegible writing which will bother him all through his future work. On the contrary, if he makes no effort to write rapidly, trying instead all the time to draw with perfect accuracy the shorthand outlines of the words he writes and to become thoroughly familiar with them, so that the instant any word is spoken its shorthand outline will stand out clearly in his mind, he will soon find that he can write rapidly, and legibly as well. The reason for this is evident after a moment's thought. The shorthand outlines of words are so brief that the hand trained in drawing stenographic characters can always put down a given word while it is being spoken. Slowness in writing in any case is due chiefly to the inability of the brain to supply quickly enough the proper outlines for the hand to write. It is the brain, and not the hand, that lags. Complete familiarity with word outlines and precision in drawing shorthand characters are the two requisites for rapid shorthand writing. The best way to gain familiarity with shorthand outlines is by reading printed shorthand diligently and attentively. In that way the best forms for writing words and phrases may most easily be learned. For writing practice, take an article in printed shorthand of which you have a key. First study the printed shorthand till you can read it as rapidly as you can talk. Then lay it aside, and, taking the key, write the article carefully, making no effort whatever to write fast, but drawing and shading every character with great precision. Compare your finished transcription with the printed shorthand. Make a memorandum of all outlines that you have written incorrectly, and carry a list of the correct outlines of the wrongly written words and phrases around with you to study at odd moments. Having corrected all your errors, do the same thing over again and again till you are sure that you can write the whole article from the key exactly as it is printed in shorthand. Then get some one to read the article to you slowly, while you write it from dictation. Don't try to write fast; aim only to write well. Don't let your reader force you; if anything, have him read a little more slowly than you can write. The main use of writing from dictation is to educate the ear so that as it suggests the spoken word instantly to the brain, the brain will instantly suggest the shorthand outline to the hand. Compare your writing with the printed shorthand and note all errors, as before. Write the article over and over again in this way, and then take up another article for similar practice. In the mean time keep reviewing your shorthand text-book rules,

study your dictionary and phrase book, read and re-read all the printed shorthand you can, and if you don't find that you are gaining speed, without making any direct effort at all to do so, your experience will be different from that of everybody else who has faithfully tried this plan.

(2.) The average rate of public speaking is from 125 to 150 words a minute. Some speakers go as high as 200 or 250 words. Letters or manuscripts are seldom dictated faster than from eighty to 100 words a minute. A writer who can steadily put down spoken matter at the rate of 125 words a minute is fairly well fitted for verbatim work. — W. H. H.]

(1.) Why should an editor of a newspaper object to having a writer ask him to send him a copy of the paper containing his contribution when it is published?

(2.) What is the meaning of *édition de luxe?* I think I know, but I wish to be sure.

(3.) Do book publishers consider it a lack of courtesy in an author to tell them that other firms have copies of his works in press or accepted? Does book publisher No. 1 object to having an author tell book publisher No. 2 that No. 1 has accepted a manuscript written by him?

(4.) What does "limited" mean when used in the name of publishing firms? K. K.

[(1.) In newspaper offices the business and editorial departments are usually so far separated and the date of publication of any special contribution is so uncertain that it means a good deal of trouble for an editor if he agrees to send to a contributor a copy of the paper in which his article shall be printed. Fulfilment of the promise implies keeping that special article in mind, no matter how busy the editor may be, until it appears in print, watching every edition of the paper to see just when it is used, and then sending down to the counting room to get copies of the edition in which it may appear. Very often the newspaper editor who accepts an article never sees it in print in his paper. The only way in which he can be sure of seeing it when it is published is by ordering it printed in some special edition of the paper — which he does not always have the power to do — or in looking through every edition of the paper that may be printed until it appears — and some big *city* dailies print a dozen different editions *every day.*

(2.) An *édition de luxe* is an especially fine edition.

(3.) Unless there is some special reason for secrecy, an author violates no confidence and does no harm by telling one publisher that another publisher has issued, or is to issue, books of his.

(4.) "Limited" after a firm name means that the concern is a corporation, instead of a partnership, and so that the liability of those composing it is limited. — W. H. H.]

(1.) Will you state a simple rule of discrimination in the use of the words "shall" and "will"? Most rules dealing with the subject are too complex for ordinary comprehension. Is not the employment of one or the other word largely a matter of taste?

(2.) Is it true that the author of "An Englishman in Paris" is a woman reporter? I have been told so, but it seems scarcely credible.

E. P. T.

[(1.) The use of "shall" or "will" in a given case is not governed at all by the writer's taste, but by a distinct and universally-accepted rule. "I shall," "you will," "he will," "we shall," "you will," "they will," are the forms of the future, and merely foretell what will take place. "I will," "you shall," "he shall," "we will," "you shall," "they shall," indicate, besides foretelling what will take place in the future, a determination or resolution on the part of the speaker. "I shall go" means "I am going" — simple futurity, sometimes with an added idea of determination. "I will go" means either "I am bound to go," or "I consent to go" — either opposition or submission, in addition to futurity. "You will go" expresses ordinarily simple futurity, although in the case of military commands "You will" is a polite way of saying "You must." "You shall go" expresses either determination or consent on the part of the speaker, and implies either that you will go whether you want to go or not, or that you may go if you desire. "He will go" expresses simple futurity. "He shall go" expresses either determination or consent on the part of the speaker, just as "You shall go" does. "Shall" in the third person is sometimes used conditionally, as, "If he shall go, it will be well for him." In questions, "will" must never be used with nominative cases in the first person. "Will

I go?" and "Will we go?" are incorrect sentences with a distinct Hibernian flavor. "Shall" in questions in the first person either asks permission or inquires as to the intention or opinion of another, as, "Shall I go?" or, "When shall we arrive?" "Will" in questions in the second person expresses a desire or a wish on the part of the speaker, as, "Will you go?" or, "Will you let me know?" "Shall" in questions in the second person expresses simple futurity, as, "Shall you go?" "Will" in questions in the third person inquires concerning the purpose of another, or asks what the speaker has no means of knowing, as, "Will he go?" or, "When will my troubles end?" "Shall" in questions in the third person expresses a request for permission or direction, as, "Shall he go?" "Will" and "shall" in the plural and "would" and "should" in both singular and plural follow similar rules. "I would like" is a common erroneous expression: "I should like" is the proper phrase. It is impossible to give a short rule covering such a diversity of usage. The broadness of the subject is shown by the fact that Sir E. W. Head has written a book entitled "Shall and Will." Professor A. S. Hill says in his excellent "Principles of Rhetoric": "A person who has not been trained to make the proper distinctions between 'will' and 'shall,' 'would' and 'should,' never can be sure of using them correctly; but he will make few mistakes if he fixes firmly in his mind that 'I shall,' 'you will,' 'he will,' are the forms of the future, and that 'I will,' 'you shall,' 'he shall,' imply the exercise of volition." The remark of the despairing foreigner, "I *will* be drowned; nobody *shall* help me," is a good example of the misuse of the italicized words.

(2.) The secret of the authorship of "An Englishman in Paris" has not been disclosed. One authority says that the book was written by "Albert J. Van Dam, a Belgian journalist, who, being suspected, confessed" the authorship. — W. H. H.]

THE SCRAP BASKET.

August 11 Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, the English author of more than a score of most wholesome books, reached the mature age of seventy years. In honor of this achievement on her part, 5,000 of her admiring readers sent to her a testimonial, in the form of an album, containing their autographic signatures. Presumably the intention was for each of the 5,000 to endorse the sentiment inscribed on the first page of the album: "We offer our hearty congratulations on your seventieth birthday," etc., wherein 5,000 persons subscribed to an erroneous statement. The error is a common one. How many people there are who overlook the fact that every person born in this world has a birthday the very twenty-four hours he is born, and the second birthday upon the first anniversary of the day of his birth. In acknowledging the testimonial, Miss Yonge is more correct, and calls the day her seventy-first birthday.

NEW ORLEANS, La. A. H. N.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER. Experiences of certain representative American journalists related by themselves and edited by Melville Phillips. 322 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

The papers of which this volume is made up were for the most part originally printed in the Journalist Series in *Lippincott's Magazine*. They describe newspaper work chiefly by example. The several writers, who are all well-known newspaper men, as a rule relate personal experiences which they have had while occupying different positions in journalism, and so illustrate the duties of the different positions under consideration. A. K. McClure writes in this way of the editor-in-chief; Julius Chambers, of the managing editor; A. E. Watrous, of the city editor; Melville Phillips, of the literary editor; W. J. C. Meighan, of the travelling correspondent; Moses P. Handy, of "a magnificent 'beat'"; Max de Lipman, of the newspaper illustrator; George Alfred Townsend, of "hearing my requiem"; J. B. McCormick ("Macon"), of the sporting editor; Murat Halstead, of early editorial experiences; M. H. De Young, of California journalism; John Russell Young, of famous journalists; and Julius Chambers, of "the reporter's first murder case." John A. Cockerill has a paper on "The Newspaper of the Future," and Melville Phillips has an introductory chapter on "Getting Out the Paper," interesting in description and including some striking figures of expense. The best thing in the book is Samuel Merrill's "History of a News Despatch," which gives a first-rate

general idea of the office routine of a big modern daily newspaper. Bryant's "index expurgatorius" is given as a final chapter. "The Making of a Newspaper" is, therefore, a book of newspaper stories, intended chiefly for lay-readers, and its object is to interest and entertain, rather than to teach. Still no one can read it without getting useful knowledge about the methods and theories of modern newspaper work, and in some of the papers advice is given, directly and indirectly, which beginners in journalism will do well to heed.

W. H. H.

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA. By W. T. Price. 287 pp. Cloth, $1.50. New York: Brentano's. 1892.

According to its sub-title, Mr. Price's book is "a statement of the principles involved in the value of dramatic material, in the construction of plays, and in dramatic criticism." In his preface the author justly says that the vitality of the drama would soon be exhausted if writers followed rule alone, and were ignorant of principles, or indifferent to them. The object of his book, he adds, "is not to give formulas for the making of various kinds of plays, but to state such obvious and accepted principles as underlie the drama — principles that are known, or should be known, to every literary worker, and that are antecedent to the tricks of the trade." The opening paragraph of the first chapter of the book, giving a definition of the drama, is not a happy one. "A drama," says Mr. Price, "is the imitation of a complete action, adapted to the sympathetic attention of man, developed in a succession of continuously interesting and continuously related incidents, acted and expressed by means of speech, and the symbols, actualities, and conditions of life." As the author himself recognizes, this definition, without elucidation, is not very expressive to the unskilled reader, and to all skilled readers, probably, it will not seem to be complete. The diversity of the modern drama is so great that a definition must be indeed broad to cover all its varieties, and a practical writer on the technique of the drama will render more useful service by letting definitions alone, and showing, so far as possible, how good dramatic effects may be produced. The book throughout shows that Mr. Price thinks too much of Aristotle and his rules, and too little of the practical requirements of the modern stage. The drama that he describes is the scientific drama, which may be a marvel of technique and a model of all the virtues studied by Sophocles, Terence, Corneille, or Racine, but which, before a modern audience, would fall flat, because it would be without spirit and devoid of life. Plays nowadays are built on the stage, rather than written in the study, and means that would have seemed sacrilegious to the older dramatists are constantly used now to produce striking dramatic effects. Mr. Price by no means fails to recognize this fact, but he seems to want to cling to the old traditions, and he is hampered in giving advice by a manifest respect for old laws on which the time limitation expired a good many years ago. There is much sound sense, however, in the book, which shows a wide acquaintance with dramatic literature, both actual and critical, and which contains many suggestions that will be useful either to the dramatic critic or to the struggling playwright.

W. H. H.

HARVARD STORIES. Sketches of the undergraduate. By Waldron Kintzing Post. 312 pp. Cloth, $1.25. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

Full of the spirit of college life are these stories of Harvard, written by a recent graduate, and dedicated to the Class of '90. That they show only one phase of Harvard life, the easy, careless, rollicking experiences of the Institute and Pudding set, is not to be marvelled at, since that particular student-type is naturally the one most interesting for people generally to read about, and the one which to the outside world is most nearly typical of that diversified and multifarious entity, the Harvard man. The quiet student, the "dig," and the melancholy "grind" do indeed appear here and there in the pages of the book, but only in the shadowy background of the lively tales, and chiefly as a foil for those rollicking fellows, Jack Rattleton, Randolph, Burleigh, the *Lampoon's* old creation Hollis Holworthy, Gray, Stoughton, and the rest. College stories, old and new, are woven in with the personalities of attractive, reckless, fun-loving, joke-playing college "men," in whose boyish talk every "old grad." will recognize the discussions of his own college days, unaltered and unchanged, and whose portraiture is commendable because it is exact. The genuine college atmosphere pervades all the sketches in the book, and this is no less true because they depict the life of a clique, and make no pretence at showing the diversified life at Harvard as a whole. Altogether, Mr. Post's book is a welcome addition to Harvard literature, and there are few Harvard men, young or old, who, having begun the first story, of how Jack Rattleton went to the Springfield game and back, will want to lay the volume down before the last leaf is turned.

W. H. H.

INSTRUCTION IN PRACTICAL SHORTHAND. By Bates Torrey. 303 pp. Cloth. Boston: Charles E. Comer. 1893.

Mr. Torrey is an experienced shorthand writer and teacher, and his book, "Practical Typewriting," published several years ago, is the most sensible and helpful instruction book for typewriter operators ever printed. It might be expected, therefore, that a shorthand instruction book prepared by him would be a good and

helpful one. The work just published does not disappoint this expectation. According to the title page, it is "a simple arrangement of the essentials of Graham phonography, for all schools, comprising also a progressive scheme of word-sign study, a revised version of Smith's numerals, a manual of blackboard illustrations for shorthand teachers, and suggestions for typewriter practice." "The syllable the unit of word analysis" is the principle of the book, the general rule being: "When considering the outline for a word, write a stroke for a syllable as far as possible." The author does not overlook the fact, however, that the advantages to be gained by special combinations often overrule the intent to write syllabically — as in the outline for "steadfastness," for instance. Mr. Torrey is inclined to underestimate the value of "position." All the shorthand outlines in the earlier portion of his book are written on the line, without regard to the "positions" in which the words should properly be written. The advisability of this will be doubted by those who believe that it is best that the pupil should never see a shorthand word written otherwise than in its best form and in its proper place. The system of shorthand numerals recommended is ingenious; but, after all, is any such system really and genuinely valuable? Mr. Torrey's system of nomenclature for shorthand signs is admirable, and his progressive scheme of word-sign study is well designed and sure to be effective. Recognizing that shorthand is written only to be read, Mr. Torrey wisely insists that both reading and writing shorthand shall be practised by the student from the very beginning of his experience. Altogether, his book is a thoroughly practical one, and if faithfully studied, will lead to a thorough working knowledge of business shorthand. W. H. H.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Scouring Bottles. — The "Hint" in the June WRITER about cleansing inkstands or bottles with small bits of torn newspaper shaken around in warm water put inside was a very useful one. In case the inkstand or bottle is unusually hard to clean, it is well, after putting in the torn bits of newpaper, to pour in warm soapsuds with a little ammonia added, and then shake well. The paper will soon scour the inside of the glass thoroughly clean, and it remains only to rinse it well before using it again. Lamp chimneys may be easily cleaned and polished in the same way. Any one who has never tried it will be astonished to see what a scouring effect the bits of torn newspaper will have. W. P. R.

PITTSBURG, Penn.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the price given in parenthesis following the name. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

WALT WHITMAN IN WAR TIME. (Familiar Letters from the Capital.) With portrait. Walt Whitman. *Century* (35 c.) for October.

BERANGER. With portraits. C. Coquelin; translated by Walter Learned. *Century* (35 c.) for October.

THE MAN OF LETTERS AS A MAN OF BUSINESS. W. D. Howells. *Scribner's* (25 c) for October.

GLIMPSES OF THE FRENCH ILLUSTRATORS. I. F. N. Doubleday. With examples of work. *Scribner's* (25 c.) for October.

HOWELLS' BOSTON. With illustrations. Sylvester Baxter. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for October.

B. P. SHILLABER'S REMINISCENCES. — IV., V., VI. *New England Magazine* (25 c.) for October.

THE PERMANENT POWER OF GREEK POETRY. Richard Claverhouse Jebb. *Atlantic* (35 c.) for October.

WORDS OF COLOR. Contributors' Club. *Atlantic* (35 c.) for October.

LITERARY EMANCIPATION OF THE WEST. Hamlin Garland. *Forum* for October.

EMILY BRONTË. A. M. Williams. Reprinted from *Temple Bar* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for October 7.

JOHN RUSKIN. Reprinted from *Church Quarterly Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for O tober 21.

FOUR CLEVER YOUNG LITERARY WOMEN. Julia Magruder (by Florence Wilson), Lilian Bell (by Edward W. Bok), Marguerite Merington (by Lucy Derby), and Madeline S. Bridges (by Frances E. Lanigan). With portraits. *Ladies' Home Journal* for October.

M. ZOLA AND THE ANONYMS. With portrait. *Illustrated American* for October 21.

M. ZOLA ON ANONYMITY. *New York Herald* report reprinted in *New York Journalist* (10 c.) for October 14.

ST. LOUIS NEWSPAPER MEN, PAST AND PRESENT. Commodore Rollingpin. *New York Journalist* (10 c.) for October 21.

MY FIRST BOOK. David Christie Murray. Reprinted from the *Idler* in *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for October 7.

A PLEA FOR THE PLAYWRITER. Fannie Aymar Mathews. *Godey's* (25 c.) for October.

HENRY LABOUCHERE. M. Crofton. *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for October.

NEWS AND NOTES.

The *New York Observer* offers prizes of $150, $100, and $50 for the three best stories of from 1,500 to 2,500 words, inculcating some prominent religious principle or moral lesson, sent in before December 31, 1893.

The Alvarenga prize of $180 is offered by the College of Physicians, of Philadelphia, for the best unpublished essay on any subject in medicine received by Dr. Charles W. Dulles, secretary of the college, before May 1, 1894.

Miss Adah J. Todd, Ph. D., author of "The Vacation Club," holds a Fellowship in Sanskrit and Philology in the University of Pennsylvania, and will spend the winter in Philadelphia.

The New York Shakespeare Society will begin January 1, 1894, the publication of the *Bankside Quarterly*, a quarterly magazine devoted to Shakespeareana and the contemporary drama. The editorial conduct will be assumed by members of the society, and the magazine will be published by the Shakespeare Press, incorporated for the purpose of printing editions of Shakespeare and books of Shakespearean and dramatic literature.

The *Colorado Magazine* has been merged in the *New England Magazine.*

The interesting story of how "Cape Cod Folks" came to be written is told in *Book News* (Philadelphia) for October, and a portrait is given of the author, Mrs. Sarah Pratt McLean Greene. Portraits and sketches of Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, author of "Rutledge," and of "Maxwell Gray," who is Miss M. G. Tuttiett, of the Isle of Wight, are also included in the number.

The *Century* has arranged with Professor Charles Eliot Norton, literary executor of the late James Russell Lowell, for the publication of the last remaining unpublished literary work of the great critic. The first paper, which will appear in an early number, has to do with "Wit, Humor, Fun, and Satire." A recently discovered unpublished poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson, written on the occasion of the fortieth birthday of Mr. Lowell, will soon appear in the *Century.*

Frank R. Stockton has written the history of "How I Wrote 'The Lady, or the Tiger?'" for the November issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and tells what came of the writing of the famous story and the condition of his own mind, at the present time, as to the correct solution of the problem whether the lady or the tiger came out of the opened door.

Mrs. Marah Ellis Ryan is visiting Chicago after several months of uninterrupted literary work at her mountain home in the Alleghenies. A new book of hers will be published soon by Rand, McNally, & Co.

E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," just published in this country by the Appletons, is the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Beginning with the number for October 25, *American Gardening* is to be published semimonthly by the A. T. De la Mare Printing and Publishing Co. (Ltd.), New York, instead of by the Rural Publishing Co., as before.

The November issue of the *University Review* (New York) contains papers on journalism in its relation to college men, by Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, and Mr. Brown, of the *Phi Delta Theta Scroll.* In addition, there is a varied assortment of articles of college interest.

The *Photographic Times* (New York) has long been one of the most useful and interesting periodicals devoted to the photographic art. Its success has in consequence been so great that now the regular weekly issue has been enlarged to sixteen pages of literary matter instead of twelve. Each number will be embellished with a full-page photogravure picture, besides numerous half-tones and other illustrations scattered through the reading pages. The Christmas number, which will be ready December 15, will contain thirty-six pages of literary matter, with a full-page photogravure frontispiece, entitled "Santa Claus," a photograph by Stieglitz, printed in two or three colors, a photograph printed in steel blue, and more than fifty half-tone illustrations. Every amateur photographer needs to have the *Photographic Times.*

The new Cassell Publishing Company consists of some of the stockholders of the old company, with others. W. L. Mershon, formerly of the Mershon Press, Rahway, N. J., is president and manager; Frank Seaman, vice-president; E. A. Archer, treasurer; and John T. Ryan, secretary and associate manager. The company will continue to be the sole agents of Cassell & Co. (Ltd.), of London. Among the first publications of the company will be the "Life and Later Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew," and a new novel by Sarah Grand.

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A TEXT-BOOK OF AUTHORSHIP.

The need of some work which, assuming that a young writer already has a fair knowledge of the ordinary rules of grammar and rhetoric, shall help him to the best way of writing anything, from a paragraph to a cyclopædia, has long been felt. Grammars teach the student how to combine words into a proper sentence. Rhetorics tell him how to combine sentences into proper paragraphs; how to arrange his paragraphs so as to form, for instance, a proper essay or oration; how to avoid common errors and vulgarisms in style; how to attain clearness, force, elegance, and all that. When, however, the student has mastered this, he is confronted by the fact that no book has yet been written which will tell him how to write a short story, or a letter, or a novel, or a book review, or a poem, or anything else in the way of literature that he may wish to undertake, in the best and most effective way. He may find set forth in various books the rules and laws of English composition; but when he has mastered them all, he discovers that he has had no instruction in the highest art of writing. He may be able to compose faultless English, but he has not been taught, and he can find no book that teaches him, how to use his faultless English in making literature.

The art of short-story writing, for instance, has never been outlined practically in any book. There is no standard text-book by which an inexperienced writer can test any short story that he has written, and determine wherein it lacks excellence, and in what way it could be improved.

Some may say at once that this is a need that can never be supplied; that the art of literature cannot be taught by rule, or set forth in text-books; and that there are so many varied ways, for example, of writing a good short story, differing according to the characteristics of the author, or the peculiarities of the tale, that no one writer can possibly describe or indicate them all. As for teaching by example, that is impossible for substantially the same reason — that each story is a model only for itself, and the principles involved in its construction would not apply equally well to the construction of any other tale.

It may be doubted reasonably whether this is so. There must be some general rules applying to the construction of any short story, or essay, or novel, or any other form of literary

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work. They may be few, and they may be general, but rules of some kind there must be, though they have never been set forth as yet in any book. From its inevitable limitations, for instance, a short story must have few characters, must take a definite and restricted view of its chief character or incident, must be freed from unnecessary details, and must have certain bold outlines which will make a picture for the reader, leaving his imagination to fill in the minutiæ of details. Its scope is necessarily confined. The more details there are, the fewer must be the characters or the incidents. To make a very short story — say, one of 1,500 or 2,000 words — anything like realistic, there can hardly be more than three or four characters at the outside, and if it is made realistic after the manner of Mr. Howells, sometimes only a single character can be sketched, and only one side of it at that. There is no room for detailed analysis of character, long descriptions of scenery, or extended dialogue. The writer must see the whole story complete in his mind before he writes it down. His characters must be introduced, in the proper stage setting, in the smallest possible number of words. The action must be sharp, quick, decisive. There must be no waste of space. Often the characters of the personages must be indicated by their speech or by their action, rather than by description. The plot must be simple and well-defined, with few incidents, and the arrangement of the story must be such that the interest of the reader, excited at the outset, is increased steadily, or at least maintained, until he has reached the climax at the end.

Such are some of the obvious rules of short-story writing. They might be extended, and illustrated by example, although illustration by quotation would be difficult in the narrow limits of a book. They could, at least, be illustrated by reference to masterpieces of literature in the way of short stories, and by indication of the details of excellence of these examples. By systematic study of famous short stories an ingenious writer could no doubt deduce a series of rules which would apply generally to short-story writing. And similar rules could be made for every other kind of writing, commonplace and imaginative alike.

Mr. Newcomer's book* is a step in this direction. It contains many useful suggestions for young writers, and in the hands of a competent literary man it might be made the basis for practical instruction in the art of writing — something distinct from and beyond the science of grammar or the science of rhetoric. As the preface says: "The object is to show the student, first of all, how simple a thing it is to find material; and, secondly, how easy and delightful it is to work that material into good, interesting, compositions."

This use of the word "compositions," by the way, is something to be regretted. The word and the technical thing it signifies should be abolished and done away with for all future time. Scholars have been taught "composition"-writing from time immemorial, till they have come to regard a "composition" as a distinct species of literature, unlike anything in books, newspapers, or magazines — as, indeed, the average schoolboy's "composition" generally is. "Themes," "essays," "theses," "compositions," — all should be abolished, and pupils should be taught how to write stories, sketches, letters, poems, and news reports instead — simple, of course, according to the ability of the writers, but like real literature, none the less, and as far as possible removed from the forced, unnatural, unreasonable "themes" and "compositions" of the colleges and public schools.

Each sub-division in Mr. Newcomer's book deals with some particular kind of composition — in the broad sense of the word. Specimen subjects and themes are given, followed by observations and suggestions in regard to the manner of treating them. Models are furnished of the various kinds of composition, sometimes taken from writers of recognized merit, often selected or adapted from work actually produced by students. The first 200 pages of the book are devoted to the narration of incidents, description, biography, autobiography, essays, and orations, with brief chapters following on the writing of news, editorials, book reviews, letters, diaries, dialogues, and humor, bring-

*A PRACTICAL COURSE IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION. By Alphonso G. Newcomer, assistant professor of English in the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. 249 pp. Cloth, 90 cents. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1893.

ing the student, as the author says, "to the threshold of literature proper, of creative literature." "In this department," Mr. Newcomer goes on to say, "anything like an attempt at instruction must prove peculiarly barren of results," — an assertion the truth of which may reasonably be doubted. At all events, he leaves the subject there, contenting himself with a few suggestions regarding the elements of short-story writing.

The chief difficulty with Mr. Newcomer's book is that it is inadequate. While he has made a useful new departure, he has not got far enough away from the schoolmaster style of text-book into the practical working manual of the writer. It may be that he has undertaken too much in attempting to cover the whole field of literary production in one small volume. A good-sized book could be written on the art of short-story writing alone. It may seem to some, too, that he gives too much space to discussing the principles of writing orations and argumentative discourses. The old writers on rhetoric all spread themselves on this subject, — partly because a set oration can be made by rule more easily than any other form of literature, except the sonnet, — but the day of the pamphlet has gone by, and comparatively few writers expect to have to write argumentative discourses or orations nowadays, after they get out of college. The successful writer of the present day is the one who observes accurately, thinks closely and deeply, describes vividly, looks at things in new ways, or possesses imaginative power. All these faculties but the last can be to a certain extent acquired, or at least a small original ability can be cultivated so that it will seem like a strong natural talent; while even the imaginative power can be strengthened by properly directed exercise. Mr. Newcomer's book would have been better if he had gone into more detail in the chapters relating to narration and to description, and to narration and description combined, at the same time condensing the chapters relating to "composition based on reading and thought" into a brief statement of the principles laid down since the time of Aristotle in the rhetorics. His chapters on miscellaneous forms of writing might also advantageously have been more full. All things being taken into consideration, however, it must be said that he has made a very useful and suggestive book; and while it does not fill the need pointed out at the beginning of this article, it does perhaps come nearer to doing so than any other book yet published.

William H. Hills.

BOSTON, Mass.

THE LOCAL PAPER AS AN AID TO YOUNG WRITERS.

Why is it that young writers do not make more use of their local papers in the beginning of their efforts to win success in literary work? The local paper, rightly used, may be a valuable training school for the young writer, and many advantages, if little money, may be got from writing for it.

At the very beginning of his literary career an inexperienced writer naturally cannot expect to write matter that will sell. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. Some writers have extraordinary genius, which makes itself evident at the very start. Others may hit upon a subject, or an idea, or a novel method of treatment which has as much intrinsic value as anything they may ever accomplish in their later work. But these are only the exceptions by which the rule is proved. The average beginner in writing produces, after all, but sorry stuff. He may have talent; he may have originality; he may have ideas; he may really have something to say, — but he has all the technique of a difficult profession to master, and until he gets some literary training and experience, what he writes is apt to be crude, not written in the most attractive way, and so, as a rule, unsalable.

On general principles, it is not a good idea for a young writer to work without pay for periodicals that habitually pay contributors. By so doing he lowers the standard of the profession, and in a certain sense takes money away from other writers who have earned a place, by hard work, among writers of reputation, and who ought not to suffer from competition with unpaid labor. Some periodicals will not accept an article without paying for it, even if the author offers it gratuitously. All honor, say I, to editors and publishers who follow such a rule. Their number, however, is unfortunately small. Most publishers of periodicals, even when they are well able to pay for contributions, will take advantage of an opportunity to get literary matter free, and so writers who depend upon their profession for a livelihood suffer from unfair competition with dilettanti and the army of the unbusinesslike, who are satisfied to see their articles in print, although there may be "nothing in 't," in a financial sense, for them. So much poetry, especially, is offered to editors gratuitously nowadays that the market for poetry is very limited, indeed, and a good many publishers of prosperous and profitable periodicals would feel faint at the idea of paying contributors of "verse." The only remedy for such an unfortunate condition of things — unfortunate for authors, at least, if not for publishers — will be found when writers, young or old, refuse to contribute either prose or poetry gratuitously to periodicals that are able to pay for what they print.

While it is not a good idea, however, on general principles for a young writer to work without pay for periodicals that might pay if they would, there is no harm done if he does work without pay for publications that never pay for purely literary matter, and could not if they wanted to. First and foremost in this class is the local paper. The editor cannot afford to buy stories, and sketches, and poems, and essays, no matter at how low a price they may be offered, since he can copy from the literary weeklies and the magazines, without cost beyond a line of credit, much better literary matter of all kinds than any young writers, however talented they might be, could offer him. He has practically the whole range of current periodical literature to select from, since even copyrighted publications are willing to have their contents quoted if proper credit be given, and within reasonable limits, for the sake of the advertisement that the quotation gives. The editor of the local paper can get for nothing all the matter of this kind that he needs, and so he cannot afford to pay for anything of the sort. An enterprising editor, however, always likes to make his paper local and original, so far as possible, and for that reason if a good original story, or sketch, or essay, or poem is offered to him in manuscript gratuitously, he is likely to be glad to get it and to give it space.

That is where the young writer gets a valuable opportunity. He need not be bothered by the idea that he is hurting his own future chances with paying editors, or that he is treating any other writers unfairly by supplying free a demand which they would otherwise supply for pay. He is not hurting any one, and he is helping both the good-natured editor of the local paper who gives him space, and himself, as well.

The direct advantage that he gains comes from the training which "getting into print" inevitably gives to an observant writer, and from getting an audience and establishing a name.

The first consideration is a very important one. Any article looks different in print from the way it looks in manuscript, partly because type is so much clearer than penmanship, and partly because, thanks to the editor and proof-reader, almost every article that is written anywhere is improved in the processes of editing it and getting it into type. This statement may surprise the young writer, with a very good idea of his own ability and a rather poor opinion of the local editor, but all experienced writers will agree that it is true. Even the most ordinary of local editors — and a great many editors of local papers are as able and bright newspaper men as there are engaged in journalism anywhere to-day — knows a great many little things about the technique of writing and printing that the young writer has yet to learn, and with the proof-reader's help the literary fledgling's first manuscript is put into print

changed and rearranged, perhaps, in such a way, that the young writer may learn a good deal by comparing the printed matter with the manuscript as it left his hands. All of the changes made may not be improvements. Typographical errors may stand out in inexcusable array. On the whole, however, the contribution is likely to be the better for the editing it gets, and the author may learn enough by observing what has been done with it to pay him well for all his work.

The advantage of getting an audience, and, to some extent, establishing a name, which publication in a local paper gives, is also an important one. It may be best for a young writer at first to adopt a pseudonym, and to conceal his identity from the neighbors and friends who are sure to read what the local paper prints. In that way he may preserve his natural modesty, and at the same time he has a good probability of hearing unprejudiced and unrestrained comments on his work, from which he may learn much, if he is not too sensitive. The editor will keep his secret for him, generally, if he is asked to do so. Editors of local papers naturally become the confidants of the community in time, and every such editor in the country carries around with him under his hat a great many more interesting local stories than his paper ever prints. The young author, then, may remain anonymous, or pseudonymous, if he likes. The advantage of a pseudonym over anonymity is that in time it gives the author something of a reputation, and for that reason when an author has once chosen a pseudonym he should stick to it like a burr in a country school-girl's hair and use it with everything he writes. For most purposes a pseudonym that looks like a real name is preferable. The transition from a pseudonym to the author's real name is easily made when at any time such a change becomes advisable, and then the author in his own name gets the benefit of all the good work he may have done under the pseudonym. If his work under the pseudonym has steadily improved from the beginning, as experience was gained, then the reading public is likely to remember only the later and better work, and the author is not hampered by the indifferent reputation which his first work if it had been published over his own name would have given him.

Writing on local topics, with which he is thoroughly familiar, and for a local audience is great training for a young writer. The editor of a local paper is always glad to get short, pithy editorials, or brief, pointed articles on matters of local interest. It is a good thing for a young writer to contribute such matter to his local paper, and his work of this kind may lead to profitable employment in the course of time. More likely still to be profitable financially are paragraphs of local news and local special articles. For such matter even the local paper is frequently prepared to pay, and the writing of it is good literary training, provided always that the writer does not slight his work. A "Rambler" column of slightly-connected paragraphs of from 100 to 300 words each, partly local, partly general, such as many weekly papers print, would be a "feature" that some local editors would like, and the writing of such a column would give first-rate training in literary work. If the paragraphs were bright and of local interest, the signature at the end of them would soon become a local household word, and the writer would quickly find himself in possession of an audience the size of which, after experience was gained, he might indefinitely extend.

Lastly, it is a great advantage to the young writer who makes use for his own benefit of the local paper that he is freed from the evil of competition. As a rule, there are only a few writers in any small town or village, and so he can have his field practically wholly to himself. If he writes well, and improves as he gets experience in literary work, his field is sure to widen in the course of time. After he has learned by experience something of the technique of writing for the press, and becomes able to judge his own work more fairly than was possible at the start, he will be able to decide when he has written something that is worthy of acceptance by one of the periodicals that pay. Still working and practising with the local paper as a field, he can make ventures outside as he sees fit with manuscripts, trying his wings, as it were, before leaving wholly the parental nest. If his ventures prove successful, his after course is clear. If otherwise, he may

still try the unsuccessful manuscripts on the local public, and continue his apprenticeship in literary work. If he really has talent and originality, success outside will come some day; and then he will agree with me, I think, that if the local paper does not make the first round in the ladder of literary success, it at least makes a broad solid basis on which the ladder of literary success may rest. *Arthur Fosdick.*

ATCHISON, Kan.

DOES IT PAY TO PUNCTUATE?

"Oh, I never punctuate my manuscripts. I always leave that to the editor. He knows more than I do about all such things as that; and, besides, punctuation is a horrid bother, anyway."

So said a young writer in my hearing recently. She held in her hand a big brown envelope containing a rejected manuscript as she spoke. I remembered then having noticed that the postman brought her similar big brown envelopes very frequently. On the other hand, to my certain knowledge, very few of the manuscripts she had written had ever appeared in print. She had told me herself, in fact, that she had seldom had a manuscript accepted, and that so many of her manuscripts that she felt sure were really good came back to her that she was beginning to think that editors cannot distinguish really good manuscripts from the other kind.

One day, not long afterward, I saw one of the "really good manuscripts," which had just come back to her in another big brown envelope that dull, gray, November afternoon. She was feeling blue about it, and as usual she questioned the discrimination of the editor to whom she had submitted it.

"Just you look at that yourself," said she. "I *know* the story is original and good. It was a wholly new idea when it occurred to me, and I was deeply interested in it myself all the time when I was writing it. And yet, in spite of that, seven editors already have sent it back to me. What is the matter with it now? Just take it and read it, that's a darling, and tell me if you can."

I took the oft-rejected manuscript and looked it critically through. It was rather loosely written, in a thin, light feminine hand, not illegible if you looked closely at the pages, but still rather difficult to read. Of paragraphing there was none. From beginning to end, conversation and all, the story continued uninterruptedly without a break. Quotation marks to indicate conversation were most irregularly used. Toward the beginning of the story they were generally put in place all right. Further on — evidently as the author got interested in her narrative — they began to be more and more irregular and toward the end they disappeared entirely.

"Oh, what's the use of bothering about that?" she asked, when I mildly called her attention to what seemed to her an inconsiderable defect. "Any editor with sense can see just who is talking if he stops to think a moment, and when the printer gets the manuscript he will put in all those quotation marks just where they belong."

It did not seem to occur to her that editors do not usually feel inclined to waste their time "stopping to think a moment" to find out what it is a writer wants to say. Neither did it occur to her that, with more manuscripts than he can use always on hand, an editor is likely not to waste much time trying to decipher manuscripts carelessly written, and consequently hard to read. She surely could not have known that compositors are paid usually by the piece, and that the time spent in "putting in the quotation marks just where they belong," in case the editor should accept her manuscript, would mean so much actual money loss to the unfortu-

nate printer who might have to put her article in type. All of these things, when I mentioned them, were evidently new to her.

Her story *was* good, however, and original, and at my suggestion, she made a copy of it, taking pains to paragraph it and punctuate it as well as she could, especially paying attention to quotation marks and to making a new paragraph in conversation whenever there was a change of speakers. I went over it with her then, showed her some of the finer points of punctuation, and helped her make the manuscript "perfect copy" for the printer. Following my advice, she invested fifty cents in a copy of Bigelow's "Handbook of Punctuation," and began studying it as soon as she had sent the corrected manuscript away. Before she had Bigelow half digested, — in just a week, in fact, — she received a printed acceptance slip and a check for $40 for her 4,000-word story.

In spite of my opposition, she insisted on expending $20 of her "windfall," as she called it, on a handsome gift for me.

"It's half yours," said she. "I never should have got it, goodness knows, if it had n't been for all those little curlicues. If that's what punctuation does for a fellow, why I'm going to learn Bigelow by heart, and then I'll buy Wilson, too, and make a regular proof-reader of myself before I stop."

All of which shows how very zealous it is possible for a new convert to be, especially when she has just been encouraged, after numerous rejections, by a $40 check.

Carolyn A. Sylvester.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE ANNUAL POETRY PRODUCT.

It would be interesting to know just how many new poems there are written every year. Counting as a poem everything in rhyme that is sent to an editor for publication, the number must be something disheartening to contemplate. Two illustrations will serve to show how prolific the poets of the present generation are.

The editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* announces that more than 5,000 poetical contributions come to his office every year. In view of the fact that an average number of the *Ladies' Home Journal* contains not more than five or six poems at the outside, it would seem, at first sight, as if this abundance of riches might prove an embarrassment to the editor. Mr. Bok, however, takes the public still further into his confidence, and adds that of the 5,000 "poems" in question, there are not fifty that would not be a burden to the readers of his widely circulated magazine. While the contributions of the poets, therefore, may be an embarrassment to the editor in one way, he is evidently not embarrassed by any difficulty in making suitable selections, since the number of good poems that he wants to get and the number of poems that he wants to print apparently very nearly coincide.

The 5,000 poets, of course, will not agree with Mr. Bok in his estimation of their work, and a good many other people, probably, will think it possible that he may have been overhasty in his generalization. It seems almost incredible that of 5,000 poems, each of which the writer thought was suitable for publication, only one in 100 should be anything else than burdensome. It must be borne in mind, however, that Mr. Bok is speaking of these poems only with reference to the taste of the readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal.* It is reasonable to suppose that some poems of which the editor of the *Century*, or the editor of *Scribner's*, or Mr. Morgan, of the *Travelers Record*, might heartily approve would not be attractive to the average *Home Journal* reader — and that, too, without any disparagement of the *Home Journal* clientage. Every periodical necessarily has its own standard, and no editor judges any poem — or any other manuscript, for that matter —

with sole reference to its literary merit. The general character of the periodical, the peculiar ideas of its conductors, the supposed taste of its readers, must always be taken into account, and Mr. Bok would probably say, if he were asked, that not all of the 4,950 poems which he thinks would be burdensome to his readers are absolutely bad. His experience, however, is not unlike that of the editor who furnishes the second illustration of the fecundity of modern poets.

One of the great Boston dailies makes it a rule to print two poems — one serious, one humorous — every day. Most of these poems are supposed to be new; very seldom is an old poem reprinted, excepting by request. Some of them are original; most of them are copied from other newspapers and magazines.

To get daily two poems that are satisfactory to him the poetry editor of the paper in question reads on an average twenty or thirty different new poems every day. Aspiring poets send their productions to him at the rate of from five to ten a day, in spite of the fact, which is generally known, that his paper does not pay for poetry. About one in fifty of the original poems submitted to him is suitable to print. About one in ten of the printed poems that he reads seems worth reprinting. His paper prints 626 poems every year in the "daily" issue and about 350 more in the Sunday issue, which makes a feature every week of a column of light current verse. In round numbers he gives to his readers 1,000 new poems every year, and to get these he has to read perhaps 10,000 new poems, nine-tenths of which he finds to be unsuited for his purposes. He has had a dozen years of such experience, and if reading poor literature debases the taste, there may be justice now in the idea that some of his unsuccessful contributors undoubtedly have, that he cannot tell a good poem from a bad one, anyway.

These editors, however, are only two of many hundreds who have a similar experience, and while their circles overlap to some extent, since many of the same poems are read, no doubt, by many different editors, a little reflection will convince any newspaper poetry editor that at the very least, in this country of 70,000,000 people, 70,000 new poems must be produced every year and sent out hopefully for publication.

It's appalling, is n't it?

William H. Hills.

BOSTON, MASS.

SHORTHAND AS A HELP IN LITERARY WORK.

In England a knowledge of shorthand is essential to any one who undertakes reporting work on any daily newspaper. The English newspapers make such a feature of long reports of public addresses and proceedings at public meetings that a knowledge of shorthand is a necessary part of the newspaper reporter's outfit. It is different in the United States. American newspapers seldom print absolutely verbatim reports of any public speech, and when they do they are as likely to get the report by employing one or more professional shorthand *writers as by* depending on members of their *own staff. On an American* newspaper the demand is for writers who can make a good "running abstract" of an address, writing out a fair report of it, partly in the speaker's language and partly not, as the speaker goes along, so that when the address is ended the report is ready for the printer. Very many of the best and best-paid reporters on American newspapers have no knowledge at all of shorthand, and would use the art, if they knew it, only as a convenience to themselves.

It is undoubtedly convenient, however, for any newspaper writer or literary worker of any kind to know something about shorthand. He need not be a verbatim writer; if he under-

stands thoroughly the principles of the art, so that he can write correctly, though slowly, anything that he may desire to set down, he will find the accomplishment to be a valuable help in the performance of his daily work. A slipshod knowledge of shorthand will do him little good. Whatever he may gain in time in writing down his notes he will lose because of slowness in reading them and doubt in consequence of their illegibility. It is essential that he should be able to write shorthand *correctly and clearly*, and to read it as rapidly as he could read any ordinary print.

Such knowledge can be acquired by patient and persistent study of all the rules of any good shorthand system, and constant daily practice in writing shorthand in absolute accordance with the rules, with no effort whatever to write fast, but with constant care to make the shorthand outlines clear and good. Printed shorthand should be read and studied all the while. Three months' faithful study in this way will give an ordinarily bright student the ability to write in shorthand anything that he may desire to set down, and in much shorter time than he could put it down in any other way. If he has observed carefully the injunction to write clearly always, and to read printed shorthand as much as possible, his shorthand notes will be perfectly legible to him, and he will never have any difficulty in deciphering them. Even if he can write only at the rate of sixty or seventy words a minute, he can put down twice as much matter in a given time as he can in the ordinary way, and with much less labor of the hand.

The newspaper writer who has this ability has many advantages over the newspaper writer who has not. If he is making a running abstract of an address and wants to get one or two sentences down verbatim, he can do so readily, writing the shorthand characters so openly that it will be easy for him afterward to write the translation of them above them on the same sheets, when he has finished his report. If an idea occurs to him that he wants to jot down, he can set it down in shorthand very quickly, and the man who may happen to be sitting next to him at the time will not know what it is that he is writing. Many a time I have jotted down the outlines of a poem in shorthand on the wrapping paper of a bundle lying in my lap, while I was riding in a street-car or a railway train, with as little danger of gratifying any inquisitive curiosity on the part of my seatmate as if I were alone in my own library at home. If a writer who knows shorthand in this way is interviewing any one or wants to copy something from a book or magazine for future use, he can accomplish his object better and quicker by using stenography than in any other way.

Such a writer should take care always not to try to write faster than he knows how, and to write clearly and correctly, no matter how long it takes. The use of shorthand enables him to gain so much time that if he knows his system thoroughly he must write faster than he could in longhand anyway. So much depends on legibility that this advice is of supreme importance. No word or phrase should ever be written in shorthand that is not drawn and shaded accurately, with the shorthand outline written in every way exactly right.

If shorthand is written in this way, it can be read as easily by an amanuensis who knows the system according to which it is written as by the writer himself. This suggests that it is possible for an author to be relieved of a great part of the manual labor of writing, without recourse to dictation or the use of the phonograph. If he can write shorthand legibly at the rate of sixty words a minute, — and an intelligent literary worker of any kind ought to be able to acquire that ability in from three to six months' time, — he has only to find an amanuensis who knows his system and who will take his shorthand notes and transcribe them on the typewriter. All the shorthand notes taken in court by James E. Munson were for a long time transcribed by others in this way. The compositors on Isaac Pitman's phonetic journal in England, I believe, are trained to set type from shorthand copy. The only reason why one person's shorthand is ever illegible to another is because it is written with undue haste and not in accordance with the rules. Shorthand, slowly and correctly written, is as legible as print. It should be remembered, too, that shorthand even slowly written is faster than longhand written at the writer's topmost speed.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. *Edward L. Martin.*

THE WRITER.

WM. H. HILLS, . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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The January number of THE WRITER will include a title-page and full index for Vol. VI. of the magazine, which closes with the present number. The bound volume of THE WRITER for 1892–93 will be ready for delivery January 15. THE WRITER for 1894 will be full of interest to all who are concerned in any way with literary work. Those whose subscriptions have expired are invited to send renewals now. Friends of the magazine can help it greatly by renewing their own subscriptions promptly, *and by sending the names of new subscribers in with their renewals.* THE WRITER for a year is an inexpensive Christmas gift that any literary worker will appreciate. A set of bound volumes of THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR makes a still more valuable Christmas present.

***

The movement toward a cheaper magazine literature, which was begun by the publication of *McClure's Magazine* at fifteen cents a copy, has been followed by several reductions in price by other magazines. The most notable change in this direction was that of the *Cosmopolitan*, which astonished everybody a few months ago, and more than doubled its circulation, by reducing its price to thirteen (nominally twelve and a half) cents a copy, still maintaining the high quality of its artistic and literary work. *Munsey's Magazine* is sold now for ten cents a copy. The price of *Peterson's* has been reduced to ten cents a number, or one dollar a year. And now the solid *Forum* announces a reduction in its annual subscription price from five dollars to three dollars. What will come next the reading public is waiting anxiously to see.

***

There is no doubt that the price of magazines in this country has been comparatively higher than that of newspapers and books. Methods of production have been cheapened, — the most notable change, probably, being due to the substitution of process pictures for those engraved by hand on wood, — but the selling prices of monthly periodicals have nevertheless remained the same. In view of the large income from advertisements which all successful magazines receive, it would seem that their publishers might well afford to reduce their subscription price. The experience of the *Cosmopolitan* has shown that reduction of price is followed immediately by a large increase of circulation, and the increase of circulation means more advertising, at higher rates per page. Now that the break in prices has been made, it seems probable that competition will force the other magazines to cut their prices, too — in which case the public will get all the benefit. It is interesting to note, however, that the *Century* and *Harper's Monthly* have maintained their old price of thirty-five cents a number all along, in spite of competition from *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, and the *Cosmopolitan*, all of which have

been sold at the lower rate of twenty-five cents a copy.

* * *

Many inexperienced writers wonder why it is that a story intended for a certain issue of a weekly periodical is too late for publication if it is received by the editor a day or two before the date on which the periodical appears. They do not understand that the exigencies of large editions and national circulation require that any given number of a popular periodical shall be made up, and in some cases printed, weeks in advance of the date which it bears. A good illustration of this is afforded by the handsome Christmas number of the *New York Ledger*, which went to press this year November 25, and which will be issued, dated, and in the hands of all its readers December 16 — nine days, at least, before the Christmas holiday.

* * *

"Can't afford to buy a typewriter?" Nonsense. If you are a writer, dependent in any way upon pleasing editors with your manuscripts, you can't afford not to buy one. Suppose you were an editor, now, looking through a mass of manuscript just received, to find good copy for your magazine. You are human, probably; editors are no more, no less. Isn't it easy for you to believe that of two manuscripts sent in for you to read, one as legible as print, in fair and handsome typewriting, the other written with a pen, in light, faint characters, or in a crabbed, uneven hand, the typewritten manuscript would naturally get your first attention? Suppose it to be good. You need but one manuscript of the kind just at present; what is the use of giving the other one more than a rapid glance? It does n't look as if it would be easy to decipher. It may be a good story, possibly better than the one you have, but that is good enough, and so why bother with this other one? Can't you imagine yourself sending it back to the author practically unread, when, if he had sent it to you typewritten, it would have stood at least an equal chance with the other story?

* * *

You may fancy that if you were an editor, remembering the days when you were sending "contributions" to all the publications you ever heard of, undesired and unasked, you would read religiously through every manuscript that came to you, regardless of all the difficulties in the way, so that your judgment of everything submitted to you might be absolutely just — but, bless you, you would n't. You would do just as all editors do, read what looked most readable until you had found that of which you stood in need, and then send back to the authors the "contributions" that were left. This is a practical age, and editors must be practical in getting manuscript for their publications, just as merchants must be practical in buying goods.

* * *

So many manuscripts are sent typewritten to editors nowadays that pen-written manuscripts, unless they are unusually legible, are at a distinct disadvantage in competition with the rest. Of course, if an author has made his name, editors will read what he sends, no matter how poorly-written it may be — although very many of our famous writers now either use typewriters themselves or have all their manuscripts copied by amanuenses before sending them to editors. The author, however, who needs to please his editor cannot afford not to use a typewriter, either personally or by proxy. A typewritten manuscript to-day stands at least three times as much chance of acceptance as a manuscript written with a pen.

* * *

But there are other advantages connected with the use of the typewriter in making manuscripts. The typewritten matter is so legible that an author can tell by looking over his copy about how his article is going to look in print. Improvements that otherwise he would not think of as being necessary are consequently made. The ability to "manifold" makes it possible for him to make one or more copies of his manuscript simultaneously with the original, and with practically no trouble on his part. Then, if some careless editor loses his manuscript, his labor is not altogether thrown away, since he can easily reproduce the article from the "manifold." Moreover, the use of the typewriter in making manuscript reduces postage bills — if one writes much, enough to pay the whole first cost of a typewriter within no very great length of time. A typewritten manuscript covers less

paper than the same manuscript written with a pen, and the saving of postage and paper both may amount to a considerable sum as the years roll by.

* * *

Certainly no one who writes much for publication can afford to be without a typewriter. The machine will pay for its own cost many times over, and, directly and indirectly, the writer will find the investment in a typewriting machine to be one of the best he ever made.

* * *

In newspaper offices the typewriter is getting to be quite as necessary a feature as the office boy. An order has been issued by the *Boston Globe* that all copy written by reporters after January 1, 1894, shall be in typewriter print. Other large papers have adopted the same rule, and all daily papers are reasonably sure to come to it in time. Even if reporters and editorial writers are not expected to run their own machines, competent typewriters to take dictation will be provided, and as years go by very little, if any, copy will be received in the composing room that is written with pencil or pen. The saving of time in proof-reading and corrections, owing to the legibility of typewritten matter, has convinced enterprising newspaper business managers that one of the best economies possible in a newspaper office is to spend a few hundred dollars for a set of first-class writing machines. W. H. H.

QUERIES.

[Questions relating to literary work or literary topics will be answered in this department. Questions must be brief, and of general interest. Questions on general topics should be directed elsewhere.]

Is there any objection to sending to an editor more than one manuscript at the same time — in the same envelope, I mean? G. R. P.

[If a writer has two or more manuscripts that seem to be adapted to the use of any periodical, they may as well be sent together as separately. Every editor is looking for manuscripts suited to his needs, and he does not care how they come to him, so long as he can get them. Of course, if two or more manuscripts are sent together *in one envelope, the letter* accompanying them should show the fact clearly, so that there may be no mistake. — W. H. H.]

What is the proper way to indicate a footnote in a manuscript? T. W. S.

[In making a manuscript a footnote should not be put at the bottom of the page, as it is in a printed book, but should be written, with a little space left above and below it, directly following the sentence to which it applies. An asterisk should be put after the word, or sentence, to which the footnote applies, and another asterisk before the first word of the footnote. If the sentence before the footnote is not intended to end a paragraph, the mark, "No ¶," should be put both at the end of the sentence in question and at the beginning of the first sentence following the footnote. It is well to draw a line clear across the paper above and below the footnote, to separate it from the text, and to write the word "Footnote" at the left. The compositor will put the note in type along with the rest of the matter, making it a separate paragraph, of course, with a turned rule above and below it, and it will remain in the body of the matter on the galley until it reaches the man who makes the type up into columns or pages; he will place it at the bottom of the page, or column where it is designed to go. — W. H. H.]

THE USE AND MISUSE OF WORDS.

"Over" for "More Than." — The use of "over" for "more than" in connection with numbers is a common fault. For instance, the *Boston Globe* of November 14, 1893, had a portrait and sketch of a New England woman who, according to the headline, "has made over 100 quilts." It must be bad enough to make 100 quilts originally, without having to make them over afterward. R. A. S.

BOSTON, Mass.

BOOK REVIEWS.

INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS; OR, CULTURE BY SELF-HELP. By Robert Waters. 361 pp. Cloth, $1.00. New York: Worthington Company. 1892.

The chief distinctive feature of Mr. Waters' writing is that it is always interesting. It is all the more instructive for that very reason. The

knowledge that he imparts does not come to the reader in the form of a sugar-coated pill. It is sweet and toothsome clear to the heart, and there is no bitterness about it. In this book of short essays there is not a chapter that will not have interest for any intelligent reader. Mr. Waters has studied and lived to some purpose, and he writes because he has something definite to say. His mind is well stored with interesting facts, and he has thought independently to good purpose. As a result his book is both instructive and inspiring; no one can read it without learning something from it, or without finding in it an incentive to the accomplishment of higher and better work. It is sensible and practical throughout. The reader feels everywhere the personality of the essayist, and the essays include just enough autobiography to give the writer of them a living presence in the reader's mind. "Genius" is the main subject of the book. "The Homes and Haunts of Genius," "What Genius Is," "Indications of Genius," "Examples of Genius Overcoming Difficulty," "How Genius is Awakened," "How Genius Is Developed," are a few of the headings of chapters relating directly to this subject. Of even more direct interest to readers of THE WRITER are the essays on "The Secret of Literary Success," "A Word to Beginners in Literary Work," "Learning to Write English," "'Unconscious Ease' in Literary Work," "How Authors Compose — Peculiar Habits," and others in which literary genius more especially is discussed. One good feature of the book is that it may be either read consecutively or dipped into here and there as the reader finds something to his taste. In either case the reader will be well repaid for all the time that he may spend upon it. W. H. H.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COBBETT; OR, GETTING ON IN THE WORLD. By Robert Waters. Third Edition, with Appendix. 327 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. New York: Worthington Company. 1892.

Readers of THE WRITER are likely to be interested in William Cobbett chiefly because he wrote an English grammar that has been generally regarded as one of the most sensible and helpful books on the right use of English ever published. The grammar, however, was only one outcome of the activity of a remarkable career, which Mr. Waters describes in this volume in a most interesting and entertaining way. The fact that three editions of the book have been required since its original publication is the best evidence of its quality.

W. H. H.

DEEPHAVEN. By Sarah Orne Jewett. Illustrated by Charles and Marcia Woodbury, 305 pp. Cloth, $2.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1893.

Since "Deephaven" was first given to the public in book form, in 1877, Miss Jewett has written many books that have helped to give her a place among the best known writers of the country. Although "Deephaven" was her first book, however, and was written almost in her girlhood, it is altogether one of the best pieces of work that the author has ever done. Its absolute fidelity in description of New England life and character, its fresh humor, its delightful portraiture of the two girls whose summer stay in Deephaven is the foundation of the story, and the touching pathos of the minor passages make it a distinct feature in the literature of New England, and give to it a peculiar charm. The story is well worthy of the attractive holiday dress now given to it by the publishers. This new edition is not one of the old style "holiday books" designed chiefly for show as an ornament upon the parlor table. It is a beautiful library edition, carefully printed from new plates, fittingly illustrated and strikingly bound. The use of the Mayflower in the original design upon the cover was a happy thought. The illustrations, about fifty in number, are in keeping with the spirit of the book, and, like the story, they are faithful pictures of New England scenery and life. Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury have done admirable work, and it has been reproduced with admirable skill. Those who have known "Deephaven" in the past will read the book again with new delight in this new edition, and those who have never read it until now are fortunate indeed, since their first enjoyment of the story will be heightened by all the aids that the modern bookmaker's finest art can give. W. H. H.

A NATIVE OF WINBY, AND OTHER TALES. By Sarah Orne Jewett. 309 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1893.

"A Native of Winby" includes, besides the story of the Honorable Joseph K. Laneway's return to the little red country schoolhouse where he thumbed his primer and whittled his desk cover in his youth, seven other tales, entitled "Decoration Day," "Jim's Little Woman," "The Failure of David Berry," "The Passing of Sister Barsett," "Miss Esther's Guest," "The Flight of Betsey Lane," "Between Mass and Vespers," and "A Little Captive Maid." The two last named are Irish-American stories, but in this somewhat new field Miss Jewett's success is no less great than in her sketches of New England life. "Decoration Day" is one of the best stories that she has ever told. The binding of the book is exquisite, and it is printed in the best style of the Riverside Press. W. H. H.

NO HEROES. By Blanche Willis Howard. With illustrations by Jessie McDermott Walcott. 97 pp. Cloth, 75 cents. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1893.

"Blanche Willis Howard" — she wisely omits the "von Teuffel" from the title-page — is not so successful in this boy's story as she was in a different undertaking in "One Summer," or

"Guenn," or even in "The Open Door." "No Heroes" tells the story of a doctor's boy who gave up a delightful trip to Cuba to nurse a crusty old pedler through an attack of small-pox, and then was rewarded by unexpectedly getting the trip to Cuba, after all. W. H. H.

AN ARCHER WITH COLUMBUS. By Charles E. Brimblecom. Illustrated. 183 pp. Cloth, $1.25. Boston: Joseph Knight Company. 1894.

"An Archer with Columbus" is a lively story for boys, of peculiar interest in this Columbian year. The hero, Felix Madrigal, was the ill-treated apprentice of Ignacio Diaz, a tailor of the seaport town of Palos, in 1491. He fell in by accident with the son of Columbus at the time when the Admiral was seeking the aid of Isabella and Ferdinand for his great voyage of discovery. At the boy's earnest request, Columbus permitted him to join the expedition, and he remained in the service of the discoverer till the latter's death. The story is full of adventure and interesting incidents, and is well and clearly told throughout. It has sufficient fidelity to history to give to its boy-readers a good idea of the eventful time of which it treats, and yet it is so skilfully told that there is not a dry page in the book. The publishers have issued the story in attractive form, with fifty good illustrations from original pen-and-ink sketches. It will be a good holiday gift for any lively modern boy. W. H. H.

BACK COUNTRY POEMS. By Sam Walter Foss. Illustrated. 258 pp. Cloth. Boston: Potter Publishing Co. 1892.

Sam Walter Foss might fitly be called the James Whitcomb Riley of New England. His poems have had wide circulation in the newspapers and magazines, and this collection of some of the best of them is a most welcome addition to permanent literature. Mr. Foss dedicates his book "to all men and women who are fortunate enough to live back in the country." That indicates the spirit with which he looks upon back-country life. He knows it from experience, and his poems depict it as it is. His dialect is as natural as life, and his poems are pervaded with the genuine dry Yankee humor. "The Volunteer Organist," "The Railroad Through the Farm," "The Milking of the Cow," "W'en Melindy Tol' Me 'Yes,'" "Boston and Glory," "The Sillickman," "Woodchucking," "God-be-glorified Jones' Mortgage," "The Quartette's Anthem," "Ingin Summer," "The Calf on the Lawn," and "The Grassvale Railroad" are some of the homely inspirations of his muse, and they are all put into tuneful verse that has many of the qualities of poetry. In poems of child-life, too, Mr. Foss excels, and his book contains poems in still another vein, like "Drop Your Bucket Where You Are" and "The Baby King of Spain," that are becoming known to readers everywhere. Mr. Foss is a philosopher as well as a poet, and his poems, even the most humorous, always have an undercurrent of sound common sense. Other volumes to follow this will be pleasantly expected. This book has some fairly good illustrations, and an excellent frontispiece portrait of the author. W. H. H.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO. By I. Zangwill. Vol. I., 451 pp Vol. II., 328 pp. Cloth, $2.50. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society. 1892.

"Pictures of a peculiar people" is the subtitle of this unusual story of life in London's Jewish quarter, which has attracted so much attention since its first publication in England. The present edition of it is an admirable one, and, like all the books issued by the Jewish Publication Society of America, deserves to be widely read. The society is conferring benefit on Jews and Gentiles alike by publishing books on the religion, literature, and history of the Jews and encouraging original work by American scholars on these subjects. Since its organization in June, 1888, it has sent out an admirable series of valuable and interesting publications, to which "The Children of the Ghetto" is a notable addition. W. H. H.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR. An historical and descriptive presentation of the world's science, art, and industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Part III. 40 pp. Paper, $1.00. Chicago and San Francisco: The Bancroft Company. 1893.

The third part of the sumptuous Bancroft "Book of the Fair" gives, if anything, even a more favorable opinion of the work than that given by the first two parts. The text continues to be interesting, and the treatment of the subject adequate, while the increasing use of fine half-tone pictures gives a photographic reproduction of the great exposition. The pictures and text of Part III. relate to the dedication and opening of the fair, the naval review in New York harbor, and the government and administration departments. The artistic and the typographical details are of the highest excellence. W. H. H.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[All books sent to the editor of THE WRITER will be acknowledged under this heading. They will receive such further notice as may be warranted by their importance to readers of the magazine.]

DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS from Ancient and Modern, English and Foreign sources. Including phrases, mottoes, maxims, proverbs, definitions, aphorisms, and sayings of wise men in their bearing on life, literature, speculation, science, art, religion, and morals, especially in the modern aspects of them. Selected and compiled by Rev. James Wood. 668 pp. Cloth, $2.50. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 1893.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. A collection of passages, phrases, and proverbs, traced to their sources in ancient and modern literature. By John Bartlett. Ninth edition. 1,158 pp. Cloth, $3.00. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1893.

THE COLOR PRINTER. A treatise on the use of colors in typographic printing By John F. Earhart. 137 pp. and 90 colored plates. Cloth, $2.50. Cincinnati: Earhart & Richardson. 1892.

HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

[Under this heading it is intended to describe any handy little contrivance that may be of use in any way to literary workers. Facts about home-made devices particularly are desired. Paid descriptions of patented articles will not be printed here on any terms; but this shall not hinder any one from letting others know gratuitously about any invention that is of more than ordinary value to literary workers. Readers of THE WRITER are urged to tell for the benefit of other readers what little schemes they may have devised or used to make their work easier or better. By a free exchange of personal experiences every one will be helped, and, no matter how simple a useful idea is, it is an advantage that every one should know about it. Generally, the simpler the device, the greater is its value.]

Pencil Guard. — In carrying a pencil in a leather case, divided into four parts, which I wear inside one of my upper vest pockets, I have been bothered, when the pencil grew short, by having it slip down into its compartment in the leather case so that it was not easy to get out. Now I have stopped all that by twisting a small rubber band several times around the pencil near the top. This simple guard keeps the pencil from slipping down into the case, and is n't a bad thing on the pencil anyway. I have used it once or twice for an eraser, when I had no better implement at hand. L. O. F.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.

Distinguishing Different Manuscripts. — When I send out two or three different manuscripts in the same envelope, as I sometimes do, it is convenient to distinguish the sheets of one manuscript from those of another so that the editor to whom I am sending them will not get them mixed. This may be done by using different styles of paper for each manuscript or by fastening the sheets of each one together by themselves. Both of these ways are objectionable. Editors do not like to have the sheets of a manuscript fastened together in any way, because in that case they are not so easily read, and it is not convenient always to have several different styles of manuscript paper at hand. My way out of the difficulty is to number the sheets of my first manuscript A–1, A–2, A–3, etc., and of the second manuscript B–1, B–2, B–3, etc., and so on. Then to distinguish one manuscript from the other at a glance I simply fold the first manuscript sharply once lengthwise, turning in, say, an inch on the right-hand side. The second manuscript I fold similarly once in the middle, and the third manuscript once on the left-hand side. If I press down the fold with a paper knife, the manuscript will retain just enough of it when the manuscripts are opened out flat to separate them when they are laid one above another, and the editor who receives them sees at a glance that there are several separate manuscripts enclosed and just which sheets belong to each one. L. A. S.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.

LITERARY ARTICLES IN PERIODICALS.

[The publisher of THE WRITER will send to any address a copy of any magazine mentioned in the following reference list on receipt of the price given in parenthesis following the name. Readers who send to the publishers of the periodicals indexed for copies containing the articles mentioned in the list will confer a favor if they will mention THE WRITER when they write.]

A NEWSPAPER SENSATION. (Journalist series.) Louis N. Megargee. *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for December.

LITERARY POPULARITY. Edgar Fawcett. *Lippincott's* (25 c.) for December.

BIOGRAPHY. Leslie Stephen. Reprinted from *National Review* in *Littell's Living Age* (18 c.) for November 25.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for November 18.

THE MYSTERY OF STYLE. Walter Blackburn Harte. *Worthington's* (25 c.) for December.

LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. W. D. Howells. *Harper's Weekly* (10 c.) for November 18.

FRANCIS PARKMAN. E. Irenæus Stevenson. With portrait. *Harper's Weekly* (10 c.) for November 18.

THE WRITING MATERIAL OF ANTIQUITY. Illustrated. Georg Ebers. *Cosmopolitan* (13 c.) for November.

THE BOOKWORM. Illustrated. Victor Speer. *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* (25 c.) for December.

MY FIRST BOOK, "A ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS." Marie Corelli. Reprinted from *The Idler* in *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for November 11.

LUCY STONE. T. W. Higginson. *Harper's Bazar* for November 18.

PICTURES BY TELEGRAPH. *Youth's Companion* (10 c.) for November 9.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. With portrait. *Chicago Graphic* (10 c.) for November 4.

CRUELTY TO POETS. Andrew Lang. *Illustrated London News* (15 c.) for November 11.

THE METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER REPORTER. Albert Franklin Matthews. *Chautauquan* for November.

CELIA THAXTER AND HER ISLAND HOME. With portrait. Helen Leah Reed. *Chautauquan* for November.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT. With portrait. W. S. B. M. *Music* (30 c.) for September.